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O. W. Coursey

WHO'S WHO

IN SOUTH DAKOTA

By

O. W. COURSEY

AUTHOR OF

"Simplified School Laws"

"Woman With a Stone Heart"

"History and Geography of the Philippine Islands"

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Vol. I

First Edition

1913

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DEDICATED

To The

Good People of Our Fair Young State.

May she never cease to prosper!

—O. W. Coursey.

INTRODUCTION

Most of the "Who's Who" articles contained in this book were formerly published in the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Daily Argus-Leader." However, eight of them were first published by "The Sioux Falls Daily Press;" and the rest of them were originally published in various papers scattered throughout the entire state. Two of them were written by Charles M. Day, editor of the "Daily Argus-Leader." These two bear his signature.

The editorial announcement of the intended publication of the first series which appeared in 1910, was made by the "Argus-Leader" as follows:

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The Argus-Leader has started the publication of a series of biographic articles by Major O. W. Coursey, one of the "live wires" of the state, on "Who's Who in South Dakota." The first article had for its subject, Professor C. G. Lawrence of Canton, and the second one deals with former Senator A. B. Kittredge of this city. The other articles will follow from time to time and will, we believe, make a most interesting series for the consideration of the Argus-Leader's increasing army of readers in South Dakota.

In the presentation of these articles Major Coursey is given an absolutely free hand. The line is drawn on no one, and factional and party distinctions are going to be forgotten in the presentation of this series of articles about the men who "cut ice" in this state. Major Coursey will select the list of subjects, will secure the data and will write the matter, and it will be published exactly as it comes from his pen, without being "treated" in any way by editorial prejudice or favoritism. Keep your eye upon the "Who's Who" articles which are likely to prove as interesting as the series of articles on "The Birds of South Dakota," by Charles E. Holmes, published some time ago in these columns.

The newspaper comments given herein are but two out of several hundred collected, yet these show the reception given the articles as they appeared, by newspapers throughout the state.

Parker New Era: Those pen-portraits by Major O. W. Coursey, on "Who's Who in South Dakota," running in the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader, are attracting wide notice and very favorable comment. The pen-portraiture of former Senator Kittredge, Congressman Burke and Senator Crawford have already appeared. We will watch the Argus-Leader for further pen-portraits of the large galaxy of South Dakota's illustrious sons.

Vermillion Republican: "Who's Who in South Dakota," is being made known from time to time by O. W. Coursey, the well-known literateur, in the Daily Argus-Leader. He has already listed in his repertoire such celebrites as Senator Kittredge and State Superintendent-elect Lawrence, and will include others equally notable in due season. Coursey's contributions always are readable when reduced to print.

These playful sketches were first written for mere pastime while I was sitting around depots waiting for delayed trains and while riding along on the cars. They were struck off in rough lead-pencil form, and not a single one of them was ever re-written, in whole or in part, before being sent to press. They have, therefore, been reproduced in the same crude form in which they originally appeared, with but very few minor alterations.

It will at once become evident to any person who may read one or more of them that they were written exclusively for newspaper use; hence, the unusual amount of freedom in both thought and style. To convert them now into a stiff, labored style, for book purposes, would be to rob them of much of their cheerfulness and reality. They are merely off-hand literary sketches of various persons' lives, written in an "impromptu" manner, just as though one had spoken them without previous meditation. The same playful spirit was breathed into them that a cartoonist would impart to a caricature sketch of some popular person, during one of his chalk-talks. Any "re-touching" which might now be given to them could but detract from their original charm, if any they possessed.

With regard to literary technicalities, it will be noticed that at some places "South Dakota" is spelled out in full; at others it is given its commercial abbreviation, "S. D.," while at others it appears in its correct abbreviated form "S. Dak." So also with the names of other states. In most of the articles the author refers to himself, when necessary, as "we," in true editorial style, while in others he uses "I." This change was sometimes necessitated by the very nature of the articles themselves; at others, it resulted from a temporary attack of "lapsus memorae," or from habit. Although these apparent literary discrepancies, and some others not herein mentioned, may prove sweet morsels under the tongues of occasional would-be literary critics, it has been determined to let them practically remain as they originally were.

Gathering the information was somewhat tedious, as may well be imagined; but the preparation of the articles themselves, was decidedly a "labor of love."

It is greatly regretted (more than mere words can herein express) that many other equally deserving South Dakotans could not have been incorporated in this work; but time and space forbade. However, another volume will appear later, in which only new names will be found.

—By The Author.

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A CAESAREAN SENATOR

"The president," said Senator Kittredge—and nothing more —as he introduced President Roosevelt, a few years since to a large out-door audience that had gathered in Sioux Falls to hear him speak. This is the shortest public speech introductory, or otherwise, on record. It reminds one of that dainty scriptural passage, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept." Incidentally, it also suggests the speech made recently by Lieutenant Governor Horace White, of New York state, while introducing Colonel Roosevelt to an up-state audience. He said, "We are here today to welcome and to honor Theodore Roosevelt." Without adding another syllable, he sat down. "Do I speak now?" interrogated the Colonel. This style of speaking is characteristic of "Kit." He is the briefest man on earth. To him words are jeweled instruments for the conveyance of thought, and he uses them sparingly. "A" is an indefinite article, "the" is a definite one. Many a man has been "a" president, but just at that psychological moment Mr. Roosevelt was "the" president. How apt! How significant! Just so in trying a lawsuit, the Senator has little to say; yet we doubt if any man in the state has won so large a percentage of the cases he has tried.

Kittredge's ascendency to the United States senate, as an appointee of Governor Herreid, soon won for him recognition as a man of great brain power and a tireless worker. His early appointment to a position on the judiciary committee bore prima facie evidence that he was at once regarded at Washington as an able constitutional lawyer. Likewise, his immediate selection for a place on the Committee on Inter-Oceanic Canals, awakened to him the opportunity of a life-time.

Quietly—meditatingly—manfully— Mr. Kittredge went to work, and the pulse of South Dakota was soon throbbing with the recognition which her junior senator was receiving at our national capitol. Old soldiers got their pensions increased, public

buildings were springing up here and there; new political life was in evidence.

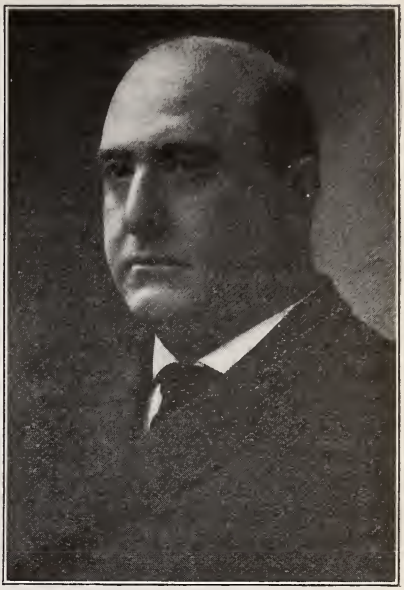
But it was not until the senate called for the brief on the purchase of the Panama canal from the French company that Senator Kittredge's great legal ability excited public comment. Here was a young lawyer—a senator, if you please—from the "wild and woolly" west. The senate has in it some mighty clever legal talent. When the "bachelor senator" from South Dakota arose to make his report, all ears were at eager attention. It was an herculean proposition to draw up a brief on such a technical, complicated, international proposition. Not a word was struck out, not a syllable added. It was perfect; and it will be referred to as authority by coming generations when Senator Kittredge has embarked for another world—lo! these hundred years.

But Mr. Kittredge performed another public act while senator that will bless mankind forever. He introduced and secured the passage of a new copyright law which gives authors, artists and musicians ample protection for the products of their efforts. Two South Dakotans were among the very first to take advantage of the new law when it went into effect, July 1, 1909.

Largely on account of his silent nature, Senator Kittredge has never been properly understood, except by his nearest associates. He is a man of great poise. He can stand more fire without flinching during a political battle than any man in the state. During that eventful, personal campaign of 1908, while Mr. Kittredge was addressing an audience in Lincoln county, he was violently interrupted by State Treasurer Cassill who sat in the audience, and whose official record Mr. Kittredge was fearlessly exposing. Calm, cool headed, collected, he retained his poise and in a sober, dignified manner, characteristic of his great personality, the speaker, without stopping to "swear" his witness, cross-examined Mr. Cassill so closely about his own record, in the presence of his neighbors and his friends, that the latter lost his renomination and had to leave the state.

During his official life Senator Kittredge was openly accused of being a "corporation hireling," etc. A few months ago he tried a personal damage suit at Flandreau, against the Milwaukee railroad company, and he won his case, securing a verdict of $22,000 damages in favor of two orphan children whose parents were killed by a train. After the trial, an old Norwegian farmer came up to him and said, "Why Mr. Kittredge, Ay always heard that you bane for the railroad company and against the people. Ay voted against you the last time, but Ay bet your life Ay bane going to vote for you next time."

BIOGRAPHICAL



A. B. KITTREDGE

Senator Kittredge is distinctly a self-made man. To begin with he was only a poor farmer's son down in Cheshire county, New Hampshire, where he came into being just one week to the day before Abe Lincoln was first inaugurated president of the United States. His early education was acquired in the rural schools of his native state. A private tutor prepared him for Yale which he entered in June 1878, graduating from the academic department with the class of '85.

Young Kittredge was twenty-four years of age when he had finished his education. Tired of the wind-swept "copjes" of old New England and being thrilled with the inspiration of "Young man, go west, and grow up with the country," he at once struck for South Dakota. At that time the territory had not been divided. It was a vast empire carved from what was geographically known in the old geographies as "The Great American desert."

Settling in Sioux Falls he stuck out his shingle

A. B. KITTREDGE

Attorney at Law.

Long years ago he pulled down this sign,—his whereabouts were known; his record as an attorney had been made.

From this time on we see him climbing the political ladder. Politics were his natural choice; he couldn't keep out. When the doctor vaccinated him against the small-pox he must have injected into him some political virus, for it is in his blood.

Possessed of all the sturdy instincts of a natural born leader, he soon forged his way to the front.

In 1888 he was made chairman of the Minnehaha county republican committee. Later he was state senator from that county during the first two terms of our state legislature, after the division of Dakota.

His ability commanded attention and respect. From 1892 to 1900 he was national committeeman It has often been said that "He made Herreid governor." He did! But Herreid made him a senator and cancelled the obligation When Senator Kyle, a democrat of life-long training, but a compromise, semi-republican legislative senatorial creation, suddenly died at Washingon in 1901, there was a great scramble among politicians for an appointment to the vacancy. Herreid was unyielding. He simply said, "I'll give the appointment to the man who has done more for me politically than all others, A B. Kittredge."

The appointment was made; the commission was written out, and all was over—for the time being. At the hands of the state legislature, in 1903, Mr. Kittredge was given the united and complete support of the republican party and unanimously elected by them to succeed himself in the senate for six years longer. Thus Governor Herreid's selection of him for the appointment in 1901 was vindicated by the republican party in 1903, and the picciyunish, idle criticism of the governor's selection melted away.

A MODERN CAESAR

When dissension arose in Rome and Cassius plotted the downfall of Caesar, the latter's friends came to him and said, "Dont' go back to the senate chamber, you will be assassinated." Caesar calmly replied, "I'll go where duty calls me." He went, and in a short space of time, pierced with a score of wounds, he fell at the feet of the statue of his old rival, Pompeii. At the holiday recess of congress in 1907, Senator Kittredge was urged by his friends not to return to the senate, or he would be assassinated (politically) He replied, as did Caesar, "I'll go where duty calls me." He went—and then came back—too late—only to go down to defeat at the hands of his old political enemies.

To those of his constituents who backed him so faithfully in the fight, the tragedy of his defeat seemed appalling. Caesar and Brutus had been great military friends at one time; yet Brutus joined Cassius in Caesar's downfall. Accepting his fate philosophically, the great ruler of Rome, as he sank before the final thrust of a dagger, calmly looked up at his old friend and muttered those memorable words, "You too, Brutus." Kittredge

and———had at one time been great political friends. As Kittredge saw the primary election returns coming in and felt the danger of defeat penetrating his heart, he calmly muttered, "You too,———;" and then quietly returned to his lucrative law practice. Thus closed the most vicious, personal political fight that has ever occurred in South Dakota. Every man connected with it had his character assassinated. Yet, after all, its dire effects are rapidly passing away, and

"Time, sweet restorer, a victory gaineth,
In hearts where the vials of wrath were outpoured."

A new day has dawned upon us. New "bed-fellows" are being made in politics. The "old guard" that went down to defeat with Kittredge when he met his "Waterloo" at the hands of Crawford, who, acting in the capacity of Lord Wellesly, marshalled all of the opposing forces against him, will never stand together in another fierce fight as before. The conservative field held by Kittredge and the advanced position assumed by Mr. Crawford will both be vacated and midway—somewhere close to the ground taken by the state republican platform this year,—under new leaders, the diminishing remnant of the "old guard" and a workable portion of the less radical element of the opposing forces, will come together and fight for political preference, along new lines, and for the common good of the state.

Regardless of what the future may bring forth, Senator Kittredge will remain a great character in the history of the state, and be revered and admired by his many friends whom he never betrayed. May we never cease to love him!

[Later.—Senator Kittredge was suddenly taken ill, and died at Hot Springs, Arkansas, May 4, 1911.

At this time funds are being voluntarily contributed by his friends to erect a marble bust of him in our new State Capitol.—O. W. C.]

A MANLY MAN

One of America's most gifted orators, Col. Robert Ingersoll, standing beside the bier of his dead brother, delivering a funeral oration over the deceased, said, "There never was a manlier man." These inspiring words could never have had a more perfect application than to be applied to Charles N. Herreid ex-governor of South Dakota. How passionately fond we all are of him, not merely for the unexcelled record which he made as governor, but for his manly virtues.

GOVERNOR HERREID

As governor of the state, Mr. Herreid made an enviable record. Undoubtedly his greatest service to the state was in the unusually large number of legislative enactments which he vetoed. True; the legislators who served during this time were equally intelligent with those that have served under other governors; but many of them, as will always be the case, had never been trained in the interpretation of law.

During Governor Herreid's predecessor's administration, that of Governor Lee, the Initiative and Referendum had been enacted. Nobody paid much attention to them during Governor Herreid's two terms. Why? Well, simply because everybody was contented; and, above all, they had confidence in Herreid. He scrutinized every act of his two legislatures with the eye of an eagle. Every law enacted, that conflicted with the constitution, virtually repealed some other law, or within itself bore obnoxious features, was promptly vetoed by the Governor. He didn't wait for the referendum nor

CHARLES N. HERREID

for the supreme court. He was a court unto himself. Let it be said for Governor Herreid that he vetoed more bills than all of the other governors of the state put together.

On the other hand this may be accounted for from another standpoint. In his three messages to the legislature he recommended far more legislation than any other governor. His last message, delivered as he turned the reins over to Governor Elrod, is the finest state document on record. It will remain for the future historian to bring out and properly classify this able state paper.

HERREID, THE PATRIOT

More or less trouble has arisen during the several administrations of our various governors since statehood, with the state appointees. Governors Sheldon and Lee each one asked the state legislature to enact a law authorizing the governor to remove any one or all of his own appointees at will, but they refused. Charles N. Herreid renewed this recommendation; it was done. The wisdom of it became apparent more quickly than its legislators anticipated. President McKinley was assassinated shortly thereafter. A notary public at Sturgis,—an appointee of Governor Herreid's—upon hearing the sad news of the president's assassination, exclaimed, "It served him right!" No sooner had the news of the fellow's reprehensible conduct reached Governor Herreid, than he issued an executive order revoking the fellow's commission and removed him from office; at the same time notifying him by wire of what he had done, in advance of the mails. This one instance justified the enactment of the law.

FRIEND OF EDUCATION

Just before the legislature of 1901 adjourned, the commitee on education, thought to slip one over on the governor and get through a sweeping change in our educational laws, that would make our school children assets to local politicians; but, O! no, not while the scrutinizing Herreid was governor. Here is what the records in the Secretary of State's office reveal:

"Having received said bill and having only a few moments in which to return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, before its adjornment, sine die, I can only very briefly mention a few of the many serious objections to the bill. This bill provides that the State educational institutions 'may receive, free of tuition, ten students appointed by each State Senator and ten students appointed by each Representative of the State Legislature,'* * * 'not more than three of whom shall be students of the same institution.' * * * *

"Our educational institutions are supported by the people and for the people of our state. That tuition should either be free to all or all should pay tuition equally. This bill discriminates and the discrimination will almost invariably be against those who are poor and without friends of prominence and influence; in other words, against those who are specially entitled to sympathy and assistance. Why should those only having a political 'pull' receive free education at the expense of the state? Why should the young men and women of our state, who seek an education at our institutions, become the political trading stock of politicians?"

* * * * * *

"The iniquity of this bill is indeed complete. Those who desire to pay must be excluded for those receiving free tuition! A senior who has paid his tuition may be forced to leave to make room for some one on the 'free list' and graduate from some institution in another state where the Legislative 'pass' system does not exist.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES N. HERREID,

Governor.

Pierre, March 8, 1901."

Again in order to show the extremely careful analysis which he gave to all bills coming up to him for his signature, we have only to cite the following:

"To the Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives:

"I am unable to approve House Bill No. 90, which is herewith returned to the House of Representatives, although the record does not show a vote against said bill in either branch of the Legislature."

Think of it! Every vote in both branches of the legislature cast in favor of a bill concerning taxation, etc., and not one of them saw a flaw in it. Back it goes to the House, vetoed, with a 1,000-word opinion from Governor Herreid attached to it—shooting it so full of holes that it looked like an old fish net which had been caught in the snags at the bottom of some limpid stream, and then torn to shreds in trying to pull it out, so as to save the floaters. Here is an exposure of only one of its 'dodgers':

"This bill aims to give peculiar meaning to certain letters and characters but specifically states that it shall apply only to tax proceedings.

* * * * * *

The concluding portion of said bill reads as follows:

Whenever the abbreviation "do" or the character ",," or other similar abbreviations or characters shall be used in any such

proceedings, they shall be respectively construed and held as meaning and being the same name, word, initial, or letter or letters, abbreviations, figure or figures as the last proceeding such "do" or ",," or other similar character.

"Here again we have a remarkable perversion of well-known marks and abbreviations. 'Do.' is an abbreviation for 'ditto,' but 'do' is a syllable attached to the first tone of the major diatonic scale for the purpose of solmization, or solfeggio,' and the marks ",," doubtless intended for 'turned commas' are, as found in this remarkable bill, the last half of quotation marks!"

PARDONS

In his inaugural address to the Seventh Biennial Legislature, in 1901, touching upon 'The Pardoning Power" of the executive, Governor Herreid said:

"The pardoning power is a consequence of 'the imperfection of law and human nature.' A person may be convicted of a crime on false testimony. After sentence by the Court, the falsehood may be discovered, but the Court cannot reverse its decree. Reprieves may become necessary or expedient on account of doubt of guilt, arising from the discovery of new testimony after sentence and before execution, or considerations of public policy may demand an exemption from punishment. The pardoning power exists, and was conferred by the constitution upon the Governor, not for exercising his tenderness of heart but to further the ends of justice. Of late years there has been an increasing tendency towards executive clemency, resulting in gross abuse of this important prerogative. A convict with numerous friends and abundant means promptly begins preparations for securing a pardon after he has had a fair trial, and his gulit has been legally established. The Governor's office becomes an appellate court, where the case is re-tried, largely in the nature of an ex parte proceeding. The victim may be slumbering in a forgotten grave Human sympathy is apt to be with the living rather than the dead. Or the injured party is persuaded to join the forces appealing for sympathy, ignoring the no less sacred rights of society.

"These observations are for the purpose of announcing to the people of this state that it is not the purpose of the Executive to usurp the functions of courts and juries; that the pardoning power will be exercised strictly according to the theory of our system of jurisprudence and the spirit of our constitution."

In keeping with these sentiments, Governor Herreid was firm in his dealings with offenders. He granted fewer pardons than

any other governor we have ever had. In fact the pardons granted by other executives stand about "16 to 1" as compared with those extended by him. His refusal to "pardon," and his readiness to "veto," kept his two administrations consistent throughout, and left behind him an unsullied record of administrative justice.

AS LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

But Herreid had had great training for his work as governor. He had previously been elected lieutenant-governor for two consecutive terms. In this capacity, he had been schooled in handling legislation.

"As president of the state senate in 1893 and 1895 he displayed in a marked manner his fitness and capacity to deal with public affairs. His failures and candor as well as his evident comprehension of purpose to decide all questions without bias or prejudice in conformity with the rules of the senate, were recognized by men of all political parties, and so well did he succeed in the task that no appeal was ever taken from any of his rulings at either session of the legislature. It is said that no other president of a state senate in the United States has ever made a similar record."

Ordinarily, any man who accepts the second place on the state or on a national ticket, digs his own political grave, and the bells which peal forth his success at the polls, at the same time tingle out his political death knell. But Herreid was born to be an exception. The ability and fairness which he displayed as president of the senate commended him to the people of the state as the logical man for the higher field of responsibilities. Think on it! Lieutenant-Governor for two terms, Governor for two terms. No doubt many decades will have passed into state history before his record will have been duplicated.

HERREID'S DICTION

Each of Governor Herreid's public documents is a literary gem. He stands in a class by himself as a classical writer. No other public official in the state has ever equalled him as a man of letters.

The most perfect style of diction is demanded of the state supreme court, so that no possible misinterpretation can be placed upon any of their opinions. Yet Judge Fuller, (deceased, whom we all now mourn) said to us one day in his official chamber: "This man Herreid beats anybody I ever knew in his diction. Frequently he comes to me and asks about a certain point, yet it

is never for information direct that will enable him to reach a conclusion, but merely to see if my judgment re-inforces his own."

His public letters and addresses are so evenly balanced throughout that it is hard for any man to select from the many passages more choice than the rest, any which might tend to emphasize his style. We think a couple extracts taken from the Address of Welcome in behalf of the state which he delivered to the American Mining Congress which convened at Deadwood during his governorship, will suffice:

"We all rejoice over the prevailing universal prosperity. I am proud of the fact that I can welcome you to a state where the people are superlatively prosperous, contented and happy; where the spirit of success dominates the commercial and industrial atmosphere; where everybody has surrendered to the magnificent energy which is building a new and splendid empire. I welcome you to the people who for six years have produced more wealth per capita than any other state in the Union; to a state famous for the large number, according to population, of newspapers, churches, colleges and school houses; to a state absolutely free from conflict between labor and capital; to a state settled largely by the children of the pioneers who were the empire builders of the great west—children who from infancy were taught the lesson of vigorous manhood; a people who adopted as the state motto: 'Under God the People Rule,' and who, as individuals and communities, with reverence for all law, human and divine, are living up to their high standards of right.

* * * * * *

"Ten years ago the real value of all property within the state was less than one hundred million dollars; to-day it is one thousand millions!

"To-day every South Dakotan is proud of his state and with joy and devotion ready to join the grand chorus of thanksgiving and praise:

'I love every inch of our prairie land.
Each stone on her mountain side,
I love ev'ry drop of her water clear
That flows in her rivers wide.
I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates,
The queen of the earth is the land of my birth
My own United States.' "

BIOGRAPHICAL

Governor Herreid is a Wisconsinite by birth and a South Dakotan by adoption. Again, the old Badger state has shown her marked influence over the new territories that one after another were gradually carved out of the great domain to her westward. A proud father and mother, calmly viewing their baby boy on October 20, 1857, evidently little dreamed that they were the parents of a future South Dakota governor.

His boyhood was spent knocking around on the farm, developing a good healthy physique. Later, he spent three years at Galesville University. Then he read law for one year in a law office. Afterwards, he graduated in 1882 from the law department of the Wisconsin University.

The same year that he graduated he was married to a Wisconsin lady who has since blessed Dakota with her happy traits, noble womanhood, and her charming example, Miss Jeanette Slye. The next year the young couple decided to cast their fortune in the "golden west," and so they packed up and went to Dakota, settling in McPherson county, where they became a part of our sturdy pioneers.

Mr. and Mrs. Herreid's neighbors soon learned to esteem them. Then their neighbors' neighbors found out about them, and so on until like a pebble dropped in the center of a still pool, their influence radiated itself in a succession of wavelets until it had reached the far distant shoals of the state.

As a result, here is what happened: Charles N. Herreid elected States Attorney of McPherson county, then county judge; next a member of the Board of Trustees of our State University, and later a Regent of Education; elected and re-elected Lieutenant governor, member of the Republican State Central Committee; member National Republican Committee; elected and re-elected Governor. He has also been Grand Chancellor K. of P., of the domain of South Dakota. He is a member of the A. O. U. W. and was chairman of the committee to revise the constitutional statutes of the grand lodge, and has held various important positions in this organization. He is also a member of the Eastern Star and a thirty-third degree Mason. He and his family are members of the Presbyterian church.

Governor and Mrs. Herreid are the proud parents of two children—a daughter, Miss Grace, and her loving and affectionate brother whom the state will recall as having died during Mr. Herreid's incumbency of the governor's office. as the result of an operation for appendicitis. He was a charming lad, universally

beloved and a general favorite among the South Dakota National Guard, in which he held the rank of Captain.

After retiring from the governor's chair in 1904, Mr. Herreid removed to Aberdeen and took up again the practice of his chosen profession which he followed for three years. During this time he gradually and rapidly became so interwoven in the business affairs of Aberdeen that he has been obliged to drop his law practice for other enterprises. He is secretary of the corporation that recently built at Aberdeen the beautiful Citizens's Bank Building, which, including the basement and roof garden, is eight stories high. Governor Herreid is also president of the Aberdeen Railway Company which has built five miles of street railway in that city and which contemplates the construction of three or four miles in the early spring. In addition to these responsibilities, he is a director and Vice-President of the Dakota Central Telephone Co., and the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, and he is, in other ways, not herein enumerated, identified with the business interests of Aberdeen.

Such has been the phenominal career of a young man who was not afraid to break away from "dad" and to strike out into the world for himself. It has been repeatedly asserted by careful political students throughout the state, and it is now quite generally admitted by both factions of the Republican party, that had the city of Aberdeen forced him into the race for the governorship nomination at the June primaries in 1908, he would have swept the state and easily have become governor for at least a third term—simply on the strength of his past record as a public servant, which is untarnished by a single blot, and which will stand for years hence among the most illustrious pages of our state's history.

"There never was a manlier man!"

A PROGRESSIVE EDUCATOR

Among South Dakota state offices, second only in popularity to that of the governorship (in its lasting influence it greatly outclasses the latter)is the Department of Public Instruction.

This year the republican party of this state, by their selection made by popular vote of the party at the primaries held in June, presents to the people of South Dakota for endorsement by their ballots at the November election, as their candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, a man of sterling worth, endowed with great natural talents, enriched by education and experience—one whose record as an advanced thinker in the educational world and whose activities in the superlative execution of his ideals, have already found concrete expression in the schools of Lincoln county—Prof. C. G. Lawrence, of Canton.

LAW OF PROMOTION

Inasmuch as the work of the state superintendent is largely supervisory of the work done by the various county superintendents, it is but natural that an out-going county superintendent should aspire to the state position. Fundamentally, a man cannot inspire another man to do a thing which he himself has never done and which the one whom he is directing has reason to believe that the one giving the instructions is perhaps not able to do. The principle holds true in every walk of life. The successful military commander is he who rose from the ranks The successful district superintendent (formerly designated a "presiding elder") is he who has been a successful preacher first. The successful sales manager is the man who was first a successful salesman. And so on through the various activities of life.

There are of course exceptions to this. South Dakota had one rare exception to the rule in the services of Hon. G. W Nash, a former Superintendent of Public Instruction Nash was distinctly and decidedly a college man. He was college bred and had taught only in college, without ever having served a day as

county superintendent. (And, by the way, he too, hailed from Canton.) Yet he gave to the state one of the most successful administrations of her educational affairs that she has ever enjoyed In fact Nash was so "large," and he filled the office so full, that he could be seen projecting out beyond it, on all sides of it. But, again we emphasize, he was an exception.

SCANDINAVIAN ASCENDENCY

The Scandinavians are among the most progressive and intelligent citizenry of the state. Their numerical strength at the polls is so great that no party or faction dares now to go before the public for endorsement without reckoning on the Scandinavian vote. One of the most successful governors the state ever had or ever will have, Charles N. Herreid, came from this lineage. Hon. Hans Ustrud is of the same stock. With the state strongly "progressive" in politics a "stalwart" Scandinavian, H. B. Anderson, of Mitchell, in the primary campaign of this year, won out by 7,000 votes over his opponent who had everything but nationality in his favor. Clay county, the hot-bed of "insurgency," but peopled largely by Scandinavians, went over to Anderson who is of their own blood. This political adhesion is but natural.

Just so with Superintendent Lawrence. Born of Norwegian parentage he commanded the united Scandinavian vote of the state—and won. Married to a Scandinavian lady, he had in his family affairs, proven his loyalty to his blood.

His father came to America in 1843, and afterwards taught school for many years in Wisconsin, and in Illinois. One of this distinguished ancestor's teacher's certificates, secured in Illinois, is still held as a sacred momento in the Lawrence home. It is dated 1854. It will thus be seen that the subject of this sketch came honestly by his educational proclivities.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Professor Lawrence was born January 12, 1871, at Madison, Wisconsin. His early education was acquired in the public schools of that place. Later, he was graduated by the University of Wisconsin, taking his B. L. degree. In 1896-97 he did post graduate work in the same institution.

He was married August 22, 1900, to Miss Gunda Jacobson, of Canton, his assistant principal in the high school of that place.

Mrs. Lawrence is a graduate of the Madison, South Dakota State Normal School. Therefore, the schools of Madison, Wisconsin, and of Madison, South Dakota, gave to us the two educators who will, in all probability, lead in the educational thought

of the state for the next two, and possibly for the next four, years. To this union have been born two boys—one nine, and the other six years of age.

LAWRENCE, THE EDUCATOR

The best endorsement any man can have is the longevity of his service in a certain position or with a certian firm. No word from his employers can attest more truthfully to his worth than the fact of his long continued employment by them.

Hoff has been city superintendent at Mitchell for seven years. His predecessor, the lamented Quigley, held the same position for ten years. Strachan has served for twenty continuous years as superintendent of the Deadwood city schools; while Cook is rounding out a quarter of a century as president of the Spearfish Normal.

We perfect this line of thought by citing the record of him who constitutes our theme. After teaching two months in a rural school in Wisconsin, he was called to Augustana College, Canton, S. D., in 1894, where he served four years on the faculty of that school, and then yielded to the request of the citizens of Canton to become the head of their public schools. He held the latter position for eight consecutive years; and only surrendered it in 1906 to become a candidate for superintendent of Lincoln county. He was elected, and re-elected in 1908.

PROF. C. G. LAWRENCE

Recapitulating, we give a resume: two months teacher in a rural school, four years a college professor, eight years city superintendent, four years county superintendent. Fine record! eh?

AS COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

It was not until Lawrence entered the county superintendent's office, got out among the people of his county and the educators of the state, that his real work began to be known. True; he had attended district and state educational gatherings and had read some able papers before them, but the "bigness" of the fellow, aside from his domineering six-foot-four stature, had not commanded general attention.

Entering upon his duties as superintendent of Lincoln county, he took one year to get his bearings and to find out the necessities of his schools. Then, his convictions crystalized that when a child comes into the world, it begins to move and to use its tiny hands; that as soon as it is able to sit up, if given blocks, it will begin to build; that at a later age it longs to mix mud pies and to cook; that its whole tendency is one of physical usefulness; that as soon as it enters school we begin to educate it away from the use of its hands which should by their economical use, earn its bread and butter for life, and instill into it the idea that its brain and not its hands were intended for use only, and that the latter should not be soiled; that the whole underlying scheme is wrong.

And there was plenty of evidence. Not a girl could be found who would condescend to do house work. She had been educated to think but not to act. Hotels were putting in Japanese waiters and negro cooks, because American girls had been taught not to soil their hands, but to preserve them for piano use. The farmer, taking advantage of our state law which compels his school district to pay practically all of his son's high school tuition, had sent his son away to school, the lad had failed to return; he had been taught to think while his hands hung idly by his sides. The "dignity of labor" was unintentionally assailed and credence given to the old Chinese proverb, "Those who labor with their minds govern others; those who labor with their hands are governed by others."

Lawrence said: "Halt! We'll 'about face' and go at this thing right. Lincoln county has as rich soil as to be found on earth. Our boys should learn to till it right and to love to do it. Our big buxom farmers' daughters, pictures of health and strength, should be taught economy in their household work, and be instilled with the idea that there is nothing better."

Accordingly, for the past three years he has carried on in Lincoln county, in addition to his regular educational work, boys' corn-growing contests and girls' sewing and baking clubs. True; South Dakota has a common school course of study which by law county superintendents are compelled to require their teachers to follow. Lawrence abridged it. He went beyond it. He put domestic science into his schools and demanded that each teacher in the county give to the girls in their respective schools instruction for one and one-half hours every Friday afternoon, in sewing and preparing themselves for the responsibilities of a practical and happy life; while special instruction was given to the boys in the soil, the germinization of cereals and the care they demand

through the period of their growth, in order to harvest a full crop; the value of birds as insect destroyers, etc. As a climax he has arranged for a short course in Agriculture and Domestic Science to be held at Canton in December of this year by six experts from the faculty of the South Dakota State College, at Brookings.

Such is the leadership and such is the man (in the natural order of events if the republican party is successful at the polls in November—and it is generally conceded that it will be) upon whom the eyes of the state will be centered after January 1, 1911. Talented, educated, experienced, cultured, he brings to the position an intellectual equipment that bespeaks success, and a moral and mental force that never knew defeat.

[P. S. Lawrence was elected by an overwhelming majority and re-elected in 1912.]

A FIERY ORATOR

"You're a liar!" (apologies to T. R.) ripped out a big red-faced fellow sitting mid-room in the I. O. O. F. hall at Alpena, during the redhot political campaign of 1896 The speaker in a dramatic pose, with clinched fists and with his voice pitched in stentorian tones, had just reached a terrific climax, as he sought to show that the salaries of the daily wage-earner had steadily increased in this country since the Civil War, except during Grover Cleveland's two democratic administrations.

This insult hurled into his teeth caused the campaigner's face to flush. Seizing a book of statistics with which to prove his assertion, the speaker rushed down the aisle to the brazen-faced scape-goat, held the book firmly against the fellow's nose, and said in a manner that was in keeping with the excitement, "Did you say I was a liar?" The fellow's head kept going farther back. Every red corpuscle in his blood spontaneously crowded themselves into the veins of his face. "Did you say I was a liar?" thundered the speaker at him again.

And the speaker—ah! yes, the speaker! Who was he? None other than the fiery, fearless, eloquent young attorney-general of South Dakota—himself a candidate for congress—the Honorable Coe I. Crawford.

Crawford is by far the most spirited, logical and convincing campaign orator that the state has ever produced. The campaign of 1896 was the hottest political contest this country has seen since the Civil War. During its progress Senator Crawford delivered 105 telling speeches—speeches that were filled with pith and unanswerable arguments; and although he lost the fight for himself, he helped to stem the tide of popocracy and democracy combined and saved to the republican party of the state a part of the state ticket.

The scene at Alpena was mild beside the one that was enacted at Mound City in Campbell county. At this meeting, J. H. Kipp,

who afterwards became insurance commissioner under Governor Lee, and a bunch of rowdies, stationed themselves in one corner of the room in which the meeting was being held, and determined to break it up. Every time Mr. Crawford would make a point they would groan and then hurl ugly remarks at him. The speaker's patience became exhausted. Being a master of invective, by birth, and a sovereign at sarcasm, by training, he suddenly stopped his address to pay his respects to Kipp and his friends. If ever fiery darts of burning invective, spat from the end of a human tongue, pierced the social armor of men, it was those that were sent seething into the skins of Kipp and his rowdies that night by Crawford. After giving them a tongue lashing that would have caused the soul of a cannibal to shrivel in its casement, the speaker went on—uninterrupted.

Again at Bowdle, during the same campaign, when Mr. Crawford had gotten his audience to a fever pitch of excitement, some licentious cur gulped out, "You got $20,000 for selling out to Taylor." (Taylor was the defaulting state treasurer whom Mr. Crawford, as attorney-general, was compelled to prosecute.) Quicker than a flash and in a tone of voice that showed he was not too young to begin nor "too old to come back," the speaker shot at his accuser this penetrating rejoinder, "I don't know who your are, but I know one thing and that is that you are a brazen liar." There was a slight shuffling of feet—a silence—a few coughs, when finally some one said "sic 'um"—then silence, as accuser and accused, liar and lyee (no charge for this new word), stood glaring into each other's eyes. The accuser settled down deeper and deeper into his seat until his crown played tag with his coat collar;—the speaker went on.

Once more—this time at Hartford. Owing to a railroad accident, Mr. Crawford was obliged to drive to Hartford from Salem. The night was blinding dark; the driver got lost and they did not reach Hartford until ten o'clock. Meanwhile an old farmer had been "filling in" until the regular speaker could arrive. As Mr. Crawford entered the hall and was recognized, pent-up feelings gave vent to out-spoken threats, men jumped onto chairs and called each other liars; some shook ten, twenty and even hundred dollar bills in other men's faces and told them to "put up or shut up." A fist fight was going on outside, and oaths rent the air.

Mr. Crawford spoke till after midnight; then the crowd refused to depart. Both sides prepared huge bonfires which they re-kindled until their fiery tongues intermingled in the morning skies with the reddened streaks of dawn. Such are only a few of

the stirring scenes through which he who constitutes our subject has passed.

CRAWFORD, THE ORATOR

Senator Crawford has a style of oratory peculiar to himself. It comes natural to him. It is differffent from all other men in the state. His climaxes are not built up on previous meditation. He gathers his inspiration from his surroundings, ignites it with a fuse of soul, and immediately there is an outburst of high keyed rhetoric that causes one to feel his chair lifting him from the floor. Your hair stands pompadour; your scalp puckers as though it had been rubbed with alum; the muscles of your face twitch; your heart thuds; you lean forward; you hold your breath; —you have been touched by the magic tongue of the orator. Then as his oratory subsides, you relax, settle back, feel as though you were being lowered into an abyss, catch your breath, feel your heart-throbs become normal, and sit meditating over the argument being adduced; when suddenly the speaker's eyes flash again, his voice raises, his fists clinch, he comes nearer, you tremble under the spell, and then as if touched by an electric battery you leap upon your seat and cheer! What's wrong? Nothing! You have merely felt the power of human words, the accents of a soul-stirring voice, the effects of natural, inspirational, impassioned, spontaneous eloquence. Such is the oratory of Crawford. His silvery tongue, pivoted on a diamond swivel, glistens with sparkling verbiage and brings upon you an incantation that is overpowering, aweinspiring, magical, grand.

Again Crawford speaks in epigrams. When he uncorks a new can of them they spurt forth with a hissing, squelching effect like a punctured tube of patent fire extinguisher. His "imps of hell", "toads in a cellar", "machine whelps," and dozens of other epigrams hurled at his personal enemies during the bitter campaigns of 1906 and 1908, are now matters of state pride in a chosen son's vocabulary.

Mr. Crawford was one of the ten law students, selected by the faculty out of a class of 130, for commencement honors at the Iowa University Law School. He acquitted himself with oratorical honors, even at that early day in his career.

AS A LAWYER

Senator Crawford earned the money to put himself through law school, by teaching school. After graduation, he again taught for a brief period, to get money with which to start up in his practice.

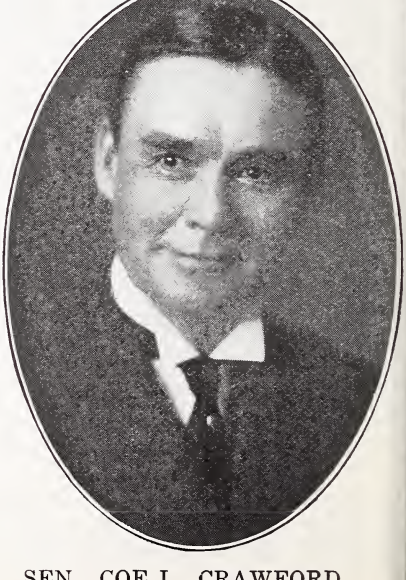
Nearly every lawyer has to go through this starvation period. Young Crawford was no exception. He became the junior member of a law firm at Independence, Iowa, and at the end of a year he found himself $300 in debt. He got together $25 (enough to pay his carfare to Pierre, S. D.) and started west, to "live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish." Reaching East Pierre, he rented a shack and stuck out his shingle.

His first cases were defending frontier ruffians in justice's court. He soon built up a practice that was phenominal. It was these early efforts at oratory in justice's court that in later years caused his subsequent law partner, the learned Charles E. De Land, to write of him:

"Boundless energy, fearless advocacy of his client's cause, stern and drastic invective against those who sought to trample upon his own rights at the bar—these were the qualities, the memories of which mark my first information of him who is the subject of this sketch, the then young man who, in his maiden efforts in justice's court, after settling in Pierre in 1884, had by sheer force of manhood, expressed in matchless eloquence, arousing inquiry and astounded listeners passing by, and who eagerly inquired 'Who is he?' to be told 'He is Coe I Crawford.'"

This promising young attorney soon lost his entire law library in a fire; removed to Pierre, stuck out his sign, started in all over again, and in a short time became one of the recognized criminal lawyers of the state. In 1897 he removed to Huron to become attorney for the Northwestern Railway company, where he soon distinguished himself at the Beadle county bar.

His defense of young Hubbard, in the famous Hubbard-Cakebread murder case which occurred on the Miller ranch four miles north-east of Alpena, was perhaps the ablest effort of his life. In the first trial Hubbard was fonud guilty



SEN. COE I. CRAWFORD

of manslaughter and was sentenced to the penitentiary. Crawford was dauntless in his efforts and at the end of fourteen months he secured a second trial for him. It was his argument before the jury in behalf of his client at this second trial to which we specifically refer. Business was largely suspended in all of the surrounding towns. Hundreds made their way to Huron to hear Crawford's closing argument. Those who could be squeezed into the court room will never forget the magic spell of his oratory. Not a dry eye in the jury box; not a dry eye in the entire court room; women sobbing in the audience; strong men burying their faces in handkerchiefs; even the court became visibly effected; as hour after hour, building up climax after climax, while he held his audience in tragic suspense, the gifted oratory mounted from the hill-top to mountain-top in gilded flights of almost supernatural oratory until at last he suddenly broke the chains of bondage and set his prisoner free!

IN POLITICS

No man will pretend to deny but that Senator Crawford has few equals and no superiors in state politics His rise from that dismal law shack at old East Pierre to the United States senatorship fully attested his capabilities along this line. He is not only a good campaigner. but he is an adept at campaign execution. He is a born leader. You simply can't down him.

The next year after settling at Pierre he was elected states attorney for Hughes county. At the same time he formed a law partnership with Mr. De Land, which lasted for twelve years. After serving only two year as sstates attorney, Mr. Crawford was elected to the Territorial Senate in 1888. Two years later he was elected state senator from Hughes county. Two years after this he was elected attorney-general for the state, filling this position for two terms, during a very trying time. This took him up to the eventful campaign of 1896 when he was a candidate for congress, and in which, during the tide of populism, he lost by only a few votes.

In 1904, he made a fight for the Governorship and lost. In 1906, he renewed his fight and won. Crawford's ability to forsee the culmination of public sentiment and the probable turn of political events, is his greatest asset. After serving only one term as governor, he declined to become a candidate for renomination, but plunged head-long into the senatorial fight, winning the nomination in the June primaries of 1908, and his election at the hands of the state legislature in 1909. It will thus be seen that his political record has been a phenominal one.

CRAWFORD, THE REFORMER

Crawford's political rise was finally due to the reforms for which he stood. During his administration as governor there were enacted into state law some of our most wholesome reforms. There will of course always be honest differences of opinion concerning some of these laws.

He came forward upon the theater of political operations just at the psychological moment. LaFollette had just led off in Wisconsin; Cummings was leading off in Iowa; the spirit of insurgency, born in the northwest, had taken root and had begun to spread. Dolliver, Beveridge, Lenroot, Bristow, Hubbard, Cooper and others caught the echo and responded. It has plainly become the West against the East, and the former is going to win, even at the expense and peril of turning the country democratic.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Senator Crawford came from good, old, Presbyterian, Scotch-Irish stock. His father was a wagon maker and an honest, upright, conscientious, Christian gentleman. In 1851, he removed from Ohio to Allamakee county, Iowa, and settled on a farm. Here Coe I. came into being January 14, 1858. His boyhood was spent on the farm. During the winter he did chores and attended district school for a few months each year. At fifteen years of age he entered a semi-graded school at Rossville. During his two years at this school he stayed with Dr. Simeon H. Drake, who gave him private lessons in Latin, Geometry and English Literature.

He drifted to Ohio, taught school, traveled two years for a publishing house and then entered the law school at Iowa City, where he graduated with honor with the class of '82, and since that time he has repeatedly honored his Alma Mater.

Mr. Crawford was married in 1884 to Miss May Robinson of Iowa City. Two children blessed this union. Mrs. Crawford died in 1894. Complying with the mandates of the scriptures, he married her sister in 1896. Three children were born to this second union.

CRAWFORD'S HUMANITY

When the Revolutionary army was spending its trying winter at Valley Forge, Isaac Potts, at whose home George Washington was making his headquarters, overheard the general in prayer on his knees one day along the river bank. He reduced the prayer to writing. It is still preserved in both history and literature.

In it may be found these words. "Let all our victories be seasoned with humanity."

In the naval battle at Santiago, Cuba, during our recent war, one of our gun-boats hove near to a shell-riven, dismantled Spanish gun-boat that was on fire and was sinking. When the American crew beheld the terrific effect of their gunnery on the enemy, they began to cheer. Raising his hand, the commander said to his men, "Don't cheer boys, the poor devils are dying."

The humanity displayed by these military heroes was also displayed by Mr. Crawford in his great political battle for the senatorship. During the campaign, his integrity as a citizen, his manhood and his personal record, were attacked in a most vicious manner. Volley after volley of political viputeration was hurled against the armor plate of his character, yet he came out of the fight without sustaining any permanent injury. He was sittng in the governor's office when the united republican ballot of the legislature, in joint-session, was cast for him as United States senator. His presence was immediately demanded and a speech was loudly called for. In a moment he appeared, escorted by a special committee, and took the platform. Raising his hand, to allay the cheering, he calmly said. "Out of the heat of the campaign, I bring no malice toward any man." After completing a neat speech in the senate chamber he returned to the governor's office, where he was met by Governor Vessey who said to him: "This is the first time I have ever felt right about the senatorship since you were denied the appointment eight years ago. The fight has been a bitter personal one, and I congratulate you on your victory "

Senator Crawford replied: "Governor, I could never have stood it if it hadn't been for such loyal friends as yourself, who have stood with me bravely through it all."

Interviewed a few hours later about his speech of forgiveness delivered before the legislature he said: "No man has any right to harbor malice in his soul. He has a right, of course, to defend himself in a dignified way, when attacked, but he has no right to harbor malice toward any man when it is over."

Two days later he was summoned to the Governor's office to accept his commission from the state as United States senator from South Dakota. Taking Governor Vessey by the right hand, and placing his left hand on the Governor's shoulder, Senator Crawford said: "I know of no man in South Dakota whose name I would rather have on this commission than yours,—not simply because of the political strife through which we have passed together, but because of your personal friendship."

Thus, "out of the heat of the conflict," Mr. Crawford came forth a forgiving, high-minded, Christian gentleman, ready and willing to practice the daily prayer left for us by the Nazarine, two thousand years ago, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

AS A SENATOR

Men have already begun to criticise the senator pro and con for his record at Washington. We feel that judgment should be suspended for the present. His term is six years. He has served only eighteen months. Why jump at conclusions? The "National Magazine" for this month has this to say about him:

"A new senator, who in debate displays all the self-poise and ease of a veteran, is Hon. Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota. Always forceful and effective, although he keys his voice a trifle higher than most speakers, he is never asked to repeat a sentence because it has not been heard. In his recent speech in the Senate he announced that he should ask attention for only a short time, but he was kept on the orator's witness stand for over an hour. A senatorial debate reminds one of a gridiron dinner, because of the quizzing that goes on across the floor, when the 'broilers' are all red hot, and each senator is ready for carving with his sharpest knife."

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OUR GOVERNOR

Rising to an impassioned outburst of eloquence, while delivering an address at Ethan, during the recent political campaign, Senator Coe I. Crawford said: "My Fellow Citizens: When you look into the face of Governor Vessey, you look into the face of a man!—a man who has written his own splendid character on the hearts and in the lives of the people of our entire state!" (Prolonged applause.) The word "man" has in it only three letters; yet, after all, how few of our own sex (let's be honest) really incorporate into their lives all of the constituent elements embodied in this little word.

Senator Gamble, upon being asked recently what gave the governor such a hold on the people of our state, said, "His face." That's it! Any man with Bob Vessey's face can win in politics. He isn't like one of our former public men who was prominent in national life and who, upon being accused of being "two-faced," declared "It isn't true! If it were, I wouldn't be wearing the face I now have."

Have you never noticed the dimple in that stern chin, and the protruding lower lip—each of which are indicative of determination? And the deep-set, kindly eyes with their wealth of shadowy eyebrows, denoting his pleasing temperament? What an open countenance! What a manhood revealed from within!

ROBERT S. VESSEY

Fortunate, indeed! His face is his political asset, and not a liability.

Another campaign has come and gone in our state's proud history. Robert S. Vessey has been triumphantly re-elected governor at the hands of the republican party. His past record has been accepted as a criterion for the future. The people, by their ballots, have said, "We are content." His unsullied manhood will now become more conspicuous than ever before. The eyes of the state are riveted upon him. The smoke of the last campaign is clearing away, and above the clouds of strife, like the sphinx on the Egyptian desert, there stands out in bold relief against the historic sky the resplendent character of the man.

Governor Vessey is a Badgerite by birth. It seems that about sixty per cent of the fellows who have won distinction in the public life of South Dakota, came from Wisconsin. No wonder when that state began to "insurge" in politics that we should "follow suit" or "trump" as the case may be. (We dont' play cards either—we borrowed these expressions.)

Our governor—grand, good man that he is—was denied the advantage of an education. He got his training in the universe instead of a university. But, after all., this counts in life; Vessey has proven it.

In 1882, he was united in marriage to Miss Florence Albert, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Picture if you will an ox team hitched to a covered wagon, wending its way across the prairies in the spring of 1883, toward Wessington Springs, driven by a sober-minded young groom, with his bride by his side. Watch them reach their destination; see the young couple climb out, kneel down and thank God for the scanty blessings of life; and you will have before you the image and circumstances of the man who was destined to become the governor of the state that had just adopted him, Robert S. Vessey.

For a few years he played the "good shepherd" and raised sheep. Then he organized at Wessington Springs a mercantile business which he recently sold; and later he went into the banking business also. At present he is the head of a large trust company organized at Pierre, and he is a trustee of the Wessington Springs Seminary, and of Dakota Wesleyan, at Mitchell.

In 1905 and in 1907, he was state senator from Jerauld county. During this period he was steeped in reform. The old political methods employed in the state did not appeal to him. He was open and above board in all of his contentions. He introduced the measure compelling campaign committees to keep an account of their expenses and to make public report; also the

measure compelling railroads to build connecting tracks at intersecting points; and he secured the adoption of better state banking laws.

Always on the side of the people his determined and manly stand on public questions invited the attention and commanded the respect of the state. When Governor Crawford decided not to stand for re-election as governor but to make the race for the United States senate, Vessey's geographical position, the fact that he was in accord with Crawford's program and that he had organized the first Crawford club in the state, made him the logical candidate for governor.

He went into the primaries, won a decisive victory at the hands of the republican party; was elected by 17,000 majority in the fall of 1908; was renominated by a tremendous lead over his two republican opponents in 1901, and on November 8, skinned his democratic opponent by over 23,000 votes. Going some, eh?

AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

Vessey went into the political campaign of 1908, wholly unprepared by experience on the platform to make the fight that was facing him. Every time he tried to speak his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and you could scarcely have pried it loose with a crow-bar. His friends took him over west of the river in Lyman county where the population was not nearly so thick as it is to-day, and gave him the opportunity of practicing on some small audiences.

The first night was awful. The fellow was frightened half to death. The next night was no better—possibly worse. Here, the nifty, versatile, experienced Crawford took him under his Demostenesian wings and gave him a bit of Platonian advice. Said he, "Now to-day, think up some good story; and when you get up to speak tonight, tell it first of all."

Vessey thought, the story was born; he told it; it took like a Dakota prairie fire; his audience responded, he had found the key to the situation, and he has been talking ever since. Would you believe it?—this bashful, untrained business man has made more public addresses during his two years in office than any other governor whom we have ever had. This may sound startling, but it's true. He has addressed old settlers' picnics, stock growers' associations, conservation congresses, educational gatherings, political meetings, Sunday school conventions—in fact a multitude of associations and organizations, both within and without the state.

WRITINGS

But whatever may be said pro and con for his work as a speaker, no one will deny but that he is an ideal writer. His first message to the legislature was absolutely faultless in its English and it rang true with humanity and did him and the state great credit.

Read two paragraphs taken from his last Thanksgiving proclamation:

"The absence of the opening buds of spring, the faded blossoms of departed summer, the gray veiled skies of autumn, the chill of lengthening nights and the tang of frosty mornings,—all serve to remind us of the approaching end of the present year and bring again to our minds our beautiful custom of National Thanksgiving.

The sunshine of prosperity has smiled upon our land, and peace and plenty have been among our people and blessed our homes. Civic conditions in our state have been improved, and the plane of morality among our citizens has been lifted, for which let us be especially grateful."

When Mr. Vessey goes out of the governor's chair in 1912, he will be but fifty-four years of age.

There still lies before him fifteen years of active usefulness. What his intentions are we do not know; what his political ambitions may be we are not prepared to say. He has twice successfully withstood not only the democratic campaign fire, but the cross fire of his own powerful party as well.

One thing is certain—the little mound that marks his final bivouac will be revered by the people he has served, and on his tombstone will be engraved the loftiest epitaph in our language,

HERE LIES A MAN.

A POLISHED ORATOR

In the quietude of eventide, when the stream of life's activities is softly burying itself in the bosom of night, when its wavelets are falling asleep, and when its current no longer speaks even in whispers, O. L. Branson—quiet —meditative—all alone—wrapped in the tinted shroud of twilight, goes out into the garden of rhetoric, plucks from the flowrets of language the choicest garlands of speech that ever rang forth from the palate of a man, arranges these posies of thouhgt in superb diction with the dainty touch of an artist's skill, plaits them into full-bloom wreathes of oratory; and then comes forth again, in the wee small hours of the night surcharged with roseate eloquence, ready to deliver a flowery address on the morrow.

Ah! the sweet peonies of human thought—the gladiolases of entrancing speech! How they warble forth in musical resonance over that magnolia tongue! How the inmost recesses of the human soul unfold like huge poppies to receive into their daised cells the nectar of his magic words.

Branson is easily the most polished orator in the state; and a collection of his model orations should be published in book form, be adopted by the state superintendent of public instruction, and be placed in the school libraries throughout the entire state.

ELOQUENCE AND ORATORY

The line of demarcation between eloquence and oratory is more pronounced than most people think. Eloquence is logic and diction built up togeher in perfect climaxes, and effectively delivered; oratory is an inspiration born of the occasion, gathered from one's audience and hurled back at them with telling effect. The orator on such occasions is merely a verbal clearing house for a multitude of burning ideas that have been transmitted to him telapathically from his audience. These he assimilates and class-

ifies, sub-consciously, and then reflects them back to his hearers in a current of beatuiful and fluent language. Branson's addresses are usually thoroughly prepared in advance. In this sense he may not always be oratorical, but he is invariably eloquent.

Size and voice are two of the greatest assets to a public speaker. A dwarf excites sympathy, while a giant commands respect; each of them, on account of his size, finds it easy to gain and hold attention. An out-reaching voice that is clear and full is also indispensable. Branson has all of these advantages. He is tall, graceful, dignified, of commanding presence; has a good voice, thoroughly trained; speaks slowly and articulates perfectly.

Following are a few extracts taken from his superbly eloquent address delivered to the high school graduating class at Volga, S. D., in May, 1905:

"I always feel an inspiration on an occasion of this kind that I never experience upon any other; for while it brings its sorrow in a measure, because from this time forward those who are graduating here are expected to fight the battle of life for themselves, yet I never stand in the presence of the youth of our land but what I feel as though the joyous hour of spring is here —

'Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
'The sun is in the heavens and life on the earth;
'Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
'Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.'

"Hail! beautiful morning time, when to these young men and women all nature seems to be in harmony . The golden sunlight of morning is resting upon the horizon and shedding its brilliant rays over their young lives; fresh buds are bursting, song birds are singing, the whole Universe is joining in that glad hallelujah chorus— singing to the angels beyond the stars; and what message shall I bring to them that will help to guide them in the great journey they are soon to begin?

* * * * * *

"Then too, whatever you do, do well. Dont' be a weakling; don't be a frittering frailty; but in everything you undertake, be master of the situation See the greatest of the Roman senators quietly walking down the aisle of the Roman senate, never dreaming of danger; see those sixteen blades of steel pierce his flesh, and as the blood flowed from sixteen wounds his soul went to make its peace with the Great Judge in Heaven. The angry mob that gathered about his prostrate form demanded justice and swore vengeance upon Brutus, but quietly and calmly Mark Antony stood over the dead body of Julius Caesar, master of the situation.

"Hear the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry upon the field of battle; see the charge and countercharge at the point of the bayonet, and finally see the Union forces in disorderly retreat. But, listen! away in the distance I hear the clattering of hoofs, and finally I see a black charger all covered with foam hurrying to the scene of action, and Phil Sheridan rides up the Shenandoah, master of the situation.

* * * * * *

"Take your lesson from the 'thunderbolt of war.' More than a hundred times he led the armies of France to victory. He lowered the colors of the enemy at Austerlitz, and stood triumphant in the face of shot and shell at Lodi Bridge. He led his conquering heroes to the summit of the Alps and carried the Eagles of France to victory beyond the clouds. But, in an unguarded moment,

'There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivarly,'

and while the red wine flowed and the merry dance went on, the Duke of Wellington was marshalling the forces that carried the day at Waterloo; and the pendulum of time ceased to swing for Napoleon on the rock-bound coast of St. Helena."

Once more we catch our orator in a different mood. This time, with his silvery tongue inlaid with "pearls from many seas," we see him standing before a joint-session of our state legislature, sounding forth the praises of the martyred McKinley. Space forbids the use of more than a few paragraphs of this able eulogy:

"When I think of the greatness of my theme, I almost hesitate at the thought of even attempting to approach it, but when I think of his splendid character that shines forth as brilliantly as the light-house that marks the pathway of the mariner at the midnight hour, I am inspired to go forward and do my duty; not because I believe I can tell the story better, not because I believe I can sing his praises more sweetly, but because I believe down deep in my heart that some of the most beautiful lessons in the world's history are to be found in the life of William McKinley.

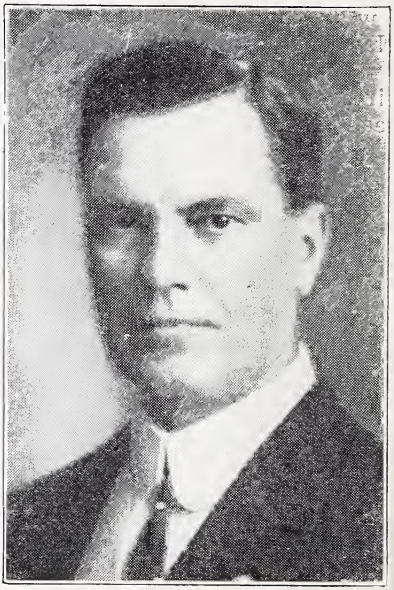
* * * * * *

"In June, 1896, in the city of St. Louis, the Republican National Convention was held. That mighty host of delegates from every state in the Union was determined to bring back to our country that cofidence and prestige that seemed to be swiftly departing from us. They called for a leader; the trumpets were sounding, the bugles rang forth; and the knightly McKinley

came forward as the man of the hour. His spurs had already been won in the halls of our national congress, and the voters of the nation were quick to rally around his standard. The contest came—one of the fiercest that has ever been known in the history of politics. For days and weeks two great political parties of the nation were doing battle royal; but on the evening of election day, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that the hosts of democracy were retreating, and the victorious banner of the republican party went streaming by.

"Was there ever such an hour as that? Have you ever stood by the sea-shore and watched the ebbing of the tide? the receding waters drifting—drifting, until it seemed as though they were gone forever? Then the change comes. You can see the returning waters, the sea-gulls, the canoe and all that ride upon the bosom of the mighty deep, come gliding merrily in to greet the sea-shore. So with the condition of our nation. After hope had fled and confidence had gone almost forever, the incoming tide brought us the greatest period of prosperity ever known in the history of our country."

A man may say certain things to you and mislead you temporarily in shaping your estimate of his real make-up; but when he begins to write, then you see the real man himself come to the surface. A few days since while doing a little Pinkerton work in the north central part of the state with a view to picking up some more data in the life of Mr. Branson with which to enrich this article, we ran across a letter dated July 20, 1910, written by him to one of his friends, which shows better than we can express, the sincerity of the man about whom we are writing, and his loyalty to his friends. We herein publish a part of it:



O. L. BRANSON.

"As the years have come and gone I have made many new acquaintances, but when-

ever I want a real good visit, I cling to the old ones. I have always appreciated your friendship and goodwill.

"As I grow older I think I can truthfully say I become stronger in the hope that every transaction which the First National (the bank of which Mr. Branson is president) may have may be honorable and square in every particular. I appreciate fully the value of our friends, for without them we could never have accomplished the few things that we have.

"That your future may be bright and your business career successful is the wish of one of the best friends you have ever had, O. L. Branson."

BUSINESS MAN

It is seldom that a man of strong literary tastes is successful in business. Branson is an exception. He is a happy combination of oratory, business, refreshing sociability and tact. On the stump he is an effective political orator. Always unique in his opening remarks, he catches his audiences with ease and holds them to the end. On the other hand, as a banker and business man, he is quiet, considerate, approachable, fair, honest and aggressive.

At present Mr. Branson is president of the First National Bank of Mitchell, an institution which he took hold of thirteen years ago and when its existence was hovering in the balance, placed it upon a Gibraltar basis; raised its capital stock from scarcely enough to meet its pay roll, to $100,000 and has watched its deposits climb up from mere nothing to $850,000. He took the institution out of its old one-story, rented building and housed it in an elegant new pressed-brick, three-story structure of its own.

He is also president of the corporation of O. L. Branson & Co. of Mitchell, and is president of a number of smaller banks throughout the state.

POLITICS

In his younger days Mr. Branson held various minor offices. In 1902 he was sent to the state senate from Davison county; two years later he was re-elected. In 1906 he was elected Mayor of Mitchell, and at the close of his first term he refused to become a candidate for his own successor. He was however, a candidate for Congress that year. Early in the campaign he said: "Our boys are going to lose; I am going to withdraw." He withdrew. His prediction came true. The "boys" with whom he had trained, lost; but O. L. Branson had withdrawn in time to save himself

for future days. He says he is out of politics except to repay his friends for their support in the past.

Nonsense! A new story will be written inside of ten years.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Mr. Branson was born in Whiteside county, Illinois, February 3, 1861; moved to Iowa with his parents who settled at La Moille, Marshall county, in 1868. A few years later the family removed to Manning, in Carroll county, where his parents still reside.

His early days were spent on a farm. At the youthful age of fifteen he became a teacher in the public schools of Carroll county, and at eighteen, he was elected principal of the Arcadia schools.

In 1885 he was elected cashier of the Rawlin County Bank, in Atwood, Kansas. This position he held for two years. He then organized at Atwood a bank of his own, remaining at the head of the institution four years. During these six years in Atwood, he spent his nights reading law, and he was finally admitted to the Kansas bar. Later he removed to Osmond, Nebraska, where he engaged in banking and in the practice of law. His marked ability as a trial lawyer soon won attention, and despite the fact that he only used litigation as a side-line, his legal practice soon became so large that it demanded all of his time. At the high tide of his success he left Osmond to come to Mitchell, South Dakota, where he bought the controlling interest of the First National Bank, yet when he left Osmond he turned over to other attorneys for trial thirteen cases in district court, besides all of the smaller cases which he had listed up. Had he remained active in the legal profession he would no doubt today be one of the conspicuous legal lights of the country.

One of Mr. Branson's leading traits is his ability to make friends, and to hold them. He is never too busy to be interviewed and he is always ready to shake hands. As he takes you by the hand you can instantaneously feel the pulsations from his great heartstrings vibrating through your whole being. At once you feel the magnetism of an abiding friendship. When you start to leave, he invariably accosts you with the appeal, "Don't be in a hurry! sit down and stay awhile longer." Blessed—thrice blessed, is any man with such a temperament!

Enviable record! Noble manhood! Illustrious statesman!—South Dakota will ever be proud of him and she will continue to honor him.

A STEADFAST REPUBLICAN

When the good people of our state, who remained at home, heard that a few young up-stars in attendance at the Republican state convention held in Sioux Falls in June 1906, had actually hissed Congressman Burke when he arose to speak, and that John Lockart had been compelled to rise up in the midst of the tumult and plead for a higher expression of citizenship, they said quietly to themselves, "If we ever get a chance, we'll right that wrong." The chance came. Mr. Burke became a candidate for congress again in 1908. The public righted this wrong at the June primaries of that year; they righted it again at the primaries this year, and they will right it again in November.

Mr. Burke is a born vote-getter. He knows nothing about the tricks of the average politician in this regard. He gets them on the strength of his past record, on his ability to assimilate good hard work, on his political consistency; in fact they just sort o' come to him. Any man who would hestitate to vote for Charlie Burke, either doesn't understand Mr. Burke, or else he has a grudge at himself, commonly known as "political dyspepsia."

Charlie's political career is not at an end in South Dakota yet. Oh! no; not by any manner of means. In a large number of states, the capital thereof is not the metropolis. It is true in New York, in Illinois, in North Dakota, and in a long list of other states. It is equally true in South Dakota. Every state capital wants a senator or a congressman, so does every metropolis. There is a lot of good political prestige goes with a senatorship that is worth looking into. The capital of South Dakota has a congressman. The metropolis had a senator. She deliberately threw him overboard. Today, Sioux Falls' loss is Huron's gain. Nevertheless, the time may not be far distant when the city of Pierre will be clamoring for a senator. If she does, keep your eye on Charlie Burke.

It has been a great many years since Congressman Burke entered public life. During this long interval of time there has been a steady influx of settlers into our state. Many of them know little about him or his public work; therefore, we deem it proper to give him a little biographical introduction.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Burke is an Irishman. (Hardly necessary to mention his nationality, so long as he spells his name exactly like Edmund Burke, the famous Irish leader in the House of Parliament during the latter part of the eighteenth century.) He is just in the prime of life—forty-nine years of age.

CONGRESSMAN C. H. BURKE

Born in New York state, he, too, saw the advantages to a young man in going west, and so in 1882 he settled on a homestead in Beadle county, South Dakota. In 1883 he removed to Hughes county, where he has since resided. He is married and has four children.

Congressman Burke was admitted to the South Dakota bar in 1886, but he has never been active as a practitioner. Charlie is, first of all, a business man. In his own private business affairs, he has been pre-eminently successful,—just the kind of a man we need on our congressional delegation.

POLITICAL

Mr. Burke was elected to our State Legislature in 1894, was re-elected in 1896, and two years later, he was sent to congress; was re-elected in 1900, in 1902, in 1904, (missed in 1906), in 1908, and he will be again on November 8, 1910.

When he left the national capitol, March 4, 1907, after his temporary defeat in 1906, the men in congress, with whom he had trained for so many years, gathered about him and bade him an affectionate farewell, each one saying as he shook hands with

him, "Charlie, I hope you'll come back at the next election." As he walked down the capitol steps, he said to a friend, "I'll never come back to this building again so long as I live, unless I can come with a commission from my state." Charlie came back, and he'll keep coming. Why not? Look at his record. Following are only a few of the splendid measures which he favored and worked hard to have enacted into law:

The extension of rural free delivery of the mails;

The Act prohibiting freight rebates by railroads;

The Act to expedite the hearing and determination of suits in equity brought under the Sherman anti-trust act of 1890 to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies;

The Act to promote the safety of employees and travelers upon railroads by compelling common carriers to equip their cars with automatic couplers and continuous brakes, and their locomotives with driving wheel brakes;

The Act authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to employ saftey-appliance inspectors;

The Joint Resolution directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate and report on block signal systems for the control of railroad trains;

The Act requiring common carriers engaged in interstate commerce to make full reports of all accidents, both as to the nature and cause;

The Joint Resolution directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make investigations into the subject of railroad discrimination and monopolies in coal and oil;

The Act to promote the security upon railroads engaged in interstate commerce and to encourage the saving of life;

The Act to regulate commerce, approved June 30, 1906, commonly known as the Railway Rate Legislation of the Roosevelt administration;

The Act establishing the Department of Commerce and Labor and authorizing the Bureau of Corporations therein to exericse the same power and control in respect to corporations, joint stock companies and combinations subject to the provisions of the act, as the Interstate Commerce Commission exercieses over common carriers;

The Meat Inspection Act;

The Pure Food Act;

The Employer's Liability Act;

The Denatured Alcohol Act;

The Oleomargerine Act;

The Reclamation Act;

Postal Savings Banks.

Again the skeptic says: "I don't care what he has done in the past, what I desire to know is what he is going to do with regard to the reform measures that will come up for enactment during the next session of congress. Very well, Mr. Radical, here is what he has pledged himself to work for, and Charlie has never yet broken faith with his constituents:

Support President Taft"s administration;

Revision by the Tariff Commission of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, after it shall have been thoroughly tested and its weak points ascertained;

Amendment of the Interstate Commerce law;

Conservation of National Resources;

Improvement of the Missouri river as a public highway so as to hold down freight rates;

New laws making the American Indian self-supporting;

The early opening for settlement of the remainder of the Indian reservations of the state.

When Mr. Burke was returned to congress in 1909, he was offered a position on the Ways and Means Committee, one of the most influential and important committees in our national congress. He refused this honor, saying: "By refusing this appointment I may get the chairmanship of the Committee on Indian Affairs. I can then be of far greater service to the people of my state." Always a practical politician, he got the Indian assignment, succeeding Mr. Sherman, vice-president of the United States, who had held the position for fourteen years. It was a well-deserved promotion, and it gave to South Dakota a recognition never before equalled, except in the appointment of Senator Kittredge to the chairmanship of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals. Speaking of his appointment, our newspapers, without regard to politics or to factionalism, were unstinted in their praise. Among the hundreds of beautiful comments were the following extracts:

Aberdeen American: South Dakota has been given notable recognition in the appointment of Congressman Burke to be chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, one of the big plums of the House register. Mr. Burke has long served upon this committee, and his place of seniority recommended the post and his ability and careful participation in the duties of his past membership counseled that the honor go to him. Some idea of the importance of the position held by the head of that committee

may be gained when it is known that the committee has the direction of the expenditure of about $10,000,000 anually.

Blunt Advocate: The elevation of Congressman Burke to the chairmanship of the Indian Committee is certainly a great honor, considering the importance of that committee, and it brings to South Dakota the highest recognition in a national way that has ever been given the State.

Hot Springs Star: Congressman Burke has been appointed chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Mr. Burke was a member of this committee during his first term in Congress, before insurgency put him out for a term, and he exhibited such a thorough knowledge of Indian affairs and the government's dealing with them, that he was the logical man for the chairmanship. He is a keen Congressman, whose push, pull and ability are counting for the state.

Northwest Blade (Leola): Congressman Charles H. Burke, of South Dakota, has been made chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, one of the very best and most important committees in the House of Representatives. The honor is no small one to confer, but all who know Mr. Burke will agree that the appointment was the right man in the right place.

Mitchell Republican: The Republican is exceedingly glad to know that Mr. Burke has been honored and that he has brought additional honor and credit to the state. As chairman of the committee, the South Dakota Congressman will be the chief factor in Indian legislation and an appropriation bill which carries $10,000,000 annually. The utmost confidence is placed in his ability and business capacity to handle the chairmanship of this very important committee to the end that it will result in credit to himself, his state, and benefit to the Indian affairs of the government.

Ft. Pierre Stock Growers' News: This was the most important appointment to be made at this session and it is certainly a high honor coupled with a great responsibility. Mr. Burke has shown himself to be the man best fitted for this position, and we are of the opinion that no other man so well understands the Indian's status and needs. His ability to allow competent Indians to acquire title to their lands has done more toward placing them where they can take care of their own affairs than all other legislation passed during the last twenty-five years.

Huronite: Whether it was an exhibition of wisdom or compensation for being good, Mr. Cannon has conferred service on the red people by substituting a Western Congressman for an Eastern Congressman at the head of this important committee.

Cresbard Beacon: This is not Mr. Burke's first experience in the lower House; our peope concluded to try another set of Congressmen, but before their first term had expired they found out their mistake and hurried to remedy it by returning Martin and Burke to their old positions. We congratulate Mr. Burke and the Indians at the same time.

The above are only a few of the several hundred choice editorial bouquets which were thrown at "our Charlie" by the newspaper fraternity of the state. We wish that space would grant the publication of them all.

BURKES' HONESTY

While addressing the citizens of Mitchell and the surrounding country, during his presidency, Colonel Roosevelt said: "It takes three things to make a good citizen—honesty, courage and common sense." We just believe he had Congressman Burke in mind.

The reason Mr. Burke has been so effectual in legislation is because of this inherent honesty; his manly courage to stand up for what he thinks is right; and his good, common-sense, in not antagonizing the administration with which he is compelled to work and at whose hands he must look for favors for himself and through himself for his constituents.

No other congressman in all history has been so successful as he in securing "unanimous consent" for the enactment of his proposed bills. It is because his colleagues—Democrats and Republicans alike—have learned to trust him. They know he is honest; they make him a law-making body unto himself; what Charlie Burke asks for he gets.

HIS APPROACHABILITY

Whether you meet Mr. Burke on the porch of his own magnificent home at Pierre, on the streets of his home town, on the train, in Chicago, or at Washington, he is always the same Charlie—always in the same pleasing mood—always a man. He is better than the good, as good as the best, and he side-steps for no man.

AN ABLE CONGRESSMAN

"I'd rather have against me on a case any other lawyer I have ever known, than Eben W. Martin," said Judge Moore at a political convention in Sioux Falls in June, 1900; "He is the shrewdest attorney in watching the fine legal points in a trial, by whom I have ever been opposed. It is simply impossible to outwit him."

True, no doubt, and Martin is just as alert in the halls of congress. Any time that some congressman wants to get through a bill with a "nigger" in it, he wants to make dead sure that Eben W. Matrtn is not going to be present when it comes up for final passage.

Congressman Martin is just as shrewd in politics as he is in trying a law suit, or in wacthing the course of national legislation. In the campaign of 1908, he was identified with the "old guard" in this state, and the insurgents repeatedly declared, "We can win if we can only find some way to get Martin out of the field."

He makes no attempts at impassioned oratory. He is simply a keen, smooth, fluent, logical convincing speaker. He knows the power of argument, and he marshals his thoughts so as to carry conviction to his hearers. As a political campaigner he is an old war horse, and his opponents dread him. He can combine fluency and logic, season the mixture with high grade sarcasm, sugar coat it with wit, and then dish it out over his oily tongue, in a silver stream that will invariably turn the heads of his hearers, and make his audience become a united Martin crowd. Just a few nights ago he spoke at Plankinton, and the reporter who was present sent out the following:

MARTIN AT PLANKINTON

"Congressman Eben W. Martin was the principal speaker at a rousing republican rally held at Plankinton Monday night. His address was the best made at Plankinton thus far during the

present campaign, and he was listened to with the closest attention by a mammoth crowd, which filled every inch of available space in the hall in which he spoke. Congressman Martin always has been popular among the republicans of this part of South Dakota, as well as those of other parts of the state, and he won new friends by his able address."

His style of oratory is entirely different from that of many others; in fact, he has a style of his own. And he is always surcharged. Wake him up in the night and call him to the platform, and a stream of prose will at once gush forth over his silvery tongue like a new antigerm foundation. The fellow is actually such a walking dictionary of words that he doesn't even need an index to find them; they are always at his tongue's end in superfluous profusion, fighting among themselves to be released in rapid, orderly succession.

POLITICAL NOTIONS

In politics Martin is a free thinker. His recent public utterances classify him as a progressive stalwart or else as a conservative pogressive; that is, he has in a measure divorced himself from the old radical element, yet he has not seen fit to identify himself with the radical insurgents. In fact the line of demarcation in thought on public questions, between him and such men as Regent Dwight of Sioux Falls who presided so ably over the last republican state convention,—himself a prominent insurgent—has now grown so fine that you can scarcely detect it with a divisible lens, double objective microscope.

The political ground on which Mr. Martin stands is feasible. If we are able to read the signs in the political horoscope, he is standing right now on the line of intrenchments where the republican party has got to make its rally against the onslaught of democracy in the future. We belive it is due to Mr. Martin to herein quote briefly from a recent interview of his on public questions, particularly with reference to South Dakota affairs:

"The South Dakota Republican platform is abreast of the best progressive thought of the day. With this platform I am in entire accord. Its most prominent principles I have advocated publicly for years as my speeches at State Conventions and in the debates in Congress will disclose. I shall continue to advocate these principles and to labor for their realization in legislation while I remain in public life.

* * * * * *

"There has been some right and some wrong in each of the

republican factions in South Dakota. The only honorable basis for a permanent union of republican forces in the state is to recognize the fact, and to treat all republicans in a spirit of justice and fairness.

"Republicanism is stalwart. And when a man has conscientiously classed himself as a stalwart republican, he has thought of the strong, fundamental stalwart principles of the party that have formed the basis of its career of fifty years of good government, sound money, protection of American industries, honest and efficient public servants, and he has not been willing to see these principles abandoned or successfully assailed.

"Republicanism is also progressive. New conditions develop new issues and new problems. Special interests seek to enlarge their privileges and to perpetuate them. Power is often misused and must be rebuked. Graft and corruption entrench themselves in high places, and there is need of a general house-cleaning. Good government cannot be perpetuated without insisting vigorously upon the highest moral and political standards. The man who conscientiously classes himself as a progressive republican has his eye upon these new and serious public questions, and emphasizes the necessity of improvement and progress. The republican party has always been the very party of progress. It has always been blessed with progressive leaders. Only by keeping fully abreast of the dvance thought and demands of the people can it hope to maintain its political leadership."

Congressman Martin has always been a great admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. He knew the Colonel when he was only a western ranchman, twenty odd years ago. He believes in Roosevelt and his policies. Mr. Martin was the first public man in the west to advocate the ascendency of Roosevelt. He came out boldly for the Colonel in a public address delivered away back in May, 1900.

And Martin always supported the Colonel. During his recent western trip, while speaking at Sioux City, Col. Roosevelt said: "While I was president there were some men from the west who always stood with me. Congressman Martin of South Dakota, was one of the fellows who always stood without hitching." It pleases the people of this state to know that they have in public life a man who is, and who for so long has been, in accord with the Roosevelt policies.

CHARACTER IN POLITICS

The telegraph diminishes the size of the continent. The cablegram brought the two continents together and diminished

the size of the world. Wireless telegraphy put on speaking terms and made immediate neighbors of a billion and a half of human souls. Crippen riding along silently on the ocean's heaving breast was unknowingly already in the arms of the law. Wellman and his brave crew scrambled into a life boat hung beneath his giant dirigible, cut the ropes, dropped into the sea, were picked up by the "Trent," and before they had gotten time to exchange their wet clothes for dry ones the story of their resuce had been wafted ashore on ethereal wavelets, and in less than thirty minutes loud-voiced newsboys, standing on street corners, were distributing to anxious throngs the daily papers which broke the printed intelligence to a nervous world.

This shriveling of the earth into an articulating community has changed conditions wonderfully in the past ten years. Today, a man in public life betrays his constituents; and in a moment, as it were, after the evidence has been made public, people living in far-off island dependencies are informed by the press, of the fellow's misdeeds, and they are advised to turn him down at the polls. For this reason no man can long stay in public life nowadays whose character and whose public services are not above reproach. One careless step—suspicion is aroused—the X-ray of public opinion is turned on—an investigation is held; and down goes McGinty.

EBEN W. MARTIN

Herein lies Martin's strength. He has set up and maintained before the people of our state, and, as well, the nation at large, an unimpeachable character, an untarnished manhood and a standard of public service that have inspired unbroken confidence and commanded universal respect. While a student at Cornell, he identified himself with the Christian work of the school. The moral lessons inculcated at that impressionable period of his life, have lingered with him. Today he is, and has been for many years, a member of the

great Methodist Episcopal church. The church folk of all denominations have stood by him to a certain extent. It may truthfully be stated that today ninety per cent of the voters of the state are members of some religious denomination, either Protestant or Catholic; and he who in his political life ignores the church, will soon find himself counted out. He might have done so twenty years ago; he dare not do it now.

One of our sages said, "Character is three-fourths of life." In politics it is just the reverse—four-thirds; that is, you have got to have character enough to go round and then have some left over (just like the biblical story of the loaves and fishes), so as to fill up the dents in your armor plate, that have been made during a political bombardment.

MARTIN, THE MAN

Eben Martin is an Iowa product. He was born in the old-fashioned burg of Maquoketa, in Jackson county, situated on a branch line of the N. W. R. R. running from Clinton to Anamosa, April 12, 1855. On one side of the parental house he came from English stock; on the other, from Scotch-Irish. This mixture of bloods from Johnny Bull, from the Land of Mary, and from Old Erin, is enough to produce just exactly such a specimen as the Martin whom we have heretofore pictured.

Every man's success depends largely upon: (1) his preparation. (2) his application, and (3) his determination, to succeed. Martin laid a broad foundation for his success in life. Handicapped in childhood by being passed into another home for rearing, he nevertheless worked his way through Cornell college where he graduated in 1879, at the age of only twenty-four. He took his B. A. degree and three years later he was again honored by his alma mater which granted to him his Master's degree.

But this was only a part of his preparation. From Cornell he went to the University of Michigan, entered the law department, became a leader in the school, was elected president of his class, and graduated at the end of one year with signal honors.

Upon the completion of his law course, young Martin was admitted to the bar, and he immediately struck west to "grow up with the country." He did not stop in the settled eastern portion of Dakota, as most professionally inclined men would have done, but he made his way overland to a little lonely village neatly tucked away along the sun-kissed hillsides of a deep Black Hills canon, stuck out his newly-stenciled law sign, went to work; and for thirty years Deadwood has echoed with his name and responded to his call.

HOME STRENGTH

Martin's triumphant success in politics has been due largely to his strength in his home town and county. He has repeatedly come up to state conventions with a MAJORITY of over 2,000 from his own county. The entire Black Hills region has always stood loyally by him. This year, he did not even return from Washington to look after his own political interests, but remained at his post of duty; yet he carried not only Lawrence county, but his opponent's county as well. When a man continuously on the ground during a campaign, cannot overcome the influence of a man who is continuously absent, then the absentee must have a hold on the affections of his opponents's home folk which is pretty hard to break.

MARRIAGE AND PROSPERITY

Mr. Martin was married in 1883 to Miss Jessie A. Miner, of Cedar Falls, Iowa. They are the proud parents of five children, three boys and two girls—all living. He has prospered greatly in a business way in the Hills. Investing the small savings of his early law practice, he has seen these investments double, triple, quadruple, quintuple and even sextuple in value so many times over that today he is one of the richest men in the Black Hills. He has a large ranch just north of Buffalo Gap that is rapidly developing in earning power. In addition to this he has heavy interests in Hot Springs and at Deadwood.

MARTIN THE STATESMAN

Congressman Martin has never "tooted his own horn." He has kept on plugging, and evidently intended to let the next generation tell of his work. Here is where we shall, in this respect, thwart his inclinations. His speech on the trusts and how to curb them, delivered before the students of the State University at Vermillion, some four or five years ago, is now regarded by able critics as the most powerful public utterance on this all important theme that has ever been delivered. President Roosevelt in one of his latter messgaes to congress urged that all interstate corporations be compelled to take out federal licenses. Where did he get the idea? From Eben W. Martin. Bless you! we have it on good authority, not gained from either of the interested parties, that Congressman Martin wrote that portion of Roosevelt's message for him, and the latter only recast the phraseology here and there so as to put it more nearly into his own language. Not one single man dare deny that Martin was the pio-

neer advocate of this reform. He introduced a bill in congress to this effect, and came very near getting it through. Powerful corporations all over the country sent delegations to Washington to defeat it. They wrote certain people in South Dakota and even sent secret agents to see them, in an effort to get Mr. Martin's constituents to hold him in check.

But, let us tell you that Congressman Martin was right, and that the Martin idea of regulating the trusts is the one that is yet going to find its way into the federal statutes of the country, —and in the not far-distant future either. In his next message to congress President Taft is going to recommend the Martin scheme.

It was our original intention to incorporate herein a long list of the meritorious measures that Mr. Martin introduced into congress, which have now become laws, but space forbids. However, this part of his worthy public life is already largely familiar to our people.

MARTIN'S RISE

Martin got into the political game early in life. At twenty-nine he was a member of our territorial legislature. Then he was elected to the fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth congresses, in succession. At the eventful Sioux Falls convention of 1906, he went down to defeat with the "old guard" before the tide of insurgency. Called to the platform by his friends for a speech, he laughingly remarked, "Vox populi, vox dei," added a few pleasing words and sat down.

But Fate said, "This worthy son shall not remain in private life." Congressman Parker of Martin's own town, who was nominated in his stead, died during his congressional career. A clamor went up from the whole state for Martin's immediate return to congress. A campaign was already in progress. Martin had been nominated. He confidently expected to be elected, but in this event he could not take his seat until March 4, following. The governor called a special election, in conjunction with the regular election, to elect a congressman for the four months of Mr. Parker's unexpired term. Martin's name was placed on the special ballot. He was, therefore, elected twice the same day; and as a result he took his seat in December following.

Under these peculiar circumstances, Mr. Martin was out of congress only a portion of one term. He was renominated at the primaries in June of this year, and he will be overwhelmingly re-elected on November 8, 1910.

It will thus be seen that he has been a member of five congresses in succession, and he will be a member of the sixth. What the future will bring forth in the career of this ambitious, ably-qualified and far-seeing westerner, none can definitely say. He is yet a comparatively young man filled with vigor. The west is gaining more and more recognition in the larger field of national politics. In the last national campaign, the lamented Dolliver, of Iowa, was favorably talked of for vice-president, but he declined the honor. Nebraska, on our south, has been honored with a presidential candidate for three campaigns. "Westward, the march of empire takes its way." The whole migratory movement of the United States is westward. Western states are rapidly settling up. Railroad developments have opened to settlement vast empires that heretofore were occupied by only an occasional ranger. Westward! Westward! Ohio can no longer claim the balance of power between the east and the west and set herself up as the mother of presidents. Iowa will be the dividing line in the future, and the west is going to demand recognition. A competent, progressive, congressman's services become valuable to his state in direct proportion to the number of years he is kept in public life. Let South Dakota keep at Washington our legislative twins, Martin and Burke.

(Later.—Martin was again elected to Congress this year—1912).

A "GRACE"-FUL MAN

The apostles repeatedly referred to the "grace of God." Throughout the union, except where there is a special statute or agreement providing otherwise, three days of "grace" are given on promissory notes. However, it is not either of these kinds of "grace" that we are going to write about; but just simply Professor Grace, Editor Grace, Postmaster Grace—plain George Grace, if you please.

In years gone by we have worked with Grace and worked for him, stood with him and stood for him, taught with him and taught for him; therefore, if perchance this article should at certain angles take on a little unintentional personal coloring, we ask for liberty of judgment, and invite our possible critics' attention to the fact that the associations of school days and during the years of young manhood or womanhood, are the most lasting in life, and that from them spring friendships that are as enduring as the hills. Few men, in their quiet, unpretentious, humble way, have done more for South Dakota and for building up strong, rugged, genuine character and manhood throughout the state, than George Grace. We knew him as a boy on the farm; we were one of his institute instructors when he was superintendent of Buffalo county; we were intimately associated with him while he was principal of the Mitchell high school; we were in close touch with him while he had charge of the Miller schools; we articulated with him while he was superintendent of Hand county; we have played ball with him, fished with him, swam with him; heard him teach, preach, lecture and joke; and yet, in all these intimate and cherished associations, we never knew him to do an unmanly thing. Hence, it will be readily seen, that to us he becomes a congenial theme.

NATIVITY

In preparing our articles on "Who's Who in South Dakota," we have been agreeably surprised to find that so many men who

have exerted an influence in this state, came from Wisconsin. Just so with Grace, he was born and raised, until he was twelve years of age, at Monroe, Wisconsin.

PARENTAGE

George Grace came from good, patriotic stock,—a mixture of "Yank" and "Brit." His father, John Grace, served with distinction in the Union army. He was a member of the 3rd Wisconsin Infantry, and as such he was in the hardest fighting of the war, including the Battle of Gettysburg. He was wounded in the stubborn fight at Chancellorsville Court House. George's mother is an English lady—she having come to America but a short time before her marriage to John Grace. Her maiden name was Harriet Thorpe. She is a dear old lady, with one of the most fascinating English brogues to which we have ever listened. Personally, we should like very much to yield to temptation and stop right here and pay her a just tribute for the many kindnesses we have received at her hands, but she is not our theme and we dare not digress too far. The old couple still reside at Mitchell, South Dakota, where they are universally loved and revered, and where they are esteemed as types of that town's best citizenship.

MIGRATION

When George was twelve years of age, in 1883, his parents brought their family westward and settled on a farm in Lincoln county, this state, near the present town of Hudson. In 1885 they again pushed westward and settled in Buffalo county. Here is where Grace spent his 'teens and grew to manhood.

A SELF-MADE MAN

Young Grace was a studious chap, by nature. He longed for an education. Finally, in the fall of 1889, an opportunity came. He got a chance at Wessington Springs to pay for his board by doing chores, and he was enabled thereby to attend the Free Methodist Seminary, located at that place.

By leaving school occasionally to teach and earn a little money, he finally succeeded, as a result of this alternating arrangement, in graduating with honor in the summer of 1894. Later he did post graduate work at some school in Iowa.

HIS RISE

Wacth his rise and progress! The same year that he graduated at Wessington Springs he was elected clerk of courts in

Buffalo county. The next year he was appointed county superintendent of schools in that county, and he did the work of both offices. The next year he was elected county superintendent without any opposition, and the very next year he resigned and accepted the principalship of the Mitchell high school, which position he held for three years. Then he jumped over to Miller to become city superintendent of their schools. He served them for three years, and then quit to become a candidate for superintendent of the Hand county schools. He was elected; served one term; declined to accept a second term, owing to ill health; removed to Lead, at the doctor's instigation, so as to be in a higher altitude; bought a half interest in the "Lead Daily Tribune," in 1905; later bought the "Lead Daily Call" and consolidated it with the Tribune; got into the political game again, played it successfully, and was nominated for postmaster at Lead on January 20, 1910; was confirmed in April and took charge of the office on May 1. Such is the record of the man who has enjoyed public confidence in this state to an extent seldom, if ever, surpassed. "America is only another name for opportunity," said a wise, old sage long ago.

GEORGE H. GRACE

Yes! and South Dakota is the choicest spot in America for the development of that opportunity. Here every young man is part of the great common herd of humanity. If he fails, he has himself to blame; if he wins, it is merely because he embraced his opportunities. Grace took advantage of his, and he won.

HANDICAPPED

But Grace has always been handicapped. He contracted asthma in a very malignant form while yet a lad eight years of age at Monroe, Wisconsin. It has always stuck to him. As a result of the exposure during his long drives while superintendent of Hand county, his asthma got so bad that he had to give up

his work and seek an elevation where the air is lighter. Lead is 6,000 feet above sea level. The change to this place has benefitted him wonderfully. It was this malady that prevented him from completing his college education. Yet he won in spite of it.

MARRIAGES

The greatest loss and the most severe setback that any man can recieve between the cradle and the grave is the loss, during middle life, of his chosen companion. Grace's first wife was Miss Minnie Waterbury, of Jerauld county. She graduated from the normal department of Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell with the class of '93, and shortly thereafter was united in marriage to George Grace. Universally beloved by all who knew her, Grace was not alone in his grief. She was the pier of any student in school at the university at that time; yet in her quiet, unassuming, lovable way, she could excell all others without exciting envy or ill-will.

On the arch over the gateway at the eastern entrance to the old site of Andersonville prison, in Georgia, are these words,

"The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

This glorifies the noble sacrifice made by the Union soldier to free his colored brother. It deifies the sacrifice of Christ on the cross. Yes, it does more; it includes those members of the female sex who go down into the valley of the shadow of death; and there, in that awful agony known only to a mother, offer themselves up a living sacrifice upon the alter of motherhood to bring another life into being Such was the fate of Mrs. Grace; and then, a few days later, that unforseen Force that shapes the destiny of man, snatched from the grief-stricken father the girl babe for whom the sacrifice had been made, and left him alone in an apparently cruel world, wrapped in solitude.

On June 26, 1900, Mr. Grace was married to Miss Belle Leffingwell, of Exira, Iowa. Here again he showed his appreciation of educational training, for the present Mrs. Grace is a graduate of Drake University. Keen, logical, brilliant—her work on the editorial page of the "Lead Daily Call" is exciting interest and commanding admiration. Standing shoulder to shoulder with her distinguished husband in his strenuous double duties, she has proven herself an indispensable helpmeet; and she is gradually weaving herself into the home life of Lead and into the commercial life of the Black Hills, where the future alone will be able to give her just reward.

CONCLUSION

Such has been the self-development of George Grace for twenty-nine years in South Dakota. Always possessed of confidence in his own ability, he has never been afraid to plunge in debt, but has always felt himself able to overcome any obligation. During the past year he has added over $6,000 worth of new machinery to his already well-equipped newspaper plant, so that today he has one of the very best printing establishments in the west.

Grace is yet a comparatively young man. The western part of the state is already throbbing in response to his ideas and leadership. No doubt the future holds still greater reward for him than the past; therefore, may we conclude by saying, there's nothing too good for Grace.

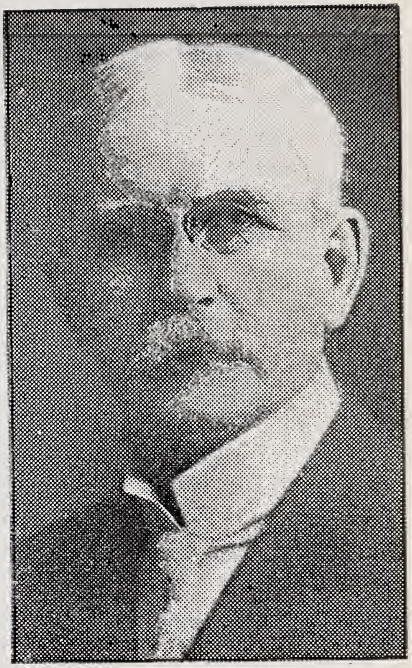
OUR SENIOR SENATOR

Obedient to divine command, nature gave to Robert J. Gamble, a commanding physique. Tall, wedge-shaped, erect, he typifies that perfect form so greatly admired by the British, and used by them as a model in the selection of their armies. With a rather large, but well-shaped head, symmetrically poised on a short neck which holds it majestically above a pair of broad, massive shoulders—it gives to him a striking appearance that commands respect and invites both admiration and envy. Again, his silver hair, his high, wide forehead, his pleasing cast of features and his neatly trimmed gray moustache—all combine to give him a personal charm that is peculiarly magnetic.

Senator Gamble has often been reputed to be "the best dressed man in Washington." This does not signify that he is the most expensively dressed man in our national capital but rather that he is the most tastily dressed. And this is no fault! Clothes and manners largely make up the gentleman. A term in the United States senate is six years. It now pays $45,000. plus clerk hire, car fare and minor incidentals. On this basis a senator can afford to wear decent clothes and give due consideration to his person. South Dakota is proud that she has at Washington a man who is a leader instead of a trailer in this important matter. Just now we recall having seen him at a public banquet a few years since, at which all who were present commented among themselves relative to the exquisite good taste in which the senator was clad. On this occasion he wore a splendid, full-dress, evening suit, with a low-cut white vest; a white, bow necktie; gold nose-glasses, white kid gloves, and high-heeled shoes. Recently when he arrived in Chicago to sit as a member of the Lorimer investigating committee, an observing reporter of the "Chicago Daily News" detected at first glance the dainty harmony of the senator's clothes, and he became so infatuated with his perfection of attire that he gave considerable space in his

article to a comment on the blending of the senator's gray suit with his silvery-gray hair, and other points of interest.

Senator Gamble is a New Yorker by birth,—he having come into being near the little town of Akron in Genosee county, that state, February 7, 1851. His father, Robert Gamble, Sr , was Scotch-Irish; correlatively, his mother, Jennie Abernanthy-Gamble, came from the north of Ireland. The elder Gamble was a descendant of Major Root Gamble, who, as a soldier from Virginia, distingusihed himself during our Revolutionary war. The senator's mother was a second cousin of President Andrew Jackson.



SENATOR ROBERT J. GAMBLE

During the second year of the Civil war—at a time when Robert Gamble, Jr., was but eleven years of age—his parents removed to Dodge county, Wisonsin, and settled on a farm near Fox Lake. Here young Gamble grew up as a farm lad; attended rural school in the winter, and finally taught school and earned sufficient money therefrom to put himself through college. In 1874 he graduated with honor from Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, and in 1909, the same institution honored him with his LL. D.

Senator Gamble was united in marriage in 1884 to Miss Carrie S. Osborne, of Portage, Wisconsin. Her people go back to the early colonists of Massachusetts. To their union have been born two sons—Ralph and George. The former graduated from Princeton with the class of 1909, and the latter is now a student of the same institution.

LAW AND POLITICS

In 1875, the year following his graduation from Lawrence

University, Mr. Gamble was admitted to the Wisconsin bar. Like Governor Herreid, Frank Crane, Doane Robinson, Governor Vessey and others who have become prominent in the public life of our state, he at once struck out for Dakota and settled at Yankton. It might well be recalled that at that time the only railroad in the state was a stub-line running in for a few miles near the southeast corner; that Yankton was little more than an Indian village under the white man's regulation; that it had to be reached either by boat, or else by stage which forded streams and made its way between Indian settlements. Such were the conditions of western life when young Gamble settled in Dakota Territory to work out his own destiny.

At Yankton he became associated in law practice with his brother, John R. Gamble. The latter was a very brilliant, capable man. John was elected to congress in 1890, but died the next spring before he could take his seat. He was succeeded by Colonel John L. Jolley. Two years later, in 1894, Jolley was succeeded by Robert J. Gamble. In 1896, Gamble was again a candidate for congress, but he was defeated by the populist wave which swept the state, losing however by only 182 votes out of 83,000. Encouraged by his showing he "came back" in 1898, ran way ahead of his ticket and was again sent to congress. Two years later he grew more ambitious and measured strength with Richard F. Pettigrew for the United States senatorship,—winning by the peculiar and triumphant majority of 113 to 13. In 1907 he was re-elected to the senate by the state legislature. In the natural course of events, he was a candidate for renomination at the primaries in June, 1912.

Senator Gamble has never been rated as a public speaker, yet in this respect he deserves far more credit than he has ever received. We heard him deliver the address at the laiyng of the corner stone of the new government building in Pierre, a few years since, and if we are competent, even in a small measure, to judge of the merits of the address, it was certainly a superlative masterpiece of oratory. In the recent campaign in South Dakota he made a series of the ablest addresses that were presented to the people of the state by any man in public life. He has an effectual delivery, and his personality aids him greatly in holding attention.

Senator Gamble has always been a quiet worker. His political mill has ground considerable legislative flour, but his machinery has been kept well oiled, so that it has not made a great deal of noise. After an extended investigation of the congressional record, we ourselves were dumfounded at what he had quietly accomplished. The records show that he not only voted

for the following bills, but that he was otherwise active in securing their passage:

An Act providing for free homesteads on the public lands, approved May 17, 1900. He was very active in behalf of it and was accorded the honor of making the closing speech in the house on behalf of the measure. By its provisions it relinquished in favor of the settlers on the public lands of South Dakota, and payment for the lands involved, exceeding six millions of dollars.

An Act known as the Gold Standard, Refunding, and Banking Act, approved May 14, 1900.

An Act requiring common carriers engaged in interstate commerce, to make full reports of all accidents, to the Interstate Commerce Commission, approved March 3, 1901.

An Act to provide for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, approved June 28, 1902.

The Reclamation Act of June 17, 1902.

An Act to expedite the hearing in Anti-trust Cases, approved February 11, 1903.

An Act to establish the Department of Commerce and labor, approved February 14, 1903.

An Act providing for the reorganization of the Consular service of the United States, approved April 5, 1906.

The Denatured Alcohol Act, approved June 7, 1906.

The Employers' Liability Act, approved June 11, 1906.

An Act enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, approved June 29, 1906.

The Pure Food and Drug Act, approved June 29, 1906.

An Act to promote the safety of Employees and Travelers upon railroads by limiting the hours of service, approved March 4, 1907.

An Act reducing the cost of transportation of the mails, approved March 2 1907.

An Act creating a Bureau of Mines, approved May 16, 1910.

An Act creating a Court of Commerce and enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, approved June 18, 1910.

An Act authorizing the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood, approved June 20, 1910.

An Act to establish Postal Savings Banks, approved June 25, 1910.

An Act providing for the Publicity of Contributions made for campaign purposes, approved June 25, 1910.

An Act authorizing the President to make withdrawals of public lands in certain cases, approved June 25, 1910.

An Act authorizing the issue of twenty millions in bonds for use in completing irrigation projects, approved June 25, 1901.

Senator Gamble was very active during the last session of Congress in seeking to promote legislation upon the subject of conservation. He is a member of the Committee on Public Lands in the Senate, that had this subject under consideration.

Senator Gamble has taken an active interest in the opening of the Indian reservations west of the river, and he took the initiative in the opening of the lands in Gregory and in Tripp counties, aggregating about one million and a half acres.

Two years since he passed a bill opening three million of acres on the Standing Rock and Cheyenne Indian reservations, and during the past years two bills opening about one million five hundred thousand acres on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian reservations, and also passed through the senate two bills opening the remaining lands of on the Standing Rock and Cheyenne reservations, aggregating two million two thousand acres.

The area opened under these bills aggregates upwards to ten millions of acres and leaves practically about two million five hundred thousand acres still within the reservations which soon it is expected will be opened to settlement. The appropriations carried on the foregoing bills in payment by the government for the school lands aggregate nearly eight hundred thousand dollars

Some years since he passed a bill referring to the Court of Claims the matter of the Forfeited Annuities of the Sisseton Indians and a judgment was recovered in their favor which was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, aggregating nine hundred thousand dollars.

An examination of the Congressional Record shows that Senator Gamble has succeeded among other matters, in enacting the following legislation of interest to his state. The following measures passed both houses during the present session of congress and are now laws:

Senate Bill 183 provided for the opening to settlement of approximately 800,000 acres of land on the Rosebud Indian Reservation and carries an appropriation of $125,000 for the payment by the government to the Indians for land for the benefit of the common schools of the state.

Senate Bill 2341 provides for the opening to settlement of approximately 750,000 acres of land on the Pine Ridge Indian

Reservation and carries an appropriation of $125,000 for the payment by the government to the Indians for the benefit of the common schools of the state.

Senate Bill 3788 providing for the payment to Horace C. Dale, administrator, for reimbursement for property taken for agency purpose on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservaton, $2,515.

Senate Bill 4473, providing for the payment to Rasmus K. Hafses, a contractor of Aberdeen, S. D., for balance withheld on account of construction of an Indian School at Bismark, N. D.

Senate Bill 193 providing for the payment of the amount due James D. Elliott for services as United States District Attorney for South Dakota, $2,500.

Senate Bill 6736 referring to the Court of Claims for determination by that Court as to the title of the Yankton Indians to the Pipestone Reservation in Minnesota.

Senate Bill 4016 extending the time for the completion of a bridge across the Missouri river at Yankton for the Winnipeg, Yankton & Gulf Railway Company.

Sneate Bill 6229 extending the time for the completion of a bridge across the Missouri river at Yanton for the Yankton, Norfolk & Southern Railway Company.

Senate Bill 187 for the erection of a public building at Rapid City to cost $100,000, which was included in the omnibus public building bill.

Senate Bill 2925 to increase the limit of cost for the public building at Sioux Falls from $100,000 to $190,000, which was increased by the omnibus public building bill to $200,000.

Senate, Bill 186 for the erection of a public building at Brookings to cost $75,000, which was included in the omnibus public building bill.

Amendment to the omnibus building bill providing for the purchase of a site for a public building at Madison, $10,000.

Amendment to the omnibus building bill providing for the purchase of a site for a pubilc building at Redfield, $10,000.

Senator Gamble also reported Senate Bill 3286 providing for the increase in the payment for the school lands on the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations for $1.25 an acre to $2.50 an acre, and substituted a house bill therefore, which passed the senate.

Senator Gamble also introduced and passed through the Senate in addition to the foregoing, the following measures:

Senate Bill 5121 for the restoration of annuities to the Sante Sioux Indians, which refers to the Court of Claims the matter in difference between these Indians and the Government on forfeited

annuities, which are claimed by the Indians to aggregate something like $1,000,000.

Senate Bill 640 to establish a U. S. Land Office at LeBeau, S. D.

Senate Bill 7676 providing for the payment to the Mission Farm Company and certain individuals for damage occasioned by fire on the Rosebud Indian Reservation, $6,500.

Senate Bill 3284 providing for the opening of all the remaining surplus and unallotted lands in the Standing Rock and Indian Reservation in North and South Dakota embracing 1,123,000 acres and carrying an appropriation of $180,000 for the payment to the Indians for lands for the benefit of the common schools of the state.

Senate Bill 3285 providing for the opening of all the remaining surplus and unallotted lands in the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation in South Dakota embracing 1,210,000 acres and carrying an appropriation of $160,000 for the payment to the Indians for lands for the benefit of the common schools of the state.

In addition to the foregoing Senator Gamble passed through both houses, and they are now laws, twenty-three special pension bills for the veterans of the Civil War, residents of this state.

ORATOR OF THE FACULTY

"The orator of the faculty." Not a bad cognomen, eh? Rather something to be proud of, especially when the "faculty" happens to be that of a state university. Distinction? We guess "yes." And the "orator"—who is he? Listen! while we whisper to you, "Dean Perisho,"of our State University at Vermillion.

Have you ever sat in an audience where this great overpowering personality was the speaker? And have you listened to him come to one of those soul-stirring climaxes—one of those magnificent perorations like the one he uses in closing his great economical temperance lecture? If you haven't, avail yourself of the very first opportunity. Hear him repeatedly ask, "What is the price of a boy?" and then as often reply, "I don't know; but this I know, etc." Here he launches out into a review of the response of a whole nation in seeking the return to their parents of various kidnapped children. It is one of the grandest things in all literature. Really, it would make the "Boy orator of the Platt" envious.

Orator? Yes; a great thinker, a gifted speaker, and a man possessed of that great, grand, awe-inspiring something that no man can explain which we call personality.

"With charity for all; with malice toward none;"—that's Perisho every day in the week. He loves his fellowmen. His big manly heart fairly bubbles over with an exuberance of joy; it is a great perennial spring at which thousands may sip the sweet nectar of his friendship and still not impoverish its supply. It's a great geyser pumping out a flood of good cheer to those about him. From it radiates a radiant hope and an unflinching loyalty. Heart? Heart! Man alive! he's all heart. It vibrates from his crown to his toes. It shakes his huge physique like matted flax being run through a threshing machine.

Perisho lives close to nature. It has been his life's study. The stone which the wicked farm-boy throws at the warbling lark, to Perisho becomes an emerald, an object for deepest study, a

manifestation of the handiwork of his Creator. Instead of throwing it away at a harmless bird, he cracks it open with the relish of a squirrel cracking open a nut. In it he sees the fossil—the dried-up, withered form of a little ichthyolite that has lain therein since God called the ancient planets to sing in hallowed unison their glad hozannas when this old world of ours was pronounced habitable for man!

Ah! the difference in life. One man, with his horny hands and uncultered brain, becomes a stone-mason and spends his life in silent drudgery laying upon each other stone after stone. To him they are mere objects for domestic use. The other man, with a cultured brain and with keen powers of observation, sees in the furrowed lines of these same stone the finger prints of a God. One lives to drudge; the other lives to bless. One lives to himself; the other to his friends. One lives to die; the other dies to live again. One is educated; the other is not. One is a Perisho; the other, a machine.

Although a geologist by training and choice, Dean Perisho is equally at home among the flowers. He climbs the rugged mountain sides to chisel out for classification and study a new specimen of stone. High above the seas' level his observing eye catches a glimpse of a dainty flowret lifting its little face heavenward from a tiny crevice in the rock. He slips along the dangerous ledge to the flowret's side. With the same compassion and tenderness which would cause him to refrain from throwing a stone at a bird, he takes pity on his little blossoming friend, bends it toward him to inhale its fragrance, lets it remain on its stem, says to it, "Continue your worship," and he continues to climb.

Oh! the soul of a man that sees God and worships all about him. Perisho would even take issue with that portion of Gray's Elegy wherein the pious poet said,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

To a great soul like Perisho's, that articulates with all nature about it, the little flowret struggling for existence through the stubborn crevice on yonder lonesome mountain side, may never have been beheld by the eye of man; but this does not prove to him that its existence has been in vain or that it has "blush [ed]unseen" and "waste [d] its sweetness on the desert air." Oh! on; not to Perisho. He believes that during the long summer months, while it pushed its tiny rootlets deeper and deeper into the crevice, in its struggle for nourishment and for life, and while its baby petals were bathed with fragrant dews at night and gave off their perfume heavenward during the day,

it was merely lifting its silent voice to God and paying homage to its Maker.

Yes, ah! yes: give us God in the flowrets and in the rocks; and then stand beside us Dean Perisho as our interpreter, and we will forever rejoice.

HIS CAREER

Dean Perisho came into life as a farmer's son in the old Hoosier state of Indiana. After attending country school for a number of years, he prepared for college at Carmel Academy. He spent four years at Eartham College, Richmond, Indiana, receiving his Bachelor's Degree from that institution.

After graduating from college Professor Perisho became a member of the faculty of Guilford College, N. C. The first year he acted as Proctor and assisted in mathematics and science. After that he was made a full professor, but he still held the position of proctor. He also acted as president during the latter's absence.

ELLWOOD CHAPPELL PERISHO

He resigned at the end of five years to take post graduate work at the University of Chicago, where he specialized on geology. In this institution he held both a scholarship and a fellowship. He was also Prof. T. C. Chamberlain's assistant in United States Geological survey work.

After two years in Chicago he earned his Master's Degree, and then left to accept a position in the State Normal School at Plattville, Wisconsin. Here he taught and lectured.

In 1903 Professor Perisho was elected to the head of the geological department in our State University at Vermillion; and shortly thereafter he was chosen State Geologist for South Dakota. Upon the death of Dean Young, of the State University, he succeeded him to the deanship of the College of Arts and Sciences, which position he still holds. As ranking dean of the institution he assumes control during President Gault's absence.

LECTURER

Dean Perisho began his career as a lecturer when he was still in North Carolina. While in Wisconsin he lectured repeatedly on educational and scientific subjects. After reaching South Dakota, he continued to develop this side of himself, until today he is regarded as one of the "big" public speakers of the northwest. He has broadened out the scope of his addresses so that they now include social and other general subjects.

Think of it! During the late spring and summer, this year, he gave the commencement addresses before one State Normal, six high schools, and six eighth grade classes. He also lectured in nine county institutes, and did survey work for the state. He received twenty-nine invitations for lectures on the same evening.

His lecture work is also receiving marked attention outside of the state. This fall he has lectured in Indiana, in Ohio, and in Pennsylvania. These addresses were delivered before colleges, universities and big educational rallies. On October 24, he appeared before 1,500 teachers at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Here he was preceded on the program by Dr. Nathan Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Pennsylvania; by Dr. Chas. W. Kent (University of Virginia) and by Dr. Nathan Butler, (University of Chicago.) Pretty distinguished company! Tough competition! But South Dakota did not get a setback, and she never will when Dean Perisho goes out to represent her. We gather the following from the Wilkes-Barre newspapers:

Perhaps the most interesting speaker of the afternoon was Prof. Ellwood C. Perisho, Dean of the University of South Dakota.—The Evening Times.

Prof. Ellwood C. Perisho, Dean of the University of South Dakota, was one of the surprises of the afternoon. Professor Perisho is a brilliant man who has an excellent delivery.—The Times Leader.

Out of about thirty clippings collected from South Dakota papers, and from those of adjoining states, attesting Dean Perisho's success as a public man, we shall use but five. These are brief but characteristic of the others:

"His scholarly address was listened to with rapt attention by the exceptionally large crowd that came out to hear the speaker."

"Professor Perisho is one of the most polished speakers and one of the deepest thinkers, among the state's gifted educators."

"The commencement address given by Dean Perisho in the opera house last night was not only scholarly and eloquent, but

so full of practical and common sense ideas, that we doubt if a better one was ever heard in this city."

"Prof. Perisho is an orator who delights an audience with his elegant diction and charming dramatic effect. His voice is strong, pleasant and captivating, and his every sentence denotes the love of education."—Canton Leader.

"The arrival of Professor Perisho has infused new spirit and enthusiasm into the institute. His inspiring talks are well worth hearing. This was made evident by the general stampede to his classes on Monday."—Scotland Journal.

In addition to his teaching and his lectures, Dean Perisho has given to the public five valuable documents from his own pen. These are:

"The Drainage history of Southwest Wisconsin."

"The Ores of Southwest Wisconsin."

"The Geology of the Rosebud Reservation."

"The Bad Lands of South Dakota," and

"The Work of a State Survey."

Recent publication done: (associated with S. S. Visher in each case except last two.)

"The Geography of South Dakota." Published 1912 by the Rand McNally Co.

"The Geography and Geology of Mellette, Bennett, Washabaugh and Todd Counties, South Central South Dakota." Published 1912 in Bulletin 5, South Dakota Geological Survey.

"The Geology of Harding County," published in Science, March, 1911.

"The Geography and Geology of Harding and Perkins Counties," Northwest South Dakota. Bulletin 7 ,South Dakota Geological Survey.

A key to the names of common rock for the use of the non-specialist.

"The Rock Formations of South Dakota," their physical and economic characteristics, thickness, age, etc. This and the preceding published by the University.

Facts about Bennett and Mellette Couty. Widely printed in newspapers.

The Annual Report of the State Geologist 1909-1910; also 1911-1912, in the newspapers.

Dean Perisho was honored recently as follows:

Elected to fellowship in American Association for Advancement of Science. (Only three or four others in South Dakota.)

Write-up in "Who's Who in America" 1912-13. (Only forty others in South Dakota.)

Write-up in "American Men of Science." (Only ten others in South Dakota.)

Repeatedly urged to become candidate for governor, 1911-12.

President of South Dakota Conservation Congress 1911; re-elected 1912.

Secretary of Association of Deans of the State Universities of America.

BACHELOR

Among politicians, Thomas Jefferson was, and Senator Kittredge is, a bachelor; in literature Irving and Whittier remained bachelors; while, locally, in educational affairs, Professor Kerr, of Brookings, and Dean Perisho, are bachelors. These men have all achieved distinction in their chosen lines, not because of their bachelorhood, but in spite of it. However, without growing too immodest, we should like to suggest to Dean Perisho that he hang out a sign containing Sam T. Clover's beautiful poetic advertisment.

TO LET

A vacant heart to let; inquire for key
Of Master Cupid, just across the way;
Terms easy to the tenant who'll agree
To sign a lease forever and a day.

* * * * * *

Coy maiden, come! and in this bargain share;
The offer's tempting by your own confession;
You'll find the place in excellent repair—
Accept the terms and enter into possession.

A NORSK IN AMERICA

Along the southeast coast of Norway, the "Land of the Midnight Sun," the land of countless fjords and resplendent cascades, the realm of good old King Oscar, is the little, aged, seaport town of Sandefjord. It was in this little Norwegian burg that the Hon. Richard O. Richards, of Huron, S. D., came into being on January 2, 1866. Mr. Richards came from prominent old Norwegian and Danish maritime families. Very rugged, with light complexion, rosy cheeks and deep blue eyes, he is a typical Norskman and a splendid representative of that valiant race.

Sandefjord is a ship yard. Mr. Richard's father was a ship owner and ship builder, at the place. It was here that "Dick" as everybody calls him, spent his boyhood and secured his academic education. After completing his course he clerked for a short time in a ship-chandler's store.

Tired of his limitations, eager to seek a country where a man has a chance to become a leader on his own initiative without waiting for the rule of primogeniture, fired with ambition to try the New World, at the age of fifteen he struck out for America. Our Norwegian arrival went direct to Traverse City, Michigan, which he reached in May, 1881. In the fall of that year he moved to New York where for two years he acted as an interpreter at Castle Garden. After this, for about a year, he engaged in business as a ship broker in New York city.

A STREET VAGRANT

Finding that America was not proving to be the immediate Eldorado that he had anticipated, he struck west again in 1884 and settled in Dakota Territory. Rumor has it that he reached the city of Mitchell, which at that time was only a village, penniless; that he was set to work on the streets as a vagrant; but that his ability was soon detected by his friends who got him a

"Fail! Fail? In the lexicon of youth
Which Fate reserves for a bright manhood,
There's no such word as fail."

Does any man think that a fellow of young Richard's determination might fail? Would he get home-sick, give up and go back to the little old ship-building, ship-laden seaport town of his youth? Not on your life! Our young viking had better blood in his veins than that.

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou Must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.' "

"I can! I will!" said the determined youth who turned his face toward the line of greatest resistance, set his teeth, and buckled in.

BECOMES WEALTHY

Now, here we go! It is 1886. Young Richards is only twenty years of age. Most boys at this period in life still have mamma putting on their collar and ties for them, and are slipping around on the Q. T. asking dad for a little more spending money. Not so with Dick. Our adopted Norwegian youngster was making his own way. He had already demonstrated his ability as an organizer and had become manager of the American Investment Company for Dakota Territory. Then he became president of the National Land & Trust Company, the Consolidated Land & Irrigation Company and at present, the Richard's Trust Company.

Think of it! A poor ship builder's boy, an immigrant, a hod-carrier. Today only forty-four years of age, and one of the richest men in the state and in the northwest; president of a great trust company, owner of several banks, of vast areas of land and of numerous other interests. How did he get it? By application and determination. Jame Lane Allen's new book, entitled "From Poverty to Power," in which he shows that success is in the man himself, is laid around just such a character as this flaxen-haired personification of the vikings of old, this determined son of a Norsk, this born organizer, and leader of men, this uncrowned knight of a sister world, this man whose personal magnetism and whose foresight command the admiration and respect of his friends and foes alike—the Hon. R. O. Richards.

IN POLITICS

RICHARD O. RICHARDS

Whatever may be said against Mr. Richard's political views, no man who knows him has ever doubted his sincerity as a reformer. He believes that railroad and other corporate domination of politics should cease. He works to this end. It doesn't matter to him what faction or what man or set of men he works with, all he asks is loyalty to his cause.

Richards is the father of the progressive reform movement in South Dakota He began the fight in 1903 at Huron, over the postmastership at that place. He lost. In 1904, he brought out Coe I. Crawford as a candidate for governor on three reform issues; anti-pass law, primary law, and equitable railroad taxation. He lost. What next? Discouraged? Never! There is on the statute books of this state an initiative law which provides that the people themselves may present their own laws to the legislature, by petition. For the next few months Mr. Richards quietly went about the state during his spare time and secured 9,000 signatures to a petition to the legislature to enact a state-wide primary law. What happened? The legislature turned down the monster petition, on the claim that it was invallid. Discouraged? No! He had our legislators so badly scared that in order to square themselves with the people they enacted "The Honest Caucus Law." Encouraged? Yes! The fight must never stop till victory came. In 1906, he again backed for governor, his chosen candidate, Coe I. Crawford. This time he won.

Mr. Richards managed the primary campaign for the progressive wing of the party in 1908 and succeeded in nominating Governor Crawford for United States senator, and Mr. Vessey for governor. They were elected. But these gentlemen failed to carry out Mr. Richard's views. He began to scold them. Last February a meeting of the progressive forces was held at Huron,

Mr. Richards, cognizant of his own strength, immediately announced that he could either "sink their ship or float it." They knew it also. In order to save themselves they made Mr. Richards manager of their primary campaign. He saved all of their former strength, which did not include the two congressmen and the state treasurer, losing to them only one office—that of state auditor. So much for his leadership.

But the end is not yet. Twenty progressive leaders signed at Huron last spring a compact drawn up by Mr. Richards himself in which they agreed if he would save their new ship at the June primaries they could in turn write into the state republican platform such additional reform measure as Mr. Richards might desire. When the time came they either couldn't or wouldn't "deliver the goods." This set the political pot to boiling. There are some of the progressive leaders in the state who never can again secure Mr. Richard's support. It is now an open secret that irreconcilable differneces have sprung up between them. Without his support in the future, some who won in the past can never win again.

Verily, verily, he can "sink their ship or float it."

Mr. Richards was married to Miss Grace May Durell, formerly of Mitchell, S. D., on January 8, 1891. Six children have been born to them, of whom four are girls and two are boys. Mrs. Richards is a native of Laconla, New Hampshire, and comes from old Revolutionary-war ancestry. She is descended on her mother's side from the Sargent-Pierce families, and on her father's side from the Hutchinson-Durell families, all very prominent in the history of New England, since the early days of that section.

Few men in South Dakota have given public questions more or closer attention than has Mr. Richards. He possesses an exceptionally analytical mind. He is quick to perceive selfish interests and evil causes, and able to suggest practical remedies. It is said of him that he posseses little or no diplomacy, and is not at all given to compromising on the principles he advocates. He has earned the reputation of being a good fighter for the public welfare, and ever faithful to the interests of friends. Nobody doubts the unselfish genuineness of his attitude on public questions, and because of his intelligence and ability and effort, we have today on the staute books of South Dakota laws like the primary, the anti-pass, the anti-divorce and other progressively restrictive measures. Mr. Richards has made himself a force to be seriously dealt with in the politics of South Dakota. His friends feel that he has already done much and is likely to

POET PHILOSOPHER

He's "all wool and a yard wide." Who? Our poet philosopher. Who's he? Now, dont' get in a hurry; wait till we have had time to whisper to you in a deep undertone, Gustav G. Wenzlaff. Doesn't that sound philosophical? Yes, but not altogether Yankefied.

Wenzlaff is president of the Springfield (S. D.) State Normal. He represents the old school of thought and the new. If you multiply the old school by the new, and then extract the square root of the product, you will have a mean proportional—you will have Wenzlaff—a man of poise and forbearance, of culture and refinement, of dignity and justice, of courage and faith, of hope and truth, of kindness and honor.

What a renovation at the Springfield normal when he took charge, a few years since. How the cobwebs fairly tumbled from the walls. How the pigeon holes gave up their mildewed contents. How the loose ends of fluttering thought were tied together in an organized whole and made into a cable of strength. With what unanimity the train of thought pulled in off the siding onto the main track and started foward and upward. How soon the school began to take its merited place among the educational institutions of the state.

Germany frequently lays claim to the fact that she is largely directing the educational thought of America. Pointing to her native-born sons whom she is constantly sending to us, as teachers, and to our American-born lads whom we send over there to be educated, it is easy to prove her contentions. President Wenzlaff was born in Europe. True, he got his education mostly in this country, but we had to let him go back home to finish it. Very well! He got it just the same, and South Dakota is profiting by it.

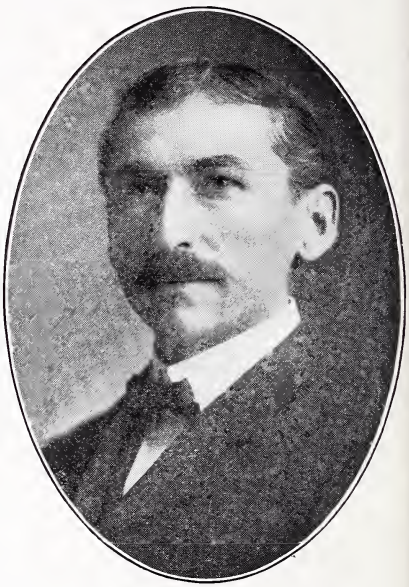
His early education was begun in the old country, and was received at the hands of his father who was a successful German teacher. Then he came to America and settled in Yankton

county, South Dakota. Here's his educational record in a nutshell, but it's a good one:

Graduated from Yankton high school, 1884.
Graduated from Yankton college, 1888.
Studied in Chicago, 1888-9.
Instructor in Yankton college, 1889-92.
Student, Berlin University and University of Leipzig, Germany, 1892.
Professor of philosophy and German in Yankton college, 1893—on.
Student University of Chicago, 1897-8.
Recuperating in California, 1899-1900.
Superintendent Yankton county, 1905-8.
President Springfield normal, 1908—to date.

How's that? Go back and run it over again. "Who's Who?" We guess Wenzlaff is. Here's a record as a student and as an educator that any man might well be proud of.

(Later.—Since the above was written, Yankton College has honored him with his LL. D.)



PRESIDENT G. G. WENZLAFF

PHILOSOPHER

But it is in the field of philosophical thought that Wenzlaff excels. The whole bent of his nature is toward philosophy. He loves to reason—and he does it spontaneously at times. When the ethical committee met in Mitchell a few years since, the discussion over the advisability of making the ethical outline for the schools of the state dove-tail into the Bible was growing "warm" when Wenzlaff piped out: "Gentlemen, the Bible did not give us religion; religion gave us the Bible." This hard philosophical morsel, placed on the tongues of some of the theological members of the committee, took some time to melt.

Here was a concept—clearly, positively, definitely formed. It stood.

PROSE WRITER

President Wenzlaff has acquired a style of English prose compositon that is polished, smooth, clear and captivating. We regard his diction as the most perfect of any writer in the state. This is saying considerable for it, but we believe we are right. Think of it! He reads and writes prose and poetry in two different languages, and he can read at least three of four more tongues. It is but natural that such an able linquist should become literary inclined.

He is the author of one of the best psycholgies on the market. In addition to its exceptionally fine analysis of the mind and its operations, practically every critic who has commented on it has also referred to its charming diction. He is also the author of "Sketches and Legends of the West."

Last year President Wenzlaff and a friend made a trip down to the old historic settlement of Bon Homme. Upon his return he wrote a sketch for publication in "The Normal Pulse," a paper issued monthly by the students of the Springfield Normal, which it has been our privilege to preserve, and which we should love to publish herein in full, did space permit. We regard it as one of the tastiest pieces of faultless English composition that we have ever read.

We invite attention to only a few paragraphs of it which we cull out and sandwich together:

"It was a fall day. No frost had yet blighted the vegetation, but already the yellow corn showed through the wilting husks. A longing to get away from the humdrum of routine work and to dream a day-dream took us out toward old Bon Homme on the Missouri.

"Eight miles to the east of the dingy stone walls of the Springfield Normal we look down upon a fair plain dotted with farm buildings in the midst of clustering trees. To the east a white church spire catches our eye, and farther to the south a group of buildings rather too large tc be a collection of farm buildings. A little cemetery, well kept after a fashion, enclosed by a weather-beaten fence, overlooks the Bon Homme valley and the wide strecthes of the wild Missouri granite blocks and marble shafts rise above the stubble of the prairie grass. Yes, we read some of the inscribed names and remember those who years ago responded to them.

"A well-traveled road leads to where years ago stood the

fair little town of Bon Homme. At one place a few buildings are on either side of the road, once a street of the town, and a little farther on the little white school house, once the village school, the successor of the first school house in Dakota Territory. I have seen some of the pupils that were gathered in that first school house in Dakota—not as ruddy-faced youngsters, but as serious men and women past midde life.

* * * * * *

Yes, this settlement, like others of its kind and persuasion, possesses fields, and mills and barns and machinery and all that goes to make a model farm, and something else—some ancient manuscripts. The young teacher soon brought in several of them for inspection. They are books containing the doctrines of the founder of the Brotherhood, all written by some of the brothers in the days of old, in German 'print,' with the most pleasing exactness. The initial letters would do credit to a Medieval professional scribe. The paper used in these volumes is soft rag paper, such as one finds nowadays only in fancy-priced editions de luxe. The title pages show the dates 1509 and 1520. As we sat there waiting for a fall shower to pass by, our host expounded some features of the ancient, pricless volumes.

"Before the day closed we were retracing our way, leaving behind old Bon Homme, but carrying back with us a feeling that we had peered into the past and heard voices of long ago."

POET

What peculiar strains of melody must be concealed in the intellect of a man who can write such ideal prose and who can, in the next instant, transfer himself into another mood and mould his thoughts into perfect rhythm. Only once in a great while—only now and then at great intervals—do you find a man who can burrow into the depths of philosophy and paint his conclusions in deep-colored prosaic images, and who can then climb "Jacob's ladder" and sing beautiful poetic lullabys to the stars. Wenzlaff can. He is an adept at it.

Some poets hibernate in the fall and come back in the spring to sing with the opening of the buds and the return of our winged warblers. Not so with Wenzlaff. He sings through the season. His heart is ever atune with nature. Springtime extracts the poetic nectar from his soul; summer awakens in him a melodious response; fall wells up his great heart until it bursts with joy; and winter's falling snow causes him to become en rapport with nature's God.

We should like to publish the long list of his poems which we have at various times collected, but lack of space absolutely forbids. We shall use but a few of the shorter ones. To those who would possess themselves of more address to the Educator School Supply Company, Mitchell, S. D., a card asking for terms on the new volume of "Dakota Rhymes," compiled and partially written by President Wenzlaff. It is now completed.

IN THE SPRING TIME

One name—when spring winds whisper softly—
I hear amidst the green boughs' leaves;
The creek's low song, the wild dove's crooning—
That name to me all nature breathes.

One face I see in every blossom,
That meekly hides within the grass;
The evening clouds in hues of sunset
Reflect that face before they pass.

One dream so vague, so dreamy, vivid,
Like music of a sylvan stream,
Like fragrance from the prairie roses—
My loved one is my constant dream.

AUTUMN REVERY

Cold are the winds that waft
The faded leaves about;
Chill are the days that laughed
Once through the summer cloud.

Far flies the pinioned fowl
To other cheerier lands
Touched not by Winter's scowl
Nor by his chilling hands.

Ah me! Could I but rise
And from chill moods retreat,
Dwell would I, too, 'neath skies
Where only warm hearts beat.

THE MEADOW-LARK

Before the last of winter's drift has thawed
And run in rills to swell the creek, that glides

Among the rushes drear and willows gray,
The meadow-lark, the herald of the spring,
Comes piping in the drowsy life that hides
From grim, all-devastating frosts away.

And when the first bold flower—the violet,
Or 'tis th' anemone—wide opes its eyes
Upon the quiet meads to greet the morn,
The prairie's homely bird sings matin lays,
That clear and sweet mount swelling to the skies
And then on ether wings are softly borne.

When twilight shades come o'er this prairie world
In summer's garb, and thousand eyes then close
Upon the waning splendor of the evening sky,
The meadow-lark's clear roundelay resounds
And lulls sun-sated life to cool repose—
Ne'er heard the flowers a sweeter lullaby!

At last the fields, once gay, stand sad and sear,
And silent is the cricket's chorus song.
The weary blossom drooping on the stem,
Now sleeps its long, long sleep, and weary looks
The sun. The meadow-lark, of all the throng
Of birds, remains to pipe the requiem.

THE BLIND PIPER

Good piper of the Spree,
Why pipe so mournfully
When brightly smiles the summer day,
And sunbeams on the river's way
Are dancing lightly to and fro
And casting glances from below,
Caressing warm the bridge's span,
While zephrys cool your temples fan?—
A mist is gath'ring in my eye,—
Good piper, I must hasten by.

Ah! piper of the Spree,
Why pipe so merrily
When lowering clouds are sailing fast,
The swallow, too, is hastening past
And scowling looks the rushing tide,
Upon whose crest the foam doth ride,
And whips the bridge's pillar-stays?
How merrily sound your oaten lays!

I can, thus drawn, not hasten by—
But what! is blind my piper's eye?

Many men can translate prose from various languages into our own with ease, but few have ever lived who could successfully translate poetry and maintain the metre and rhythm. President Wenzlaff has done this repeatedly, and he has given over to us for culture and for pastime some musical translations of foreign ballads that still retain their original charm. Following is one translated from Uhland:

THE CHAPLET

Yonder stands the mountain chaplet
Looking quietly down the vale;
There below by mead and brooklet
Sings the shepherd boy so hale.

Mournful tolls the bell from yonder,
Awful sounds the funeral lay,
Hushed is now the merry singer
By the chanting far away.

They are borne to graves up yonder
Who enjoyed themselves below.
Shepherd boy, ah! list young shepherd,
'Twill be sung for thee just so!

Having revealed to the readers of the Argus-Leader, through our theme, the greatness of our SUBJECT, and having in a measure proven our contentions that he is a true poet, a linguist, a translator, a philosopher, a teacher, a man—we are willng to let his case go to the jury—public opinon.

A SYMMETRICAL MAN

Farmer 10 per cent, teacher 8 per cent, lawyer 14 per cent, editor 18 per cent, poet 22 per cent, historian 28 per cent; total 100 per cent, of symmetrical manhood; such is our analysis of Doane Robinson, our present state historian.

FARMER

He was born on a farm, near Sparta, Wisconsin, October 19, 1856. There he spent his boyhood years and his teens, remaining with his father as boys of the former generation were wont to do, until he had reached his majority. Then he struck westward and filed on a hometsead in Lyon county, Minnesota. Here again he became a tiller of the soil.

Robinson's experience and observations on the farm, while a boy, ripened his judgment concerning crops, so that today he is regarded as an authority on prospective grain yields, not only in South Dakota but throughout the west; indeed the grain markets of Minneapolis fluctuate according to his forecast.

TEACHER

Our Subject was but five years of age when the Civil war broke out. Facilities in the wilds of Wisconsin at that time were not the best for securing an education. Young Robinson worked on his father's farm, and attended a country school for a few months now and then during the winter. Still, his studious habits found reward, and he finally fitted himself for a teacher. During the five years spent on his Minnesota homestead he taught school during the winter months.

LAWYER

While yet a young man Mr. Robinson saw that if he got ahead in life it would be through strenuous efforts on his own part, owing to the lack of educational advantages in his early

years Therefore, during the time spent in holding down his homestead, and while he was teaching school he spent his evenings reading law. In 1882-3, he took the senior year in the Wisconsin law school. Leaving the school he struck west again, going farther than he did the first time, and settled at Watertown, S. D., where he established himself in the practice of law.

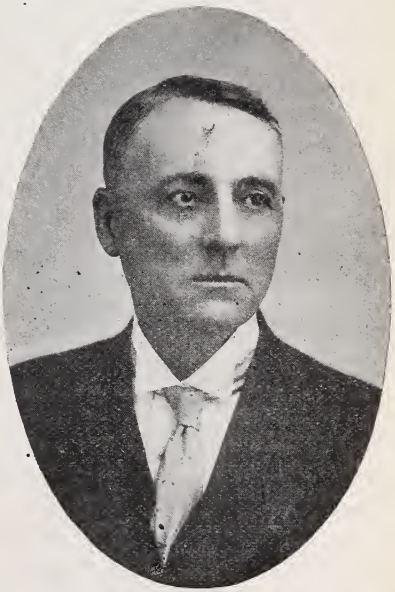
EDITOR

After a few years, tiring of his chosen profession—law, he gave it up to enter the editorial field. For several years he edited the "Monthly South Dakotan," a magazine devoted to a spicy review of the early history of the Dakotas. He finally sold the magazine to the Educator School Supply Company of Mitchell.

POET

But Robinson, the poet, is far the most fascinating of all. In this field he launched out more than in any of the others, except history. But the latter is limited by the facts it records, and the former has no limitations whatsoever, except in the ability of the author.

His best poetical productions were published in the "Century Magazine;" later they were gathered together and published in a neat little volume called "The Coteaus of Dakota."



DOANE ROBINSON

In his poetry, Robinson confines himself mostly to various dialects. He is always spicy and entertaining; always original and terse. His poem entitled "About Sunrise," is prim full of good things and causes one to live over again the joyous spring mornings in Dakota when the dew is on the young grasses, and when in the distance you can hear the prairie chicken sounding his solemn notes, 'Ding—Dill—Doo." We quote only the last stanza:

"The soft sunlight
Comes flashin' out,
And 'fore you know
What makes your singer go,
You join the happy shout—
The song without the words
Sung by the mockin'-birds.
I ain't got no ear for singin,'
So I jest keep on a-flingin'
Clods up in the apple-tree,
Until I couldn't nowhere see
A bird within a mile of me."

His "Plowin' ","Morning in Galilee","Helpin' Hay," and several other choice selections are equally refreshing.

Several years ago we remember reading, of cuttng out and preserving, a little ditty of his entitled "Consistency." The thing about it which caught our attention then, and which engages it yet, is the wonderful amount of suggestion contained in those few poetical words. It follows:

CONSISTENCY

Reproach me not, though it appear,
While I true doctrines teach,
I wholly fail in my career
To practice as I preach.

Yon guide-post has through countless days
"To London" pointed on,
Nor once has quit the angled ways
And up to London gone.

When we were young, twenty-seven years ago, we rode a bare-backed, western-fed donkey, and on him herded cattle on Dakota prairies, ten miles south of Huron, along the Jim river. Anything about herding always distresses us, except Doane Robinson's poem:

HERDING

No end of rich green medder land
Spiked out with ever' kind of poseys.
Es fer as I kin understand
They's nothin' else on earth so grand
Es just a field of prairy roseys.
Mixed up with blue, gold-beaded plumes
Of shoestring flowers and peavey blooms.
Take it a warm, sunshiny day,

When prairys stretch so far away
Ther' lost at last in smoky gray,
And hulkin' yoke-worn oxen browse
Aroun' the coteaus with the cows,—
The tipsy, stag'rin day-old calf,
Mumbles a bleat and slabbers a laugh—
And yearlin' steers, so round and slick,
Wade in the cool and sparklin' creek
While cute spring bossies romp and play
With Ponto in the tall slough hay.
Ye picket out the gentle Roany,
Yer knowin,' faithful herdin' pony.
And tumblin' down upon yer back
Wher' gray sweet-smellin' beauties bide
In posey beds, three counties wide,
You take a swig of prairy air,
With which old speerits ken't compare.
And think and plan, and twist and rack
Yer brains, to work some scheme aroun'
To get a week to spend in town.

Recently Mr. Robinson issued a pamphlet containing only four-lined poems, entitled "Bits of Four." From it we culled the following:

EACH HATH SOME GIFT

Nor envy thou thy neighbor's gift;
He covets thine in vain;
The eagle through the azure drifts,
The salmon threads the main.

THE PRAIRIE MIRAGE

To thirsty lands, where once in rhythm rolled
Foam crested waves, to fret the rock girt coast,
There comes to frolic in the sea path old
The perished water's insubstantial ghost.

ONLY A FEW

Only a few are the friends I have won;
Hearts of my heart in Love's cement set;
Trusting me, spite of the ill I have done—
Thanks be to God, I hold all of them yet.

EVOLUTION

Youth pleads,—God taught his children so—
"O give me joy; my happines asure."
Age prays,—God teaches men to grow—
"All peace be thine; O may thy joys be pure."

THE SCANDALMONGER'S PLEA

Ye curse me, but for fear of me
A man and maid from sin are free
Why, e'en the priest is more discreet
Because I wander in the street.

HISTORIAN

Robinson is the only state official who didnt' get his job by popular vote, nor as an appointee of the Governor. He was chosen by the State Historcial Society, after the position of State Historian and Collector of Vital Statistics had been created by legislative enactment. In all probability he will continue to hold down the job as long as he may care to.

He is the author of "History of South Dakota," published by Bowen & Co., Indianapolis; of a "Brief History of South Dakota," published by the American Book Co.; a "History of the Sioux Indians," and dozens of miscellaneous historical articles.

ROBINSON, THE MAN

Doane is a jolly good fellow, with an even, happy temperament, always delightful to meet and hard to break away from. One feels as though he had met his brother and you somehow hate to part. When a sight-seer reaches Pierre and inspects our new capitol, after treading on that cuss-ed, dis-cussed-ed $1,200 rug in the governor's office, which refused to remain on the floor during the recent primary campaign, if he desires to know the significance of those weird high-priced Indian pictures painted on the walls of the rotunda, all he has to do is to ask for Doane Robinson, and he will receive an hour's lecture, gratis, that will keep him assimilating for several months to come. Try it! and be convinced.

While practicing law at Watertown in 1884, Doane was married to Miss Jennie Austin, of Leon, Wisconsin. Their wedded life brought into being two sons—Harry, aged 24, and Will, aged 19. But Mr. Robinson's life, like that of all the rest of us, has had its thorns. Mrs. Robinson was suddenly snatched away

from him by the Grim Reaper, January 23, 1902. Hereunto related are the words of Taylor:

"Life is just a little
Of the good and of the bad,
Of things that make us happy
And the things that make us sad."

A STATESMAN EDUCATOR

At Janesville, Wisconsin, in 1868, three days before Christmas, the Angel of Life ushered into being a rugged little youngster whose parents, aftewards, transplanted him on South Dakota soil, where he grew, studied, traveled and taught; and today there is scarcely a man, woman, or child above ten years of age, in the state, who has not heard of and does not know George Williston Nash.

For the past five years he has been president of the Northern Normal and Industrial School at Aberdeen. During this period, the old course of study has been boiled down and then greatly extended, the organization of the school has been made more compact; it articulates together better as a completed whole; the faculty has been strengthened, thousands of dollars of new material and apparatus have been procured, a new building has been erected, the campus has been cleaned up and plotted, the enrollment has trebled and things in general have taken on a substantial expression.

One of Nash's greatest blessings is his strong, pleasing personality. This makes discipline of the school come easy and natural to him. We recall that one day a few years since he summoned into the president's office at the normal for discipline, a young fellow who had been using tobacco on the premises. President Nash did not scold him as some men would have done. He walked up to him manfully, placed his left hand on the young fellow's shoulder, looked at him kindly and said in a low brotherly tone, "Now, see here, Mr. ———, I don't want this matter to go before the whole faculty. Won't you just promise me privately that you wont' use any more tobacco on the school grounds, and then keep your promise?"

"I will!" said the young fellow in a firm, manly, semi-apologetic tone; and it's safe to say he never broke that pledge. Such power of discipline emanates from a big brotherly heart.

As Ohio has become the mother of presidents, so Lincoln county, South Dakota, has become the mother of state officers. Gee whiz! they simply manufacture candidates down there for state officers. Cassill, the progressive state treasurer, was succeeded two years since by George Johnson, a good husky stalwart from the same county. This year Johnson was a candidate for re-election, Lawrence was a candidate for superintenent of public instruction, and Tom Thorson wanted to go to Congress. The first two won. Think of it! Two state officers at the same time from the same town. This is, of course, one of the customary possibilities under the primary law. If something isn't done to stop it, the first thing you know we are going to have a whole state ticket from Canton. But they are a jolly good bunch—bright, energetic, capable fellows; so, after all, what's the difference?

GEORGE W. NASH

Back to our subject! Nash was educated at Canton, in Lincoln county. Then he went away to school, taught, etc., and all of a sudden he jumped back to Lincoln county, bobbed out in 1902 as a candidate for superintendent of public instruction, and he won. Since then, Lincoln county has had the intermittent state-office fever; and instead of getting weaker, as most fever patients do, she is actually growing stronger. Gracious! Since 1902, she has had two superintendents of public instruction, two state treasurers, and several disappointed aspiring nominees.

PREPARATION FOR LIFE

If there is any truth in the theory that a man's success in life is proportioned according to his preparation to succeed, it certainly can find substantiation in the life of G. W. Nash. After finishing his public school work at Canton he went to Yankton

the college proper in 1891, being given his B. S. degree; and in 1895 the institution presented him with his Master's degree. (Since this was written, with his LL. D.)

Not satisfied with his preparation, he went to Europe and entered the University of Leipzig, where he attended school in 1894-5. Returning to this country he went to the University of Minnesota where he remained during '96-7, specializing on mathematics and astronomy.

With a super-abundance of native talent, with his latent powers now developed and vibrating for action, he returned to his alma mater at Yankton in the fall of 1897, and became professor of mathematics and astronomy, holding this position until he was nominated for superintendent of public instruction in 1902.

NEW FIELD

Everybody who was engaged in educational work in the state, and thousands of others, will recall when he entered office in 1903, how quickly a whole state was throbbing with renewed life. There was a college professor, untrained in the new line of work he was to follow, doing it more than successfully. Here was a man of energy, of foresight, of action, and of determination.

He was called all over the state to deliver commencement addresses. He went into every county in the state, spoke to school officers at their annual meetings, lectured before teachers' institutes, and delivered dozens of other addresses. The eyes of a whole state were upon him. He was "making good," with some left over. His re-election came; the governor's chair awaited him; his friends implored; but oh! no, Nash knew his business; he remained firm and declined. Presently the board of regents offered him the presidency of the normal at Aberdeen. He resigned the superintendency of public instruction and accepted the job. Why not? It was in his chosen field of work. True, it reduced his influence to a smaller field, but it sunk it deeper. His state job was temporary, at best; the usual school presidency might last through his useful days. He did the right, the sensible thing.

VOTE GETTER

Be it said to the everlasting credit of Nash that he is the best vote getter whom the state has yet developed. In 1902, he was the high man on the republican ticket, having received 48,464 votes. In 1904, he came back with an increase of 20,716 (almost 50 per cent) and polled 69,180 votes—the largest number of votes that has ever been received by any candidate in the state for the office of superintendent of public instruction.

NASH'S BI-ENNIAL REPORT

By all odds the greatest act thus far in Nash's life was the preparation and publication of his bi-ennial report at the close of his first term as superintendent of public instruction. The state law provides that the state superintendent shall send to each county superintendent in the state a copy of his bi-ennial report, and that the latter shall, in turn, keep the same permanently on file in the office. Ordinarily, these reports consist of nothing but dry educational statistics, and nobody ever looks at them. Not so with the one Nash got out. In it he covered the entire field of educational thought and progress. The demand for copies of it was so great that the edition was entirely exhausted, and there is still a constant demand for it.

The report contains an historical review of the educational development of the state; recommends uniform courses of study for the high schools of the state, better salaries for teachers, five day inspirational institutes, the introduction into our schools of ETHICAL CULTURE and manual training, state aid for high schools, a revision of the common school course of study, an examination of the eyes and ears of the duller pupils to ascertain if their apparent sluggishness is not the result of physical rather than mental defects, and that the entire school law of the state should be re-written.

He also embodied in it the extensive written reports and recommendations of the various county superintendents throughout the state; brief reports of all the state and denominational institutions of higher learning; his elaborate and tasty Arbor Day annual; extended educational reviews and comments by thirty-eight of the leading newspapers of the state; a digest of the school laws and all the educational statistics of the entire state.

Men who have since won distinction in certain lines of educational endeavor, have each, in turn, found that G. W. Nash previously recommended the very thing they were doing, and that he was, withal, the pioneer in the forward educational movement of the state.

PERSONAL

In 1903, Professor Nash was united in marriage to Miss Adelaide Warburton, of Pierre, step-daughter of the late Jugde Fuller. Their home is now blessed with a bright little junior Nash nearly old enough to attend school.

President and Mrs. Nash are each trained singers and thorough lovers of music. This happy faculty woven into their home

President Nash is one of the very best educators in the state, and a man whose work has attracted the attention of the nation. He has dignified and successsfully prosecuted every field of work in which he has been engaged. Here is a symmetrical man—an all-round man, if you please—one who can do well anything assigned to him.

Nash has that widening influence that comes from travel. During his career at Leipzig he went to all of the prominent cities in Europe including the Seven-Hilled City of Rome. He drank into his young life the vital truths of history and art first hand. He climbed Vensuvius, and was nearly ready to peek into its crater when the huge mountan, like an angry dog, began to growl at its intruder.

This year he went abroad again and took in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. It is travel and observation, added to book knowledge, that makes the completed man.

He has an exceptionaly pleasing address. His friends have repeatedly urged him to give up educational work and to take up law. There could be no doubt about his success in this other field of labor; but President Nash has a mind of his own, and having fitted himself for educational work, and having met with such decided success, he will in all probability continue in it.

Personally, we should like to see him enter the field of journalism. He is a brilliant student in English, and a prolific writer. On the other hand, his political instinct and his foresight are as keen as a Damascus blade. While at home in Canton, during his younger days, he used to assist his father in his editorial work on the "Sioux Valley News," and his breezy editorials were watched for with an unusual degree of expectancy by all of their subscribers.

We shall all watch his future career with abiding good will.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT

Wednesday's write-up of Professor G. W. Nash in the Who's Who" column of the Argus-Leader called forth much favorable comment in Canton, the land of his birth and the home of statesmen. The professor is well known here, both as boy and man, and all are proud of his record. --Canton Leader.

POSTSCRIPT

Since this article on Dr. Nash's life was published, he has been called upon to deliver his lecture on "The Passion Play" over fifty times (eight times within his home city of Aberdeen);

has been elected president of the South Dakota Educational Association; and, in 1912, he conducted the teachers' institutes for one-fourth of the counties of the entire state, and lectured, all told, in thirty-three and one-third per cent of them.

A NEWSPAPER MAN

"Who's who?" May we never overlook that splendid galaxy of self-sacrificing individuals who deny themselves many privileges to make reports of public functions, who record the personal deeds of their respective communities, who visit the sick and paint scenes of the dying, who devote columns to weddings and pages to politics, who mould the opinions of readers and shape the destiny of our commonwealth,—the newspaper men of our state.

Conspicuous in this class of laborers and public benefactors is Clauson W. Downey, city editor of the "Mithell Daily Republican." Here is a man who for eighteen years and six months has stood at his post of duty, with only two vacations of ten days each, nine years apart. Before making the following assertion, we have carefully gone into, and made a comparison of, the various newspapers of the state, and we have fortified ourselves with the evidence, that during the past eighteen years he has written approximately six times as much matter as any other editor in the state. Until less than a year ago he did all of the writing for the Mitchell Daily, both city and editorial, furnishing on an average six full columns a day; some days furnishing eight columns, and he has gone as high as ten. In addition to all of this he has mostly done his own proof-reading; has gathered nearly all of the news himself, acted as special advertising solicitor for his employers, helped to set type when needed, and done many other details peculiar to the printing business. Talk about a strenuous life—there are others besides Teddy.

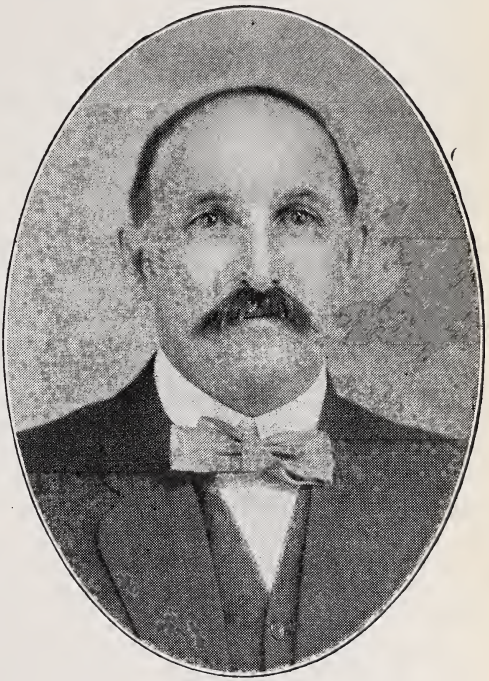
Editor Downey's life, from early childhood has not been as "downy" as others we have known. Born in Atlanta, Illinois, November 15, 1862, he came into this world as a little "sucker." His early experiences were the common lot of most boys. In 1879 he graduated from the high school of his native town.

Some editors are newspaper men by birth—that is, through

heredity, others become printers through choice, necessity or environment; Downey entered the profession through natural instinct. Late in the afternoon of December 5, 1879, six months after his graduation, while standing in the print shop of the "Atlanta Argus," trying to gratify or to satisfy his smell for printer's ink. young Downey was accosted by the editor of the paper, George L. Shoals, who asked why he did not learn the printer's trade.

"That's just what I want to do," snapped out the lad; "can you help me?" "Sure!" said Shoals, "pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and start right in."

Young Downey did not do like other boys nowadays, pipe out the question, "How much are you willing to pay me?" He belonged to the "old school" that believed a trade was the foundation for success in life and that one would have to be learned, even if it were necessary to be bound out, like Ben Franlin, as an apprentice lad.



C. W. DOWNEY

The boy was soon into it. He was set to work with a huge hand-roller, inking forms on an old Washington press. Did you ever try it? There are some things in newspaperdom to this day that make one's "back ache," but nothing like lifting and pushing and pulling an old-fashioned hand inker. Nothing was said about wages. Our youngster was thinking about learning a trade—about becoming a printer—of becoming independent when finally placed on his own resources. Wages? Nonsense! Lucky he did not have to pay for the privilege.

Saturday night came. The boy marched up and got paid—$1.50 per week. Think of it! Thirty-one years ago; getting $1.50 per week for such drudgery. There isn't a lad on the continent today who would do it for a cent less than $1.50 per day (and yet some people enjoy voting the democratic ticket.)

Well, our boy inked himself as well as the type; he blistered his hands and posed and imposed upon his legs; but he stuck to it for an entire year until he was relieved by another "sucker," and promoted to the type case. Here he worked for three years, setting up forms.

He was now of age. Manhood gave birth to new ambitions. Dependence gave way into independence; and the responsibilities of life made the man impatient to earn more money than the boy. He quit the printing business and struck out into the field of telegraphy. One year was enough. The earliest impressions make the most ineffaceable record. A printer once—a printer always.

The young fellow got the western fever; he struck for Dakota, and landed at Northville, a few stations south of Aberdeen, on the Northwestern railroad, in the spring of 1883. At that time Northville was about as bleak as the region around the north pole if Cook and Peary tell the truth.) There wasn't even a roadway up main street. Here our young printer got hold of an old press, got some space in a breezy board shack, started a newspaper which he called the "Northville Advance," and began to earn a livelihood publishing mostly Notices of Final Proof. Editor Downey harvested his crop of "final proofs" at "harvest" time, sold out the paper, returned to Atlanta, Illinois, and took up his old job on the "Atlanta Argus."

Another year at the old stand and our ambitious printer, as is customary with a large proportion of his profession, made a break for Chicago. Here he found employment in the job printing room of Culver, Page, Hoyne & Co. (afterwards known as the John Morris Printing Co.), and remained with them for nearly three years.

Late in 1886, he got the Dakota fever again. Back he came; went opposite Northville to the town of Ashton on the Milwaukee railroad; bought the "Ashton Leader," which was badly run down, began to build it up, jumped into a red-hot county-seat fight; forced to the wall a competing newspaper in the same town; got the field to himself; bought $1,000 worth of new equipment for his own print shop; and was doing fine until—until—all of a sudden, it ceased to rain.

None of us who weathered through the dry years of 1889

and 1890 in Dakota, will ever forget them. Hot! One pioneer, in Faulk county swore he had to shrink hoops onto his hogs to make them hold swill. Another sturdy pioneer addressing an old settler's picnic in Beadle county, a few years since, had just declared with considerable emphasis that he had to feed his hens cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs, when he was interrupted by a rugged, sun-burned gentleman in the audience, who had passed through the same ordeal, with the query, "Where in hell did you get the ice?"

Hot! The creeks and lakes all dried up; birds lying dead by thousands along the roadsides and in the old-lake beds; snakes by the half million in the small pools that were left; horses dropping dead everywhere in the fields; roadways along the railroads white from early morning until late at night with one continuous chain of covered immigrant wagons—people driving out of the dreadful place, taking with them everything—except their land which would not produce the taxes.

Hot! The buffalo grass was dry as gun powder. How the great fires used to sweep down from the northwest, driven at from forty to seventy miles an hour by the awful winds; before them, vast droves of fleeing, hungry wolves, jack-rabbits, and other wild animals; behind them, dead bodies burned to crisps, remnants of charred homes, an endless black veil, desolation.

Cold! The winters were the opposite extreme. How well we all remember the "big blizzard" of '88. What a dismal task for the ensuing week, going over great snow banks hither and thither, hunting for burial the hundreds that perished in that awful storm, before the surviving wolves should devour them. Will any of us ever forget it?

This digression, and the incorporation herein of the misfortunes of the latter '80's., is made intentionally, to show that any man in buisness who might fail in times like these is not to blame. Editor Downey was in the newspaper business. Business men could not afford to advertise. Subscribers could not and would not pay their subscriptions (they dont' always pay, even during good times.) There was not much left at Ashton but "ash"-es. Mr. Downey was forced to pack up his outfit and go south. He stopped in the older portion of the state—the southeast part—and settled at Beresford, where he unpacked his portable print shop, established the "Beresford Sentinel," and got out the first issue of the paper, in December, 1890.

This plucky chap knew that "all things good come to them that wait." He decided to "stick." In the midst of all this adversity, he took unto himself a bride.

"Foolish man," you say. No; not at all. Some wives are a burden, some are not. Mrs. Downey at once learned the typecase, took her place in the print shop, helped her young husband, and thereby saved the expense of a hired man.

At the end of six months he sold the "Sentinel;" he and his wife traveled around for a few months, looking for a suitable location, and finally settled in Mitchell in 1891, where Mr. Downey accepted a position as foreman in the newsroom of the "Mitchell Daily Republican." In May, 1892, the company made him city editor and when the prolific Ralph Wheelock sold his interest in the plant in 1895, Mr. Downey not only succeeded him as editor of the paper but kept up the local work as well, thereby shouldering the responsibility which two men had previously carried.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Downey is not only an editor, but an all-round printer as well. This experience makes his services valuable to his employers. During the printers' strike in 1905 when the entire force of the Mitchell Printing Co. walked out of the office one Monday morning, Editor Downey, for two days, wrote all of the news, set it up, proof-read his own work, ran the press, and did a large part of the job work. For three days more, after some non-union help had arrived, he made up the forms, in addition to his other work.

Again, on top of all these other anxieties, Editor Downey has for the past fifteen years corresponded for nine outside daily newspapers, and he has placed Mitchell on the foreign map as well. Each year he sends a four-page article with illustrations of the Corn Palace at Mithell, to the "World-Wide Magazine," and other material to the metropolitan press.

TWO CLASSES OF EDITORS

With editors, as with other people, there are but two general classes—pessimists and optimists. The former curse their race, the latter bless it. With what brotherly pity we all remember the fate of a former newspaper man who lived in south-central South Dakota: how he left his home town, after a residence therein of some nine years, friendless; how he established himself in another nearby town and after a residence there of some ten or eleven years, left for another city not far away, and what a public jollification meeting was held by his townsmen when he left; how at the third place he abused every single man in the community, supposing foolishly that by exposing to the entire neighborhood the sins of each man (either imaginary or real), he was purifying society, how he was finally tried for libel,

sold his plant at a low figure and left the state. What was wrong? Nothing; only his every thought was festooned in moral garlic.

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill-behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

Another writer saw it in this light:

"In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Where God has not."

May we implore forgiveness in advance for incorporating herein a tiny poem of our own? It hits on the head the nail which we are trying to drive:

TAFFY vs. EPITAPH(Y)

If thou hast good to speak of me,
Say it while my soul responds;
Don't pen it up within your bosom,
Waiting for my fettered bonds.

If thou hast ill to speak of me.
Say it after I am dead;
'Twill be harmless then through ages,
Now 'twould ache my weary head.

Now's the time to speak good of me;
Shower on me e'en your "taffy,"
When I'm soulless in my clay-house,
Use your grudge for epitaph(y).

Mr. Downey belongs to the other class (optimists). He sees only the good in his fellow townsmen. He lives to bless his community. It is safe to say there is no more cheerful newspaper in South Dakota than the "Mitchelll Daily Republican." Why? Because its editor is cheerful. The severest test of an editor's work is not in finding something interesting to write (there are hundreds of new things of interest coming up every day), but in know what NOT to write. Editor Downey has attained this knowledge.

NOT DR. COOK

Cook. Let's see—have we not heard that name before? Never mind! You need not "bring on your Eskimos." We shall adduce nothing that needs corroboration. Our case is proven. No instruments need be brought from Etah. We are not on the road either to or from the north pole—just merely taking a pleasant little trip up Spearfish canyon with Fayette L. Cook, president of the Spearfish State Normal School.

Here is a man whose life is an open book; who never faked a trip up a mountain, saw the "midnight sun," had his moral vision obscured by the aurora borealis. or confessed a brain-storm through Hampton's Magazine—at so much per line. Here is a man who went west instead of north, who staid instead of returned, who became a monumental benefactor instead of a monumental malefactor, who is embellishing his name instead of relishing his shame, who tells the whole truth instead of playing the sleuth, who looks onward and upward, nor backward and downward.

In our "Who's Who" series, we have seen that one of our men, prominent in the public life of the state, came from New Hampshire, two from New York, two from Iowa, and a superlative abundance of them from Wisconsin; but this is the first time we have picked up a victim from Michigan.

President Cook made his advent into this world in Ottawa county, Michigan, sixty years ago last August. He deceives the public in one thing only—his looks portend him to be a man of not over forty-five. We wish he might live forever. In fact, we think he will. The good men do is not always "interred with their bones."

Like the others who have won distinction, at an early age, Cook went west. Few men ever became "big" by going east (Taft tried it.) Down east is a good place to spend your fortune—out west is the place to make it.

President Cook is a graduate of the state normal school at Winona, Minnesota. He taught in country and village schools for three years; in the Minneapolis Commercial school one year; was city superintendent 1872-4; taught in the Winona normal 1876-9; was superintendent of Olmstead county, Minnesota, 1881-4; was instructor in thirty-eight teachers' institutes in Minnesota; and continuously, since 1885, he has been president of the Spearfish (S. D.) state normal school.

FAYETTE L. COOK

It will keep any other man in the state running to beat this record. Think of it! Twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—at the head of one of our schools. During this time we all know what has happened to the others. Trouble? Politics! Cook has been over in that western region where he has been left alone.

By the way, if those philosophical literary students who contend that a man has no right to digress from his theme, will not be too severe on us, we should like to halt here for a moment to interject the proposition that those chaps over in the Black Hills region have demonstrated the fact that they are a pretty sturdy set of pioneers. They have kept Martin at Washington through six congresses, Strachan as city superintendent of schools at Deadwood for twenty consecutive years, and Cook at the head of the Spearfish normal for twenty-five.

Suppose the constitutional limitation on county superintendents of schools, embodied city superintendents and the heads of our state schools; where would Cook be? Where would the Spearfish Normal be? Well, it might as well have been the law, so far as the region east of the river is concerned. But a new day has just dawned upon us. The flippancy of early days and the formative period of a young state are just sinking beneath

the horizon; the east is reddening with the rosy-tipped fingers of a more stable period.

"SKIDDOO'S" COMMENT

The students of the Spearfish normal issue an "Annual" which they have named "Skiddoo." In the one issued in June, 1909, they paid a most deserved tribute to their esteemed president. We clip and use only a small portion:

"When Mr. Cook came to Spearfish, he found educational matters in a deplorable condition. From a small school in which he himself did all the teaching, a school devoid of apparatus, library, and other necessary material, has grown the present institution with its splendid faculty, well equipped laboratories and excellent library; its training school which affords exceptional advantages for the training of teachers; its dormitory, which through its excellent management, provides a comfortable home at such a reasonable rate, that it affords an opportunity for girls in the most meager circumstances to get an education, and to live in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. All this has our president accomplished for us. From day to day he has labored, bearing up under difficulties and trying situations, because of lack of funds, but each day through his untiring energy and zeal, the institution has grown until it now stands in one of the most picturesque spots in Spearfish, a monument to the efforts of one of nature's noblemen. * * * We, the Senior class of nineteen hundred nine, extend to Mr. Cook our warmest congratulations for the wonderful success of his undertakings, and our sincere gratitude to him who has made it possible for us to look back with pleasure on the happy days spent with our alma mater. —Sentiments of Senior Class, '09."

COOK, THE BUSINESS MAN

Napoleon said: "Man is the product of his surroundings." In other words, if a man associates with children all his life, he becomes childish. This explains the uselessness of old worn-out pedagogs. Teachers, in general, are mere theorists. They are not at fault; they see and teach only theortical things. Few of them ever come in contact with the practical side of life.

Not so with President Cook. He has made the commercial side of Spearfish and of Lawrence county as much his business as school affairs. The businesss men of that community have great regard for his judgment. We recall having attended a "good roads" convention held in the opera house at Deadwood in the spring of 1909, at which President Cook, as a member of the

committee from Spearfish, was present; and how attentively he was listened to by the large class of business men in attendance at the meeting; and how one of these substantial chaps, leaning over to a friend, when President Cook had finsihed speaking, said: "There's an educator with some common sense." This incident reveals only too plainly the light in which those of us are held by the business world, who have been engaged for a number of years in the teaching profession.

We recall just now that splendid paper read by President Cook before the S. D. E. A. at Lead, in November, 1909, on "Waste in Education;" how he approached his subject, and dealt with it, from a hard-headed, practical business standpoint. We need in educational affairs more men of Cook's calibre.

MARRIAGE

Most men marry about the time they reach their majority, or at least before they are twenty-five. Cook knew that his marriage contract was perhaps the longest one he would ever sign, so he took plenty of time to consider it well. If the idea entered his head at twenty-one, then he must have taken another twenty-one years to think it over, for he did not marry until his forty-second year. This was long enough to win both a Rachael and a Leah, with an equal margin for a third.

However, on August 25, 1892, he was united in marriage at Winona, to Wenonoa Culbertson.

TITLE

It will thus be seen that Cook is a great man. He has no use for "grandstand;" he doesn't care for titles. Plain "Mr." is good enough for him. As yet he has not been honored with "Dr." Mighty lucky just at present.

PIONEER EDITOR

"Pussonally speakin'," as they say in New England, I like a thoroughbred. I like the man who can march to known defeat, without a whimper, and take his medicine, and smack his lips, and lie like a pirate when he says, "it's good." I like the chap who can finish as well as he can score. I cannot refrain from admiring the man who can take success or failure with even mind; the grim, steady, true-souled chap who can break the shaggy nut of experience, and whose poker face will not disclose to the onlooker whether he found within a kernel that was sound or one that was not. J. F. Halladay, editor of the Iroquois Chief, former state auditor, managing bank director, astute political manager, steadfast friend, as true a soldier as ever carried musket, or ate hardtack, or slept in the trenches, is one—a thoroughbred. I mean—and it is about him that the "Who's Who" column concerns itself today. A man who can spend his last ten cents for a good cigar is a thoroughbred, and that is what "Dick" Halladay did when twenty-eight years ago he crossed the border into Dakota territory to begin a career which has been a credit to himself, a joy to his family, and a pride to his hundreds of personal friends.

J. F. Halladay was born in Kansas but he must not be blamed for that. It was a good while ago—in 1860—and he got out of that state as soon as he could. At the age of fourteen his education was completed so far as school is concerned, but it isn't completed yet, for each year adds to his better equipment for the things that count—just as it always does with the man who keeps everlastingly doing things. He came to what is now South Dakota, twenty-eight years ago, from Beatrice, Nebraska. It was an overland trip, and Dick was absolutely "broke" after he had bought that choice Havana, but he was a millionaire in pluck and purpose and he set out to make good. He got a job on a Huron morning daily, filed on a claim between Iroquois and

Cavour, looked wise, and began to hustle. In January, 1883, he went to Iroquois and for two years worked on the Herald but two years later got a position in the Bank of Iroquois. He resigned this place in 1883 and started the Iroquois Chief with a partner, whom he bought out two years later, and ever since he has been the editor of one of the most influential weekly newspapers of the state. Only a short time ago he became a stockholder in the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Iroquois, of which institution he is a now one of the managing directors.

J. F. HALLADAY

In politics, Mr. Halladay is a stalwart. He has always been active, and everybody always knows just where Dick Halladay is at. He is not only not a trimmer, but he cannot understand the man who is. Hence his closest fiends are men of the same sturdy type, who stay put, and won't wobble, and who fear defeat less than they do the play to the galleries.

President Harrison appointed Mr. Halladay to the position of postmaster at Iroquois, and he served for four years giving way to a democrat named by President Cleveland. He was appointed to the same position by President McKinley and served all told nine years as postmaster, resigning in 1902. Eight years ago, he was brought out for state auditor. He received the support of practically every republican paper in the state and was unanimously nominated. His public work was of a particularly high grade and he was renominated and re-elected by a big majority. He was a member of the Herried and Elrod administrations which made such a fine record in reducing the floating debt of the state and paying off the bonds, and as state auditor he took an important part in that work.

Press association when it was a feeble and struggling association and served for seven years doing much to build the association up to its present standard. He was also honored by being selected as president of the association. Dick has hosts of friends everywhere in the state, but literally everybody in the newspaper bunch like him and most of them are his warm personal friends.

Mr. Halladay has never followed politics for a business, but simply for his love of the game. He has been mixed up in the game since 1883. Only twice in twenty years has he failed to attend the state convention as a delegate from Kingsbury county and he isn't a "boss" either. He is simply a "good guinea" with a genius for making and holding friends, and with plenty of appetite for hard work. When the republican party split into two factions, Mr. Halladay lined up with his friends on the stalwart side, and he has been aggressively with that element ever since. In the primary fight between Kittredge and Crawford, Dick was "called from the plow" to help manage the stalwart end of it, and last spring the press bureau for the stalwarts was placed in his exclusive charge. At the conclusion of the campaign, his work was everywhere highly commended and one of the leading insurgent newspapers declared that "Halladay is the best political editor in the state."

When Mr. Halladay was a candidate for a second term as state auditor, Coe I. Crawford was a candidate for the nomination for governor. Insurgency had crept over the line into Kingsbury county, and the convention of that county wanted to give their support to both Crawford and Halladay, and passed resolutions to that effect. The action was unexpected and unprecedented, as Dick was fighting Crawford, and the action of the convention would give out the impression that Hallady had sold out his friends. He met the situation like a thoroughbred. When the resolutions were adopted, Dick asked for permission to address the convention, and when he appeared on the platform, was greeted with cheers, the delegates supposing that he was about to make the usual speech of thanks. Instead he plainly pointed out that the double-header endorsement was a stone around his neck that he refused to carry, that it put him in a false light before the people of the state, and would hamper him in the state convention. He therefore announced his refusal to accept the endorsement by his home county, under the circumstances, and declared his purpose to go to the state convention and make a fight on his own merits, without the support of his home county. This he did. The anti-Crawford people controlled the convention, and Halladay was unanimously renominated. Old politicians said

at the time that this was the nerviest political move that had ever come under their observation.

Mr. Halladay was a member of the first capital commission that adopted plans and selected the material for the new state house. The judgment of the first commission was criticised at the time by some, and among them were many of Halladay's best friends, but its judgment was later vindicated when the new commission, consisting of members of the rival faction, erected the building in strict accordance with the first commission's plans, although they had made a campaign issue of the fact that the first commission had chosen Bedford stone instead of home material.

In May, 1886, Mr. Halladay was married to Carrie E. Hammond, of Iroquois. They have two children—Edna May, 20 years old, who is now taking a college course and music at the Wesleyan University of Mitchell, and Clinton Frank, 18 years old, who is studying in the engineering department of the State College at Brookings. Mr. Halladay's family life is ideal—as many South Dakotans know who have been entertained in the beautiful and cozy home at Iroquois. Dick says he is hen-pecked, and I guess maybe he is, but that is simply another proof of his good stuff. He is a wise man who lets a good wife "boss" him in the home.

The Iroquois Chief which is simply Dick Halladay in print has always been a strong and unswerving republican newspaper. It has been on the job all the time, and its influence in western Kingsbury and eastern Beadle counties always shows up when the returns come in.

Mr. Halladay is not a rich man—but I want to correct that statement. He is. Any man is rich who has a beautiful and interesting family, a good business, a big bunch of friends in every town and county in the state, and the abiding respect of all who know him, and who is always counted on to steadfastly and bravely adhere to what he believes and to those in whom he believes. In the things that really count in this strange experience that we call life, Dick Halladay is one of the richest men in the state, and he has reason to look back over the twenty-eight useful and busy years spent here with the complete satisfaction of a man who has done a man's work and has done it well.

—By C. M. Day.

A STURDY EDUCATOR

Once more we ask "Who's Who in South Dakota?" and this time the pendulum stops over the little town of Parkston, twenty-two miles south of Mitchell, on the Milwaukee railroad. Aside from the unfortunate death of Anges Polreis, and the two murder trials which grew out of it, this town might scarcely ever have been heard of outside of the immediate community in which it is situated, were it not for the fact that there resides therein a great overpowering personality—a leader in the educational thought of the state, a man of unyielding convictions, Professor Charles H. Lugg.

The searchlight of educational thought is reaching out into the dark unknown, seeking hidden truths, just as the silvery moonbeams flicker themselves across the bosom of a placid lake and penetrate the dark recesses in the under-brush along the opposite shore. Back of this investigation as one of its unyielding pilots, stands Charles H. Lugg. Ever alert, deep, far seeing, well balanced—he has been associated with practically every advanced educational movement in the state for nineteen years.

Lugg has repeatedly declined to become a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. His reasons for it are that the $1,800 salary attached to the office does not justify the cash out-lay necessary to secure it; furthermore, that among the leading politicians in both factions of his party there has come to the surface a strong disposition to use this particular office for "trading stock," and that if he entered the fight—even with all the backing which had been pledged to him—there is no telling where he might land.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Our subject was born on a farm at Geneva, Minnesota. He got his early education in the rural schools. Later he attended the high school at Albert Lea. Upon leaving the high school he

entered the country schools as a teacher. Although his salary was comparatively small, through rigid economy he managed to save enough money in a few years to put himself through Valparaiso University.

His next move was to come to South Dakota where he took charge of the graded schools at Olivet, in the year after he had done his first country school teaching in Minnesota. The death of his mother early the next summer compelled his return to Minnesota where he remained for a year. Returning to South Dakota in 1893, he was elected principal of the Parkston graded schools.

PROFESSOR C. H. LUGG

Lugg's first task was to prevail upon the good people of Parkston to extend their course of study and to educate their children at home. It took him several years to get a new high school building and a three-year course of study; yet with that persistence characteristic of the man he stuck to his convictions until he succeeded.

After nine years as principal at Parkston, the people of Hutchinson county called him into a larger field of service and made him county superintendent of schools. He was re-elected and served four years, from 1902 to 1906. In the latter year his services gained state recognition and he was called to the presidency of the state educational

Lugg also received other recognition. He was made chairman of the committee that revised our common school course of study, and Governor Elrod appointed him a member of the commission that revised the school laws of the state.

Upon the completion of his county superintendency, Professor Lugg was made assistant principal of the Parkston schools. In the spring of 1909 when the principal, Professor Karns, resigned to accept the principalship at Wessington Springs, Lugg succeeded him as principal at Parkston. He is still there, and he seems to have a life lease on his job.

This year when Lugg refused to become a candidate for state superintendent, his party prevailed upon him to become a candidate again for superintendent of Hutchinson county; but he remained firm and declined the honor. Lugg knows from experience that the county superintendency leads nowhere; that if a man has a good job at home it is best to keep it, unless one has determined to give up educational work and desires to use the county superintendency as the jumping-off place.

Professor Lugg is a broad-minded, rational Christian gentleman. He finds God in Nature instead of merely between the lids of an unauthenticated book. Go with him into the Bad Lands, and Lugg will begin to point out to you the finger prints of God in the furrows of the sedimentary dunes; accompany him through the Black Hills, and he will point you to the same signs in the grooves of the rocks; sit with him on his lawn at the twilight hour, and he will show it to you in the tinted glow of the sunset; ride with him at night, and he will show it to you in the shaggy cirrus and in the twinkling stars.

Ah! the reason for it all is that Lugg has been trained to observe. May his great life find itself being repeated in the lives of those whom he has had the privilege to train!

JUST A DEMOCRAT

Two types of men are fast disappearing—if indeed they ever existed. One is the "Rube" of the comic supplement—the simple farmer whose whiskers reach to the bottom of his vest, who tries to turn in a fire alarm at the mail box, who never saw a train of cars, and who gawks at the billboard pictures of actresses on his first visit to the city while Aunt Samanthy indignantly tries to presuade him to move along. The American farmer is not of this type—never was of this type in fact. He belongs to that yeomanry which this year produced nearly nine bililon dollars of new wealth. He goes to town in his auto, he farms with the latest of machinery, his children go to college, he wears "store clothes" and attends the theatre, enjoys frequent trips, subscribes for the daily newspapers and magazines, studies the markets, talks politics, and if you dont' think he is the best posted man to be found in a day's journey, just tackle him on almost any old subject, and you will change your mind.

The other type which has gone—if indeed he was ever with us—is the ragged and discouraged country editor of the stage and of the funny paragraph, who takes cabbage and turnips in exchange for his paper, who prowls through the alley to get a bit to eat, or clambers up to a cheerless garret for a few hours of restful sleep—the tacky, brow-beaten, and poverty-stricken country editor—who lives without a dollar, or a square meal or an extra suit of clothes—he is not to be found anywhere today—not at least in South Dakota—and to be honest about it he never lived here. Newspaper men are much to blame for the current impression of their poverty, because it is a stock joke among the editors, and they seem to rather like it, but the public often gets a wrong impression of the newspaper cratf, and sometimes fails to appreciate either its dignity, its influence, or the financial returns which usually come from honest effort.

Take for instance Clate Tinan, editor of the Kimball Graphic,

"the only strictly moral newspaper in South Dakota." In 1883, Mr. Tinan came out to South Dakota, with two hunting dogs, guns, a bit of ready change, a good education, and a fine business instinct. He bought a bunch of printer's junk in a little 8 by 10 shop, and has ever since been engaged in the busines. He lives today in one of the finest houses in the state, skids over the country in a highpower auto, wears nearly as good clothes as Senator Gamble, takes frequent trips to the cities to see the sights, and he probably never took a bushel of potatoes or a piece of sidemeat in settlement of an account in his life. If you are looking for the newspaper rube, don't go to Kimball.

Mr. Tinan is one of the most popular of the newspaper boys. He has been a member of the State Press association from the early days. He has served as the association's president, and is always called upon on state occasions to do the talking. He is a winsome speaker, and the editors know that when Clate Tinan gets on his feet to respond to an address of welcome, or give a toast at a banquet, or argue a point of mutual interest, the work will be well done. He has at his command a vocabulary of bulls-eye English, and he never fails to hit the mark. A meeting of the association without "Clate" would be set down as a failure. Of late years, a weak auditory nerve resulting from a nervous trouble, aggravated by over work, has decreased the pleasure he formerly secured from these gatherings, but his comrades of the press compete with each other in the splendid rivalry of "putting Clate wise," and his keen appreciation of all the points is double compensation. He is one of the best writers in the state, and his influence towards the democratic cause in Brule county has for years kept it in the democratic column. We know of no reason why Brule county should always be democratic—except that Clate Tinan lives there—and that Harry Wentzy used to—and that both are steadfast adherents of the democratic faith and good fellows.

Clate Tinan was designed for a business career. He was born on the Western Reserve in Ohio, in the little settlement of Rome in Ashtabula county, made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. When he was three years old, his father moved to Rainesville, thirty miles from Cleveland, and engaged in the commecial pursuits for which Clate was designed. After his high school education was completed, it was planned that Clate should go into a commercial line. This he fully intended; but one day—how often little things change the current of life—he went hunting with a friend. That day's sport changed the whole tenor of his life. From that time on, the young man's thought turned away from dusty ledgers, and long columns of figures, and wandered to the

woods, the streams and the fragrant fields. He began to study the question of field sports. He read everything he could find pertaining to the subject. Soon he began to write upon it himself. Gradually he became one of the principal contritbutors to "Forest and Stream" of New York, and the "Chicago Field," the principal field journals of that time. His reputation spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the Chicago Sunday newspapers began to call for his articles and the late N. Rowe, founder of the "Chicago Field"—now the "American Field"—tendered him a staff position. It was about that time that he came to what is now South Dakota, and the bright sunshine, and breezy western life caught his fancy, and he has remained here ever since, winning friends, making a competence, growing intellectually, and doing his man's work. If he is not the father of the present game law in South Dakota, he is the biggest accessory, before the fact in God's green earth, for he has written more, and more effectively, in support of game and fish protection than any other dozen men in the state. No one has done so much to create the sentiment which has made the present law possible or which makes it possible to enforce it with some degree of perfection.

CLATE TINAN

In May, 1903, Mr. Tinan was enlisted, in behalf of Mitchell, to handle the publicity end of Mitchell's capital campaign. He stayed by the job for eighteen months, working like a beaver. He prepared original copy for more than 100 newspapers, which was not duplicated in any two papers. The campaign was conducted from first to last without personalities and when the fight was over, the business men of Mitchell sent

him a personal letter of commendation for the work he had done. Mr. Tinan's popularity was attested by the fact that though the fight was a long and bitter one, not a newspaper in the opposition had an unkind word to say of Clate Tinan.

"The world has been mighty good to me in all and South Dakota in particular," said Mr. Tinan not long ago to the writer. Mr. Tinan is an optimist. He has faith in things. Despite his infirmity—his gradual loss of hearing—he is a great news-gatherer, and there is no newspaper in the state which has a higher standard of accuracy, or perfection in its local field. This infirmity cuts him out of a few associations which he is just built to enjoy—the lodges and clubs and societies, for he is a natural born "mixer"—but his magazines and books and the weekly letters from the "boys" through his list of exchanges bring him the fine content of a great soul, and with his family of wife and two little boys, and a grown up boy, now an all 'round newspaper man in Manila, Philippines, he lives his useful and helpful life, a credit to his state, the pride of the newspaper craft, a daily help in his community, beloved by his multitude of friends, and a delightful believer in the serene philosophy of life and its adjustment.

—By C. M. Day.

LAWYER-POLITICIAN

The Quakers of old Pennsylvania were noted for their silence, particularly so in their mode of worship, where not a sound was heard, and each penitent prayed silently for himself. They had a verse which they used to teach to their children. It ran as follows:

"A wise old owl sat on an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard:
Let us mimic that wise old bird."

The owl in this case happened to be W. C. Cook of Sioux Falls. Here is one of the most silent "wise old birds" that ever sat at the throttle of the political engine of the republican party in South Dakota.

You can go riding with Mr. Cook, talk to him all day, enjoy yourself in his company, come back at night, reflect upon your conversation, and then ask yourself, "Really, what did he tell me?" He's the driest well that a political pump was ever thrust into. You can "pump" him until your vocal valves are worn out, only to find that you have been sucking wind, and that not one ounce of refreshing information has come to the service.

Some one says, "Oh! well, there is nothing in him to pump." Not on your life! We dont' know what Mr. Cook's religious beliefs are, but certain it is he has great faith in that pious passage, "A wise man keepeth his own counsels."

Mr. Cook was born in Gratiot, Lafayette county, Wisconsin, October 5, 1874 and comes of Revolutionary stock. Somehow in these articles we certainly do unearth a lot of Wisconsites. May we digress to say no wonder we feel so much at home in South Dakota, after having married a Wisconsin girl.

At an early age Mr. Cook got it into his head to fit himself for a lawyer. At twenty-one he walked out of the Law School of Wisconsin University, the proud possessor of a piece of sheepskin

that told the story complete—the hours of sacrifice and patient toil.

In 1899 he removed to South Dakota, and the next year he was elected Judge of Aurora county. In 1904 this same county sent him to the state senate, and two years later it returned him.

WILLIS C. COOK

Mr. Cook is a reformer clear through to the backbone. One of his pet reforms is the direct election of United States senators by the people themselves. Once in the state legislature, he lost no time in getting busy along the lines of his own thought. The first thing he did was to introduce a joint-resolution memorializing congress to call a constitutional convention to propose an amendment to our federal constitution for the election of United States senators by direct vote.

He is also the author of the 1907 statute which prohibits corporations from contributing to candidates or to political committees. We'll wager that the corporations are glad and that on a number of occasions Cook, as chairman of the state central committee, has been just a trifle sorry.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

At the time Mr. Cook was a candidate in 1906 for re-election to the State Senate from Aurora County, the reform forces captured the Republican State Convention and he was chosen chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

So successfully did he conduct the campaign of that year and so well did he get the warring factions of his party to pulling together, that he was an easy successor to himself in 1908 and again in 1910.

In 1907 Mr. Cook purchased a half interest in the "Sioux Falls Daily Press," and became identified in newspaper work with Mr. Dotson. In 1910, Cook sold his interests in the paper

to Dotson. While identified with the Press he "hammered" the Argus-Leader plenty; but those days have passed, and new battles to be fought are still before us.

Mr. Cook is a very likeable fellow. His close-mouthed disposition, his political foresight, his inherent honesty, his fidelity and his shrewdness—all combine to fit him preeminently for a political organizer and campaign manager; and we predict that he will always play the game fair, and that the future will hear still more of him than has the past.

(Later.—Since the above article was first published, President Taft has appointed Mr. Cook Internal Revenue Collector for the two Dakotas, at a salary of $4,000 per year. It pays to "play the game."—O. W. C.)

A WORLD-FAMED SINGER

Freckled faced twin girls, bare-footed and bare-headed, chasing butterflies and winged grasshoppers over Dakota prairies, is a vision that brings back to many of us Monnie and Mrytle Lee, of Spink county. How kind was Providence when He decreed that most girls should shed their freckles as they merge into womanhood.

Here was a pair of ideal twins—the greatest earthly blessing that can come to any man's home. Nature never produces any two things just alike, but she almost was caught napping in fashioning the Lee twins. In fact we have always thought that one of them should have been named Kate and the other Dupli—"Kate," and that their names should have been tattooed on their foreheads, for the sake of identification. They fooled their teachers in school, surprised the right fellow by informing him at the gate that he had escorted the wrong girl home, and cut up all sorts of pranks.

THE NAME OF LEE

The surname which they bear is familiar to all of us. One of the most conspicuous names in American history is that of Lee. One of Washington's major-generals bore this name, while at the outbreak of the Civil War there were in the American army thirty-two officers of various ranks, bearing this name.

The famous Lee twins were born at Cresco, Iowa. In 1880 their parents brought them to Dakota and settled on a farm near Big Stone City. The next year they removed to a farm near Ashton, in Spink county.

Here the twin girls got their secondary education in the Ashton public schools. At the age of sixteen their parents sent them to Dakota Wesleyan University, at Mitchell, where they graduated from the normal course with the class of '94.

MUSICIANS

The girls were musicians by birth, instinct, training and choice. Their mother is a splendid musician. She gave piano lessons to her promising twins at an early age.

When the girls entered the D. W. U. their natural and acquired musical ability was soon detected. The old music teacher, Miss Curran, at once said, "They are unusually talented girls of great promise."

These twins not only played well but they sang with great charm and power. Dame Nature favored them, in that she gave to Myrtle a sweet, strong full soprano voice; and to Monnie an alto voice of equal triumph.

SOFIA STEPHALI (Myrtle R. Lee)

At the D. W. U. two literary societies, the "Protonian" and the "Zeta Alpha," were struggling for supremacy. Each was determined to capture for part of its membership the Lee twins. The "Zetas" won, but the "Protonians," were always equally favored with their services. Whenever it was shown by the posted programs that the Lees were to appear in either a vocal or an instrumental duet before either society, that night the opposing society had a lot of delinquents

After graduating from the normal department of the D. W. U. these twin sisters taught school and saved their money with which to complete their musical educations. In 1898 they went to Chicago and entered the "W. S. Mathews's School of Piano," —specializing on piano work, but also taking voice culture under

Bicknell Young of Chicago, and John Dennis Mehan, of New York City.

OVERPOWERING SADNESS

Just why a pair of such promising twin sisters—parts of each other's physical, mental and moral beings—parts of each other's very souls—should be separated by death just as the budding hours of womanhood and the gilded sunrise of success were dawning upon them, is not within the finite powers of man to conceive.

The young ladies had just gotten nicely started in on their work, and saw before them the realization of their girl-hood hopes, when Monnie was taken very ill and was sent to Wesleyan hospital, in Chicago. Only a few days had elapsed when Myrtle was summoned to hurry to the hospital. Imagine, if you can, her feelings when she was led to her twin sister's death chamber and told that the unconscious form before her—that intrinsic part of her very self, which she thought more of than life itself—would soon be stilled in death.

Is it any wonder that Myrtle turned away her face, felt a clammy coldness come over her, bit her lips and then looking upward through tearless eyes, said to herself, "There's no such thing as God!" Cringing under a sting of remorse such as Jesus suffered upon the cross when he cried out, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" she presently heard a voice whisper plainly in her ear—as plainly as though her own mother had spoken to her—"You will both meet again."

Instantaneously hope returned, faith was resurrected, courage sprang up. Monnie died; Myrtle went to the undertaker's, selected a casket for that half of herself which had just passed away, had her sister's body placed in it, and at five o'clock of the same day she was accompanying the remains on a Milwaukee train bound for Mitchell where Monnies's body was tearfully laid away in Graceland Cemetery. Why this sacrifice? None ever will know. Perhaps sadness entering into Myrtle's life was the very thing that was needed to mellow her soul and give to her the power that caused her to bring over a massive assemblage in the Corn Palace at Mitchell one year ago a hush that melted an entire audience into tears, as accompanied by the United States Marine band, she closed the week's engagement on the last night with an almost supernatural interpretation of "Home, Sweet Home." Perhaps after all one of the twins was sacrificed for the development of the other. Let us believe this to be the case.

INSTRUCTOR IN MUSIC

Returning to Dakota Wesleyan, Myrtle was elected instructor

in music. Here for nine consecutive years she served faithfully and well, doing the work that three people are doing today. In addition she handled without pay the Methodist choir. Her work wore her out. On one occasion, during the last year of her D. W. U. work, she gave completely out while walking up the long slope to the school and had to lie down on the side-walk until she could rest and accumulate sufficient energy to move on.

IN BERLIN

But always in her soul there was that burning desire to develop her talents, to mount to the top of her chosen career. She longed to go to Berlin; the opportunity came;—her niece, Miss Hazel Lathrop, of Mitchell, agreed to go with her. They departed in 1907 and remained in Europe for two years.

MME. CORELLI WEEPS

Miss Lee intended, when she went abroad to continue her studies in both voice and on the piano. In the try-out before that great artist, Mme. Corelli, of Berlin, one of the world's sweetest singers and greatest musicians, she asked the young lady to sing for her.

MME. CORELLI

It so happended that Mme. Corelli's mother, Mme. Rose Cillac, was, in her day, one of the greatest singers and musical interpreters in all Europe. Mme. Corelli had inadvertently placed before Miss Lee, on the pinao, one of Mme. Cillac's favorite songs. When the young singer had finished its beautiful strains, and had breathed into its rendition the essence of her own soul, she was surprised as she turned around to find Mme. Corelli in tears. Asked as to the cause, she said: "Yours, my child, is the only voice I have ever heard that sounds so like my mother's that it brings her dear, sweet face back to me."

At this, she clasped the young American in her arms, ex-

claiming: "You cannot afford to divide your energies in the future, in attempting to master both piano and voice. A great career awaits you, as a concert singer. You have a marvelous voice. There's a fortune in it. You will return to America a great concert artist, that your country will be proud to claim."

Momentarily a deep-seated friendliness was kindled between teacher and pupil, which resulted in Miss Lee's being the recipient of much extra time and attention on the part of her instructor, as well as numerous tokens of appreciation.

STERN CONSERVATORY, BERLIN

Whatever the future may bring forth in Miss Lee's life, she can never fully discharge her bond of indebtedness to Mme. Corelli. For two years she specialized on tone production work under the supervision of this great artist; sang at numerous state ceremonies abroad; was enthusiastically received and loudly applauded wherever she appeared; returned to America and sang for a week at the Mitchell Corn Palace, being accompanied by Santleman's famous United States Marine Band; and then removed with her aged mother to whom she has brought so much delight, to the city of Chicago, where at present they live at 6106 Kimbark Avenue.

HER CHICAGO DEBUT

During her first eight months in Chicago, Miss Lee appeared in 189 solos in various parts of the city, but it was not until the evening of November 4, that she made her regular debut at Music Hall and was formally introduced to the city at large.

She was assisted by Theodora Sturkow-Ryder, pianist; Siegmond Cull, violinist; Julius Fuhrmann, flutist, and Miss Bernice Lathrop, accompanist

Her program was given in English, Italian, French and German; yet her articulation was equally distinct in all four tongues, and she won unstinted praise from all her critics.

On this occasion she was terribly handicapped by a severe cold. Several times, between numbers, she was compelled to go behind the curtains and gargle her throat with hot witchhazel. Despite the capacity of Music Hall the room was filled. Some had come to be entertained but many who themselves were artists that had been studying abroad came to criticise. Despite the handicaps, at the end of her first number she had already broken down the barriers of prejudice and had sung herself so completely into the hearts of her hearers, that she was obliged to respond to three successive encores.

Chicago music critics are severe. Any singer who makes his or her debut and escapes an adverse criticism from at least one, or more of them, may well feel proud. Miss Lee did more than this—she escaped censure and won ringing praises from them all. At the conclusion of her program over thirty trained artists went forward to congratulate her in person; and an eminent French critic, making a tour of this country to form an estimate of the best living American singers, stepped up to her and said, "Miss Lee, you possess the greatest concert voice I have ever heard. When I return to my native land and write up for publication the account of my trip, I shall have nothing but words of commendation for you."

Miss Lee's voice is a rich coloratura mezzo-soprano of wide range and exceptional charm. She colors her interpretations with a deep sympathy, weaves around them a charming personality, and she gives to them a dramatic effect which shows she thoroughly appreciates the power of the platform.

Since her formal introduction to the musical world, her services have been everywhere sought for with an earnest persistence. She has now signed up under New York management for two years to give Music Concert Lecture Recitals in all of the large cities of the United States. Her initial appearance in this role will be in San Francisco in February. Her stage title will hereafter be "Sofia Stephali." Although she has left our state, we as South Dakotans will forever be proud of the little surviving twin girl who once roamed our prairies, who earned every dollar she ever spent, who all these years since 1894, when her father died, has supported her mother and sister; and who now has gone forward into the world, a finished product at her own expense, to sing herself into fame and fortune. God bless her!

A MODEST MAN

"I have never consented to collect detailed data concerning myself, when requests like yours, have come in. If others wish to do it, that is their privilege."

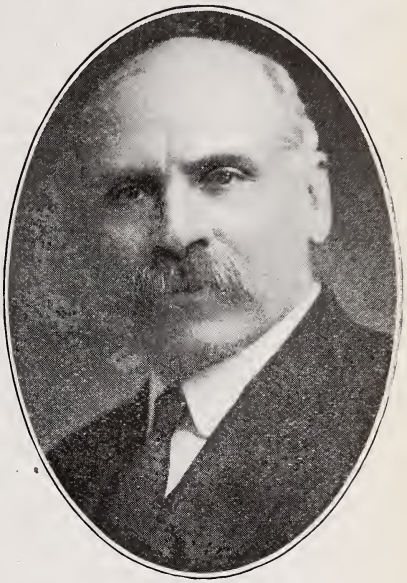
The quotation above is the solid shot that was fired through our hull, in the region of our boiler-room, and came within a hair's breadth of exploding our think-tank, just as we were clearing our literary deck for action. But, after consideration, finding that we had not sustained any permanent injury, that no man's life is a closed secret, that others who actually forbade us to write them up in this department, wrote and thanked us for our kindly sentiments after reading the retrospect of their lives —we decided to weigh anchor, steam out in the deep-blue, transparent, literary sea, whirl around and train our "Who's Who" telescope upon him who fired the shot—Henry Kimball Warren, president of Yankton College.

We offer no complaint about President Warren's reply. It is inimical of the reservation of the man. Almost any other reply, unless the rebuke should have been still more severe, would have lessened our admiration for him. Such replies only whet our determination. If the writer, in the construction of this series of articles, had passed up every person who denied him "private" information, he should have been "licked to a frazzle" long ago. (This slang is all right—Mr. Roosevelt once used it.) Have you never read the story of the giant Ab, who kept on chasing the active Flee-Foot through the mighty forest, with his great muscles vibrating all over him, until at last, through endurance and determination, he finally caught her and carried her back to his cave, a captive, to become his wife?

Well, President Warren's reply, only brought out the best there was in us, and stimulated us to look up his past life in Michigan, in Nebraska, in Utah, and in South Dakota, and review it much more thoroughly than we could have done from any brief notes which he might have prepared.

SCHOLASTIC PREPARATION

Athough born at Cresco, Iowa, President Warren got his early education in the common schools at Portland, Michigan. Later he was graduated from Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan. In 1882 his Alma Mater presented him with his Master's degree, and ten years later conferred upon him his LL. D.



HENRY KIMBALL WARREN

A former member of President Warren's faculty, when he was engaged in public school work at Hannibal, Michigan, who now resides in Chicago, has this to say of his work:

"About two years after taking his degree from Olivet College, Michigan, in the year 1884, Mr. H. K. Warren was elected by the board of education to fill the office of superintendent of the public schools of Hannibal.

"The position was not a sinecure. For many years the school had been conducted without a superintendent, affairs educational being directed by a corps of capable principals. As a result of this old order of things there was a division of opinion in the community as to the real need for filling the office of superintendent.

"With barriers to be broken down, obstacles to be surmounted, the forceful, determined, decisive man, Mr. H. K. Warren, soon made himself master of the situation in Hannibal and accomplished his work with eminent success and to the great satisfaction of an appreciative community.

"One secret of his wide influence lay in his ability to draw out the most and the best from each pupil, teacher or citizen, with whom he was actively associated in work.

"His high ideals, his definite plans, his resolute purpose, his readiness to recognize merit, his eagerness to encourage those who were seeking the best, were unfailing sources of inspiration.

"Soon after assuming the management of the Hannibal public

schools, Mr. H. K. Warren was married to Miss Lily Hamilton of Michigan, a woman of unusual intellectual and spiritual power, an uplifting force in domestic, social and church circles.

"Six years did Mr. Warren, this man of powerful physique, remarkable energy, indefatigable power of endurance, masterful mind, labor in laying the solid foundation of the school system which exists today in Hannibal—a lasting monument to his rare executive power and forceful intellect. Truly he was a 'tower of strength' in the midst of the little city."

Another party, written to at Salt Lake, Utah, had this to say of him:

"Dear Sir: Answering yours of November 23, and December 13, asking about work of Prof. H. K. Warren, for the year he spent here as president of Salt Lake College, would say the word 'college' in connection with our school was for the future. We only had the preparatory department. It has been called Salt Lake Academy. But we wanted a college and changed the name and secured the services of Prof. Warren, and during his stay with us the school made decided progress towards being worthy of the name. His work with us was eminently successful and satisfactory, but the constituency out of which to build a college was small and scattered, and the growth was bound to be slow. There was much competition in the field, of other colleges trying to start here. Therefore, while it was a grievous disappointment to us when at the end of a year he announced that he had decided that he thought it his duty to leave us and go to Yankton, we could not blame him. We remember his work here with pleasure, but also with regret that he did not stay with us. Whe have not yet been able to find anyone to fill the place, efficiently, that was left vacant when he went away."

The report on his work in Nebraska as president of Gates College, at Neligh, was equally favorable. One of his admiring friends, among many other beautiful things, says: "I feel incapable of doing justice to his splendid work."

But, enough of this. We are more interested in what he is doing and has done in South Dakota.

First of all let it be said that President Warren is a born organizer. He has demonstrated this in every field of work in which he has been engaged—particularly so at Yankton. Again, he is a good "money getter," and this element dare never be lacking any man selected for the head of a denominational school. A few years since we picked up a Sioux City Journal on the train and noted where this man Warren had just pulled the leg of Dr. Pearson of Chicago for $34,000; and at another time we saw

where he had hit Andrew Carnegie for an even half as much; and we have a faint recollection that on another occasion he tapped a wealthy New Yorker for $100,000. The big "gifts" mean a lot to any school. It costs a large per cent of the small contributions to collect them.

Since Warren was chosen president of Yankton College in 1892, the presidents of all other colleges in the state have been changed from two to four times apiece. (We are now writng about colleges, not normal schools.) He is a "stayer" since he got into the proper field.

In addition to his presidential work, he has been for years one of the institute conductors and instructors of the state. Each year he also delivers a large number of commencement addresses throughout the state. We recall having heard one of these addresses in 1904, and it had in it more "meat" than any similar address to which we have ever listened.

President Warren has large plans for the future of the school, over which he has so ably presided for the past fifteen years. Just now he is in the midst of a campaign to raise an additional endowment fund of $250,000. He got half of the amount pledged from "big fish" before he attacked the "small fries." Of course he will win—he never knew defeat and he never will. He isn't built that way.

HOME LIFE

No matter what position a man may occupy, if his home life is not pleasant, he is a failure. Any man is foolish to close his eyes and select a companion who is going to handicap him for life. The English girls who were brought to America away back in the seventeenth century and bartered as wives to the Jamestown colonists for so many pounds, each, of tobacco, made better helpmeets than lots of girls selected nowadays after a brief courtship.

Warren went slow on this vital proposition. When Don Cupid got to arousing the palpitations of his heart he centered his affection on an accomplished lady who had been severely tested, Miss Lillian Elizabeth Hamilton, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke seminary, and at the time of her marriage perceptress of the Sturgis, Michigan, schools.

President and Mrs. Warren are the happy parents of three, strong, promising children. The eldest son, Howard Hamilton Warren, graduated from Yankton College in 1907, and the same year he won the interstate oratorical contest. He is now a senior

in the Harvard law school. President Warren is building great hopes on this boy's future, and no doubt they will be realized, if not surpassed. The two younger children, Robert and Ruth, are now academy students.

LITTLE, BUT OH! MY

"PREMIERES FUNERAILIES" (the first funeral) is the inscription on a touching piece of triple statuary in the north end of the Art Institute in Chicago. This same embodies Adam and Eve carrying in front of them the nude form of their son, Abel, killed by his brother, Cain, ready to deposit it in an open tomb and it commemorates the first murder.

Abel is represented in the Bible as an ideal son. Those who believe in the re-incarnation of the soul may find some consolation in the presumption that Abel's ideal soul is now re-incarnated in another Abel—the Honorable E. L., of Huron.

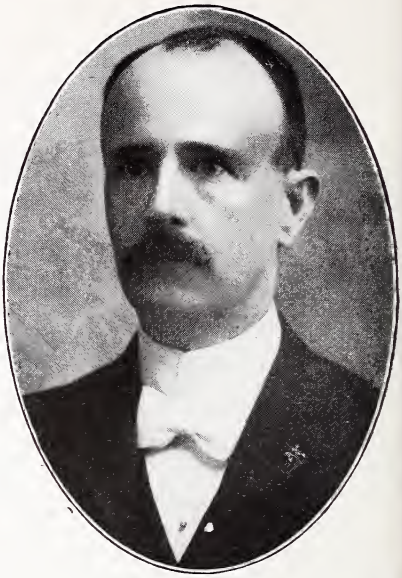
Here is a little fellow—"little, but Oh! my," "abel" to hold his own with the best of them, whether in business, in politics, in the literary world, in oratory or in debate. "Abel?" Yes; an "abel" man (phonetic spelling brings out the sense.)

One of the first things a soldier must learn during actual warfare is not to flinch under fire. The same thing holds true in political warfare. The fellow standing on the "stump" firing his vocal musket at his hearers, who can withstand a return fire without flinching, is the fellow who will win. Such a political soldier is little E. L. Abel. For this reason he makes an ideal campaigner. He can go into the heart of the enemy's country, open a political meeting as a Republican Evangel, parry off the fiery darts of putrid iniquity hurled at him by his assailants, and come out of the melee undisturbed in body, mind or spirit.

Abel is a lawyer by training, but a banker by profession. His legal training serves as a great help to him in business affairs,—not in getting out of trouble, but in keeping out. In discussing this matter in a letter to one of his friends (which mysteriously fell into our hands,) he said:

"I have found, however, that we cannot always follow our bent. If so, I would be at the bar in place of behind a bank counter. When I should have started to practice law I simply

could not get away from the necessity, and that immediate, of getting bread and butter to fill the mouths of a wife and baby, and I had not the nerve to risk their welfare upon my ability, knowing that they would suffer if I should fail to make good as a diciple of Blackstone in action."



E. L. ABEL

Illinois gave birth to Mr. Abel at Springfield, thirteen days after Abe Lincoln's election to the presidency in 1860. Having spent his boyhood during those strenuous days he became innoculated with a spirit of loyalty and patriotism that has lasted him through life.

His education was acquired in the city schools at Springfiled, in the University at Carbondale, Illinois, and in the hard school of experience. Like many others he started out in life as a country school teacher, and like thousands of others have done, he used the teaching profession merely as a stepping stone to something better. During his odd moments he read law, and in 1884 he was admitted to the Illinois bar. The next year he was elected city attorney.

ADOPTED BY SOUTH DAKOTA

Tired of "down east" methods and believing that the "golden west" held greater opportunities for a young man, Mr. Abel "pulled stakes" in 1887 and struck west. He settled at Bridgewater, S. D., and engaged in banking and in the practice of law.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," said an old sage long ago. Abel belongs to the latter class. Peculiarly enough, he has never been an office seeker, but since coming to this state, he has been almost constantly an office holder. Offices of various kinds have been clinging to his political skirts like a bull-pup to a bone.

At Bridgewater they made him alderman, then mayor, and they kept him on the board of education for twelve consecutive

years. Governor Mellette appointed him trustee of the Sioux Falls penitentiary in 1888. In 1902 McCook county sent him to the legislature as state senator, and in 1904 they returned him with an overwhelming majority. For awhile he edited the Salem Pioneer Register. Then in 1905 he removed to Huron, and two years later he established the City National Bank at that place and became its president. Last year he was elected president of the board of trustees of Huron College.

While in the state senate, Abel was a power for good. He helped to shape our oil inspection law which has since been copied by ten other states. He introduced and steered through the senate an anti-trust law that was a model. Corporations rushed on their lobbyists and defeated it in the house.

MANY SIDED FELLOW

It will readily be seen that Abel is a many sided fellow, a symmetrical man, if you please. We have already detected him to be a teacher, lawyer, banker, politician, and statesman. But this is not all, he is also an orator and a poet. Abel is one of the happiest combinations of literary ability and business instinct that we have ever had in the state. He has delivered the greatest number of addresses on the greatest variety of subjects of any man in South Dakota.

His addresses are all literary jewels, clad in garlands of rhetoric, studded with diamonds of speech, and they sparkle and glitter with a polished diction that is soul-entrancing. We have before us at this time such a large collection of them that we feel at a loss, and utterly incompetent, to select for publication herein any one of them or any part of the same. Again it is scarcely necessary, for he has spoken during the past twenty-three years in every town of any size in the state.

His style can readily be caught, however, from a couple paragraphs taken from his Memorial address before the Elk's Lodge:

"The great mission of our order is to bring men nearer to each other and to develop more completely the brotherhood of man. Fraternalizing human hearts is the greatest and most important duty each of us is called upon to perform, for love weaves into life the woof and warp of happiness, without which the heart is as barren as a dessert.

* * * * * *

"The perfume of the flowers we place upon a brothers' coffin cannot reach back and bring solace to his troubled hours while

yet he trod the troubled path of life, and the tears we shed upon his grave can never heal the wounds we made in life upon his tortured heart.

"Let us place our flowers upon the graves of our departed brothers, and mingle with them our sorrowing tears to give expression to our grief; but while life lasts let us not forget to give each other every day the beautiful flowers of brotherly love and kindness, then when the cord of life is cut and some brother falls into that sleep from which no awakening comes, we can stand beside the grave and place our flowers upon the coffin which holds his lifeless form, with a serene feeling of satisfaction in the fact that our floral offerings are but the emblem of those we gave while he was still our cherished companion in the pilgrimage of life."

The heart and character and brotherly devotion of the man are amply set forth in the above paragraphs. But we dare not close without giving to our readers one of his beautiful, patriotic, inspiring poems. It should be reproduced by every newspaper in the state, and be published in our school readers.

KNOW YE THE LAND?

Know ye the land where the blue joint doth flourish,
And cattle on prairies grow heavy with fat;
Where the white-coated sheep in winter do nourish
The grasses which cover the earth like a mat;
Where the growing of wheat brings the gold from the east,
Where people ne'er hunger but are ever at feast;
Where the owner of sheep has a fortune in sight,
And hard times are past while the future is bright;
Where potatoes, rye, barley and long-headed oats
Make the farmer's life easy in the raising of shoats;
Where the cow's golden butter and the fruit of the hen
Are the products which bring such large fortunes to men;
Where the country is blessed with the richest of soil,
And bountiful harvests reward man for his toil;
Where bright gold and silver in profusion abound
And beautiful jasper for building is found;
Where churches in plenty raise toward heaven their spires
And schools in great numbers furnish learning's desires;
Where the song of the plow boy is heard early at morn
As he goes forth to till the broad acres of corn;
Where the maid's rosy cheeks are the youth's wild delight
While their beautiful eyes shine like stars of the night;
Where matrons meet age with faces so fair

That they seem ever youthful, though silvered their hair;
Where Hygeia's blessings are showered upon all
And summer keeps smiling until late in the fall;
Where winters are short and soon melt into spring;
Where the harvest is crowned by Mondamin, the king;
Where the flower of its youth to rescue suffering afar,
Promptly respond to the call of the nation to war?
Know ye he land? 'Tis the land which we love,
Which hath been bountifully blessed by the Father above;
'Tis our fair South Dakota which nature has blest,
Affording humanity a place of sweet rest;
And today she invites the proud sons of the East
To sit at her tables and partake of her feast.

(Later.—Since the above was written, Mr. Abel has been nominated and elected Lieutenant-Governor of South Dakota; and, at the time of going to press his political star is greatly in the ascendency.)

THE STATE'S RIPEST SCHOLAR

The Roosevelt of Dakota Wesleyan University—that round-headed, enduring, philosophical, substantial educator, Dr. Samuel Weir. How the institution with which he is identified has learned to love him, the state at large to revere him, and the educational and theological fraternities of the whole nation to hearken to his learned advice.

Dr. Weir was born at London, Middlesex county, Province of Ontario, Canada, three days after the firing on Fort Sumpter at the inception of the Civil War.

His early education was acquired in the public schools of his native province and in the provincial normal school. It is frequently said of a man, "He has been given all that the schools of this country afford." More than that may be said for Weir; he has been given all that the schools of two continents afford He finished his course at Garret Biblical Institute in 1887, receiving his B. D. degree. Two years later he received his A. B., from Northwestern; and in 1891, Illinois Wesleyan honored him with his Master's degree. Later he studied for one year in Boston University. Still dissatisfied with his preparation, he went abroad for study and travel. Plunging at once into the weighty philosophical course in the famous university of Jena, into its classic library of 200,000 volumes, into its 100,000 dissertations, into its 900 volumes of ancient manuscripts, he came forth in 1895 as a finished product of the school, and was honored with his Ph. D. degree, "summa cum laude," a distinction never before accorded to any foreigner under the sun. He also did some work at the University of Leipsic.

EXPERIENCE

Applying a man's education becomes his experience. If he is alert, absorbs from his surroundings and applies well the theory gained, his experience soon becomes the most valuable part of his education. No man can long tread water in the current of life.

He may presume he is merely standing still, resting, but shortly he will observe that the shore line opposite him is much nearer the falls than it was when he first ceased to struggle. Dr. Weir has never ceased the battle. His constant struggle onward and upward in the experience of life has broadened his education more than did his academic preparation. After graduating from the normal school in his native province, he removed to Michigan in 1884 and joined the Detroit conference of the M. E. church. This experience gave rise to his ambition to finish his education. After his graduation from Northwestern in 1889, he accepted the position of professor of Latin and Greek in the Southwest Kansas College. A year later he was called to the pastorate of St. Paul's chuch, Wichita, Kansas, and before another year had passed he was elected to the First church, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dr. Weir had been married in 1889 to Miss Caroline Voss. The altitude at Cheyenne so greatly affected her health that at the close of his first year of pastoral work at that place, he was compelled to resign and seek a new field Accordingly he accepted a temporary appointment as instructor in mathematics, Northwestern University. From there he went to Boston to study, and from the latter place to Germany.

Upon his return to America in the summer of 1895, after his graduation at Jena, he was elected professor of ethics in the school of pedagogy, University of New York, and professor of philosophy, graduate school of the same institution. He held these two positions for six years, and then resigned voluntarily, because he could not conscientiously endorse the administration of the school. Thd next year he spent as lecturer on education, University of Cincinnati. The next two years were spent as principal of the state normal school, Clarion, Pennsylvania, and the school year 1904-5 was utilized by him as honorary fellow, Clark University.

In 1905 he was called by Dr. Thomas Nicholson, at that time president of Dakota Wesleyan University, at Mitchell, S. D., to organize the school of education of that institution. In January, following, he was elected vice president of the university and dean of the school of education, and entrusted largely with its educational administration. When Dr. Nicholson resigned, two years since, Dr. Weir was approached by a member of the board of trustees of the school, with a view to elevatiing him to the presidency. He declined it. A few weeks later, he was offered the deanship of the school of theology, University of Chattanooga. This he also declined.

ABLE SCHOLAR

When the fleecy-winged angel of life gently laid Baby Weir into his mother's lap, it gave to the world a thinker—a thinker, if you please, of the Emersonian style. A half century has passed by since Wilson wrote those immortal words:

"Think for thyself! One good idea,
But known to be thine own.
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown."

This is Dr. Weir's creed. Original thought is his hobby. He does his own thinking; he inspires his students to think.

His extensive preparation, coupled with his broad successful experience, has made him easily the ripest scholar in the state. As a student at Northwestern, he won the Gage debating prize; at Jena he was honored as no other American has ever been. Professor Woodburn, principal of the training school, N. N. I. S., Aberdeen, S. D., who took some work in philosophy under Dr. Weir during summer school at the D. W. U., a few years since, said to the writer, "I didn't suppose we had a man like him in the state."

DR. SAMUEL WEIR

RELATION OF TEACHER AND STUDENT

The success of any undertaking must be determined by the results.

Success is measured in achievement and not in dreams. Grant's tunneling under Richmond, although admirably conceived, was not a success, on account of its disastrous result; while the carrying of Missionary Ridge by his troops during the campaign

about Chatanooga, was a pre-eminent success, although not conceived at all.

This principle holds true in all walks of life, especially in the teaching profession. The scholarship possessed by the students turned out by a teacher is the best evidence of his success or failure as an instructor. As President Cook of the Spearfish Normal, with pardonable pride, points to the world-renowned Mayo Bros., surgeons at Rochester, Minnesota, as old students of his, so Samuel Weir, in taking a retrospect of his own life, finds consolation in the living evidences of his success manifested by those who as students under his Socratic instruction, are today filling positions of honor and trust. Among these are Bishop Anderson of the M. E. churh; also Rev. Kirk Robbins, Greencastle, Indiana, successor to Dr. Hoagland, of Mitchell; Professor Karp of Syracuse University, and from fifteen to twenty others who have become noted. Among his students in philosophy, while professor in the University of New York, were representatives of the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Congregational, the Baptist and the Evangelical Lutheran ministry. He also trained two Catholic priests, and a Jewish lady who has since won distinction as an author.

The kindly esteem in which Dr. Weir is held by the alumni of Dakota Wesleyan was ably voiced in the large number of letters which he received from them this year on the anniversary of his birthday, April 15. These came from students of his scattered all over the world, including one from Ethel Shepherd-Carhart, Concepcion, Chili. The latter, in addition to its expressed reverence for the doctor and its unreserved, outspoken appreciation of the influence of his life over hers, by reason of their classroom contact, is, within itself, a literary classic. It merits publication in full, but space forbids. The letters are all gems and they evidently impressed the Doctor with the fact that "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

These young people write touchingly of the help received from their loyal, philosophical instructor. Well they may. Here is a case that illustrates his work: When Dr. Weir was instructor in mathematis, Northwestern University, Samuel Merwin, the present editor of the "Success Magazine," and of "The National Post," was a student in the institution. Although brilliant along literary lines, he was dreadfully poor in mathematics. It became evident that he was not going to be able to graduate. Whereupon Dr. Weir took him under his tutorage, in personal interest and as a special favor, with the result that Merwin graduated with honor; and today he is ably filling his mission on earth in the editorial world.

EDITOR

Dr. Weir is the author of "Christianity as a Factor in Civilization" (1893). He is also the contributor of numerous weighty magazine articles, and for the past four years, in addition to his heavy work, he has ably edited the department of education in the Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader. His diction, although not flowery and imaginative, is vigorous, compact, polished and inviting. He furnishes practically as much original matter each week as do the editors of either of the state educational journals each month. They supply subject matter for ten issues; he supplies it for fifty-two.

CONCLUSION

Mrs. Weir died many years ago, leaving to her husband as a comforting heritage, a talented baby girl who will this year graduate from Northwestern University.

On June 2, 1897, Dr. Weir re-married—the second Mrs. Weir being Miss Sarah Richards of Aurora, Illinois. She is a talented and accomplished musician, and at present one of the vocal instructors at D. W. U. In her birthday letter to Dr. Weir Mrs. Carhart refers to his wife as follows:

"Scarcely less of a help and inspiration to me than yourself, has been, and is, the woman who is queen of your home. Among all the women in Mitchell, to me she is the most splendid embodiment of culture and grace and beauty."

When Dr. Weir has finished the struggle, when his busy hands lie folded in silence across his manly bosom, when the deep blue eyes that now sparkle with intelligence and win him so many friendships are closed in endless sleep, the pastor who pronounces his eulogy will no doubt feel honored to proclaim, "The world has been made better because he lived."

He is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi, and of the Phi Betta Kappa fraternities; also of the A. A. A. S. and of the N. E. A.

Viewed from one angle, he is gentle, loving and companionable; from another, cultured, inspiring and philosophic; and from still another, pious, reverent, manly and good. If his soul were stripped of its earthly encasement, we doubt if a single spot could be found on it. Congratulations, Dakota Wesleyan, on having such a seer in education for your anchor.

A STANDPAT EDITOR

Standpattism is not necessarily standstillism; it is simply loyalty to one's convictions, the execution of an ideal, regardless of clamor, the adherence to a policy—right or wrong.

Jesus Christ was a standpatter of the first magnitude, and he got enduring results instead of temporary gain. Columbus was endowed with a similar nature. Washington revealed it, and Charlie Day, editor of the Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader, has it.

Day is a man of mighty strong convictions, and he has the courage to express them. It matters little to him whether our whole congressional delegation, multiplied farmers' conventions and what not are for or against Canadian reciprocity, Day is for it, and with him "Day" goes. Having taken his stand for it, no set of politicians can swerve him from his course. He'd pull down the Argus-Leader sign, send home the employees, turn the key in the door and shut up shop, if necessary, but change front—never!

C. M. DAY

Yet Day is not stubborn; he is simply unyielding in his conviction of duty. And it is this very element in his nature, breathed into his editorial work, that has given the Daily Argus-Leader such prominence, such wide circu-

lation, and made it the leading daily of the Dakotas and one of the most influential papers of the northwest.

Day is also a practical politician,—so much so that he will support after the primaries a republican ticket which he in whole or in part vigorously opposed before the nominations were made. In other words, he is a standpat party man. Wendell Phillips declared, "He who forsakes principle for party, goes down, and the armed batallions of God march over him." Phillips was a theoretical politician. Day, like President McKinley, is just the reverse, —a practical politician. McKinley said, "Young man, stand by your party and your party will stand by you." This is Day's viewpoint. He remains "regular" and stands pat for his party in the state and nation.

DAY'S STYLE

Day has a style of writing that is peculiarly his own. It is as simple as that of a school boy, yet as penetrating as a javelin. His recognition as an editorial writer seems to come from his power of simplification. In a general way he writes in short, terse sentences that fairly snap with life, and carry conviction to his readers. It is, in other words, simple individuality imparted to his work. Day is a man with a pronounced personality. This finds expression in his writings. His face is his trademark. His intense expression reveals his standpattism. His standpattism and his clear-cut, eloquent prose, command respect, and cause a larger percent of his subscribers to neglect the news and to read the editorial page of the Argus-Leader, when their papers are received than any other newspaper we have ever known.

His editorial page discloses daily the incontrovertible fact that Charlie is a prolific writer. He expresses himself with equal elegance and grace on every conceivable subject that may interest the public minds. He never uses a big word, if a small one will suffice. His treatises of political, of social and of moral problems, reveal alike his wide range of knowledge and his simplified manner of digesting his themes.

Again, in his newspaper "debates" with other editors of the state, Mr. Day is always pre eminently fair, and he puts his criticisms of men and conditions in dignified language. His disposition to give the other fellow a fair hearing, and his absence of personal replies to personal threats that are made at him by other papers, have won for him a host of admiring friends. Instead of using that ugly little word, spelled with four letters, that does so much to estrange men, he simply says "Editor So and So does the Argus-Leader an injustice," and thus puts his replies on a high plane.

For this reason the newspaper fraternity like him, and a few years since they elected him president of the South Dakota Press Association.

BIGNESS

One thing that everybody likes about Editor Day is the bigness which he shows in giving up the free use of his editorial page to his enemies as readily as he does to his friends. Every few days, as is customary with a live editor, some one has a grievance at him to air. Mr. Day invariably publishes these harsh things about himself just as freely as he does the kind comments that come floating along. It takes a patriot to do this.

But the reader must not infer that Mr. Day is passive in his nature, or that he is too well balanced to err. Like the rest of us, sometimes he, too, acts on impusle rather than reason, and then something drops. One end of his editorial pencil is thoroughly steeped in vitriolic acid; but fortunately for himself as well as for the public he usually writes with the other end.

Not long since he deliberately accused Clate Tinan, editor of the Kimball Graphic—a newspaper man;—think of it! of dressing as well as Senator Gamble.

Once again he got his pencil turned around and specifically stated that a certain Sioux Falls attorney who was a member of the South Dakota legislature, was not a statesman, whereupon the broken-hearted state legislature passed a resolution denouncing Mr. Day for such unfriendly and unjustifiable criticism. Of course this helped to advertise the Argus-Leader, and it brought Mr. Day a score or more of new subscribers. On another occasion Charlie inadvertently sharpened the vitriolic end of his editorial pencil, and then when he began to write he put on more pressure than he had intended, and he inflicted a Fitfy-Thousand-Dollar wound in the right hyprochondrical cavity just under the diaphragm of a valiant Norskman at Huron, that caused the fellow to believe he was suffering from internal peritonitis, appendicitis, atrophic cirrhosis of the liver, and gall stones—all at once.

On this occasion Charlie would have been punished, if it had not been for a counter-irritant. While the wound was being disinfected by the lamented Kittredge with paroxide of courtrygen. (We must have medical terms to fit the remedy.) changing venue occasionally as the distressful days passed by ,a coterie of long, pious faced politicians, signed a written agreement with this same valiant Norskman that if he would secure the nomination of several of their ring-leaders to good fat offices, they would, immediately thereafter, join hands with him in

bringing about certain political reforms which the injured Norskman desired—particularly the election of postmasters and the dividing of other political patronage by a legally constituted committee, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

The valiant Norskman kept his part of the agreement. But when the primary election was over, the signers of this sacred (?) political pact kicked over the traces, repudiated their part of the agreement, and in so doing inflicted such a painful wound in the Norskman's left hypochondrical cavity, just below his diaphragm, in such dangerously close proximity to the Norskman's big heart, that he forgot all about the wound inflicted on the opposite side by Charlie Day, and so it gradually healed. But the other wound made by the broken pledge produced a running sore which is still discharging.

ON THE PLATFORM

It seldom occurs that a polished writer is also a good public speaker. Day is an exception—a combination. He can say more in five words on the platform than some folks can say in five minutes. Again, he is one of the readiest off-hand speakers in the state. He can sit at his editorial desk all day doing his regular work, and then in the evening drive out to some point in Minnehaha county and fairly hypnotize a political gathering for several hours with his snappy argument. Mr. Day's services are also in demand among the state schools. Recently he delivered an able address before the students of our state university, and on Decoration Day of this year he was the orator at Geddes. June 15th, he delivered another patriotic address before the Lake Madison Veteran's association, at Colton. Charlie's combined literary attainments will yet bring him just recompense in the political realm.

Here is a sample of his pointed talks. Speaking at a banquet held in Sioux Falls in honor of Senator Kittredge, during the eventful campaign of 1908, he said: "If Senator Kittredge isn't renominated at the primaries next Tuesday, I, for one, will walk down the streets of Sioux Falls with my head bowed in shame."

Kittredge was defeated; Day hung his head, but it was with fervent sorrow. Three years elapsed. Kittredge lay unconscious in a hotel at Hot Springs, Arkansas, awaiting the final summons to appear in Court. Day stood by his side, holding his limp fevered hand. And the greatest consolation of that trying hour to Mr. Day was the fact that neither he nor the Argus-Leader had ever forsaken the senator. Charlie's head was no longer bowed

in shame; but it remains bowed in grief. They were true friends.

Day's ready wit makes him an ideal toastmaster. He acted in this capacity during the Roosevelt banquet, held in Sioux Falls. The Commercial Club of that city, the Elk's lodge, and other organizations are continually pressing him into similar service.

One evening, while attending an Elk's banquet at the Cataract hotel in Sioux Falls, Mr. Day was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," so we were told by one who was present. It was just about midnight when he arose to speak. He followed his subject for a few minutes, and then looking at the hands of the clock, said that the day observed as "Mothers' Day" was just approaching. Concluding his remarks, the speaker said: "If mother be living and with you, pay her some slight mark of respect which her old eyes will not be too dim to see and appreciate. If she be living and absent, write her a good cordial letter and let her know that you thought of her on 'Mothers' Day.' If she has gone—if her weary feet have climbed the 'silver stairway of the stars,' let us give to her sacred memory the deep devotion of a thoughtful hour; and let us here resolve, as man to man and Elk to Elk, to try to be as clean and brave and manly as Mother would have us be!"

It was told us by our informant that when Mr. Day sat down, there was hardly a dry eye in the room. Then came an outburst of applause which made the banquet hall ring again and again. And a large number of those present, before they went home that very night, wired orders for flowers to be sent to their absent mothers the next morning; and several of them have never since allowed the day to pass unobserved.

Charlie Day was born to win. In his veins courses blood of the Sons of Erin, the followers of Bruce and the descendants of good old Yankeedom. Dame Nature permitted him to draw his first breath at Sidney, Iowa, November 4, 1853. (He will draw his last one in South Dakota). Day's mother was a very charming lady possessed of great literary talent, and she was also noted for her wit and humor. His father was Judge James D. Day, of the Iowa supreme court. Thus Charlie came into the world under the most favorable circumstances—came in, as previously stated, to win.

At the age of twenty-three young Day struck westward. He landed in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, twenty-five years ago, July 9, 1886, penniless. Discouraged? Never! He took a job the next morning on the Daily Argus, as news editor. He started in at $5 per week. Thus the first dollar he ever earned in our fair young state was with his pen. We predict the last one will be earned with his tongue.

But, as has been said a thousand times, you can't keep a good man down. The manner in which Charlie wrote up pink teas and other townfolk affairs, at once won him recognition. Young Day had ideas; he expressed them. His columns revealed originality. Almost before he knew it he was doing editorial work on the paper, as a side line.

Day knew the value of saving. Every spare dollar, and some that he couldn't spare, were slipped into his worshipped savings bank. Two years after becoming identified with the Daily Argus, he had saved up enough money to get married, and in one year more (1889), to acquire an interest in the paper. The next year, 1890, he and his partner, Tomlinson, bought the Weekly Leader, and merged it with the Daily Argus,—thus giving birth to the Daily Argus-Leader. Later, Day bought Tomlinson's interest. Five years ago the ownership was converted into a corporation with Charles M. Day as editor-in-chief and the leading stockholder in the company. He has done nearly all of the editorial work for fifteen years. When Day took charge of the Argus-Leader, its total circulation throughout the country at large was only one-third of what it is today in the city of Sioux Falls alone; and its total circulation today is twelve times what it was when he assumed control. This shows thrift. It shows that Day's fearlessness in expressing himself editorially meets public approval, otherwise the public would not accord him this patronage.

SOCIABILITY

Charlie Day is one of the most sociable creatures ever created. He makes friends wherever he goes, or with whomsoever comes. This admirable trait in his nature finds expression in many ways. For instance, unlike other editors of large daily papers who betake themselves into a closed room—one not infrequently locked—to do their editorial work, and leave with everybody around the shop explicit instructions that they are not to be interrupted except in cases of the most extreme necessity, Day does his editorial work in the open, right out in a room among his employees, where the public also has easy access to him; does it amid all kinds of interruptions, and never complains. Why? Well, because he's a social creature, and he enjoys the sociability of his fellowmen; besides, he likes to keep in touch with everybody.

When Day succeeded to the editorship, the Kimball Graphic said, "Charlie Day is a man that the newspaper boys of the state will snuggle up to," and the prediction has come true.

DAY'S FAMILY

Two years after young Day landed in Sioux Falls, Don Cupid broke open his little savings bank, took out enough money to get Charlie a wedding license, a wedding suit and some furniture, and the young reporter on the Daily Argus set up housekeeping at once with Miss Annie Louise Davenport. Mrs. Day is a strikingly handsome lady with a Grecian cast of features. She is winsome in her mannerisms, stately and dignified in her appearance; yet withal common and companionable. Charlie has more than once been envied by less-contented members of his own sex.

Mr. and Mrs. Day are now closing the latter half of middle life. Like other people who have reached this age, they have already begun to live over again their own lives in the lives of their offspring, and to find their chiefest comfort in their children—a son, Herbert James, aged 21, and a daughter, Miss Dorothy, aged 18. Herbert graduated this year from the University of Missouri, and he is now taking his medical course. Miss Dorothy also graduated in June from the Sioux Falls high school, being valedictorian of her class which consisted of fifty-nine members. No small distinction!

Thus ends our review of the life of an Iowa lad who at maturity crossed the Big Sioux into Dakota; and who, through frugality, honesty, hard work and sticktoitiveness carved for himself a niche in the hall of our state's proud fame where he will be revered for many years to come as the "biggest" editor in South Dakota newspaperdom.

Here's a hand, Brother Day, of recognition and congratulation. Keep plodding! the hill-top is not yet reached. Destiny lies before you.

AN AGED GENERAL

Gen. Conklin, of Clark, S. D., was born so long ago that nobody else living seems to know just when it was. Suffice it to say he was a large boy well along in his 'teens when the last one of the signers of the Declaration of Indpendence died. He thus becomes the connective link between two historical epochs. Conklin himself says it was somewhere between the hours of six and eight, on May 5, 1829, at Penn Yan, New York, that he entered life and gave notice to his proud parents that he was ready for his first meal.

Think of it! John Quincy Adams was president of the United States and a colony of prominent revolutionary heroes were still alive. The general has actually lived through three complete generations who have come and gone. He was married in each of them and helped to produce the particular generation in which he was at the time living.

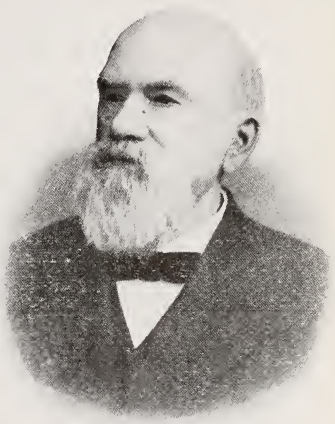
HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT

The general has watched with keenest interest the development of our national history. During his life the Mexican, the Civil and the Spanish-American wars have all been fought—and won! He watched the spinning wheel and the hand loom give way to the modern factory; the cradle yield to the reaper and the latter to the twine binder; the flail superceded by the threshing machine; the top carriage supplant the stage coach and then both yield to the automobile; steam power giving way to electricity; the telegraph, telephone, cablegraph, wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane—all glide in and take their respective places in the onward march of our modern civilization. He was born before the first railroad was built in America. Today the country is permeated by a mesh of railroads as intricate in their interlacings as the organs of circulation in the human anatomy. When he was a boy it took five weeks to cross the Atlantic. Now it takes

less than five days. He has tarried to see the north pole discovered, and then split in two by Peary and Cook for kindling wood; the south pole also located; and the western continent soon to be divided into two island empires by the Panama Canal. What an age through which to have lived!

TRAINING FOR LIFE

With General Conklin life has not been a bed of roses, or one long sunny dream. Left fatherless at the age of three, he was kicked out into a cruel world to hustle for himself. At the age of twelve, some of his kind friends (?), taking advantage of the New York law, apprenticed him for five years to a shoemaker and tanner to learn the cobbler's trade, but they made absolutely no provision for the lad's education. When he finally reached his eighteenth year, he went into business for himself. Then he began his education. While others slept, young Conklin was burning tallow candles over his books in an old attic.



GEN. S. J. CONKLIN

Almost before we can comprehend it, we find him helping to organize the republican party in the state of New York and dabbling in politics. The writer is well along in middle life, yet Conklin had stumped the east for four successive republican presidential nominees, before the writer was born.

It was these early experiences on the stump that caused the young fellow to determine to fit himself for a lawyer. He kept faithfully at it until 1857, when he was admitted to the bar and became one of the most successful lawyers in that state.

WAR RECORD

Harkening to the call of his country, in 1862, he laid aside everything to help save the Union. President Lincoln commissioned him an officer. At the close of the war he was assigned to duty for three years under the treasury department with headquarters in Wisocnsin. Later on he served four years in the reconstruction service, with headquarters at New Orleans.

NEWSPAPER MAN

General Conklin finally quit the military service, went back to Wisconsin and started a republican reform newspaper. But in 1879, seeing that the tide of emigration was westward, he packed up his newspaper plant, and with it headed for Watertown, South Dakota.

He got out several boom editions of his paper. One consisted of 200,000 copies. It set forth the advantages of the new territory in such a neat, readable, appetizing way that the Northwestern railway company bought 50,000 copies for distribution along their line of road. The president of the road wrote: "It was worth more for the purpose intended than any carload of advertising matter we have ever invested in" The Milwaukee company also bought 40,000 copies of the issue.

Newspaper work was to his liking. Here he could unfold himself to the limit, so that as a person read his iconoclastic editorials he would fairly rise in his chair as he felt the tiny muscles of his scalp use his epidermis for a fulcrum and prick his hair on end. And the general took advantage of his opportunities. The old files of his paper still plainly disclose this truth.

There was in this territory at that time a bunch of usurers. Conklin kept after these fellows relentlessly till he finally helped to drive them from the state.

WRITER AND SPEAKER

Again, Conklin is a prolific writer and speaker. It is doubtful if the state has as yet produced another man who can pin so many adjectives to a noun, indulge in such superlatively classical complex sentences, put into the imagination such vistas of thought, and lift the soul into such realms of comprehension as he.

His style will at once be caught by reading the following extract from one of his arguments made in the court of Clark county:

"Nature in her bountiful munificence has provided us with a safeguard against the monsters which a violation of her laws has brought into existence; as the morning light in the east warns us of the coming day, and the darkness at noontide of the approaching storm; so nature hangs out upon the face of man a record of the light or darkness that dwells within; with an indelible finger she traces upon the features of every living creature of our race the history of their virtues or their vices, whether the man is to be loved or admired or detested; advertises to the world whether he loves peace or contention; whether he strews

the highway of human life with flowers or with thorns; whether he lives to bless or curse his race.

Look this man Hoskins in the face and tell me whether he makes peace or trouble in this world of ours· hatred, revenge, and all the evil passions which language can express hang out in bold relief from every feature and tell you why he chose darkness rather than light to commence this prosecution; why he crept to your home and roused you from your slumbers at midnight to listen to his perjured deviltry. Go to the seven-hilled city of Rome, that summit of perfection in art, and search until you shall find the most accomplished delineator upon canvass of the human face and human character that the art world can furnish; employ him to visit all the great commercial centers and cities of the known world, and require him to descend into all the slums and dens, and hells of vice and infamy and human degredation, and to study faithfully the lines of character and debauchery and crime chiseled upon the human face; then have him search out the condemned felons in all the jails and penitentiaries of the civilized world and study with care every shade and shadow of the emotions and passions that crime traces with indelible characters upon the features of its victims, from boyish innocence to hardened crime; then let the artist repair to his studio and there by years of patient toil have him paint one fiendish face, the character lines of which shall express all that is low and vile and licentious and dishonest and devilish that he has seen and studied and then bring that picture here breathing from every outline all that is loathsome, inhuman, dishonorable and infamous, and hang it upon the wall yonder for us to gaze upon, and it would be a thing of beauty, a paragon of loveliness compared with the face of this man Hoskins."

STATE MILITIA

After all, the proudest achievement in General Conklin's life was his organization in 1901 of the South Dakota State Guards (now National Guards). At the extreme age of seventy-one, Governor Herreid commissioned him Adjutant-General and assigned to him the thankless task of organizing the military forces of the state.

The old guards had been absorbed by the First South Dakota Infantry, United States Volunteers, that served so valiantly in the Philippines. They had all been mustered out. There wasn't a semblance of a military organization left. Conklin rebuilt the establishment from the ground up.

Within nine months he organized two regiments of infantry,

consisting of twelve companies each, and four troops of cavalry; held one state encampment of seven days, and two of five days each, and had but an insignificant appropriation, $3,000, to do it with. An officer of the war department, commenting on his success, said:

"The organization of the National Guards in South Dakota by Adjutant General Conklin is without parallel in the organization of militia in time of peace."

REFORM

But above all, the old gentleman loves to be referred to as a reformer. He seems proud of the fact that the reforms enacted in South Dakota and elsewhere within the past few years are nearly all measures advocated by him over a quarter of a century ago. He has been in every campaign since 1856, including the primary and the general election last year. He was twice a member of the Wisconsin legislature, fathered the Press Association of this state, and he is now president of the Clark County Bar Association, and vice president of the Clark Commercial Club.

ENFEEBLED

Early this year the General suffered from inflamatory rheumatism, erysipelas and pneumonia, which was followed by a stroke of paralysis, leaving his entire left side helpless. Yet with the aid of electric massages, he has been largely restored to his former ruggedness.

Recently he dictated for publication a complete history of the town of Clark. His memory astonished his townspeople. A great many had forgotten the details and the dates which he used, and it seems incredible that he should have remembered them.

The old general has never felt assured of the hereafter. With him it has always been a matter of doubt. But incidentally, during one of his trips to Chicago, a few years since, he was induced to call on a spiritualist. At his request she called back the spirit of one of his former wives and asked her a question about some private family affairs that had been bothering the general for many years. She gave him a direct reply. Since then the General has been meditating.

(Later.—Since the above was written and first published, General Conklin has adopted the Christian faith and united with the M. E. church. Congratulations! General.)

A TACTFUL SURGEON

The dictionary says a "walker" is one who walks. Not so with Dr. F. E. Walker,—he rides. He rides because he can afford it; he can afford to because he has a large surgical practice, and he has a large practice because he merits it.

After spending a few years in general medical practice, combined with surgery, and finding the latter class of practice his natural field of work, he decided to give his life to it.

The first problem was the proper field. Offers were coming to him galore. Being a profound student, he figured out the place for himself—and he decided well,—Hot Springs, S. D.; not Hot Springs, Arkansas, or Missouri, or Arizona or any other state, but Hot Springs, South Dakota!—if you please; a city neatly tucked away in a spring-watered vale, 3,400 feet above the sea, in the picturesque Black Hills of Dakota; a city where Old Sol works overtime uncomplainingly, and voluntarily puts in an average of 363 full days each year; where the dry mountain zephyrs, laden with the ozone of quakenasp and birch, are softened by the wooing of a tireless sun; where the climate is so ideal that on Christmas morning, frogs and froglets, poised with spread-web feet upon the green water-cresses along the brooklet's sides, croak in endless refrains the same gurgling chants which their progenitors have sung since the days of Adam; where the aged wayfarer lies down to sleep and sees visions of plump-formed, ruby-lipped, satin-skinned maidens mounting the Jacob's ladder of his dreams until his soul wells up with incantations of delight and he feels himself growing young again at Bethel's gate; where the mineral-water springs—fountatins of eternal youth—comfortably heated in the hidden bosom of Nature's realm, send gushing forth in endless volumes their healing streams of life; where Eden—calm, sun-lit, brook-fed, grassy-terraced, flower-bedecked, treeful Eden—basking in the favored smiles of her Creator, opens wide her Hebean arms and says to the pain-weary sufferer, "Come in! Health and happiness are here."

Born at Grinnell, Iowa, January 5, 1872, Mr. Walker rapidly rose to prominence. At fifteen years of age he graduated from the local high school; clerked for the next three years, and then spent five years teaching school and reading medicine. In 1895 he entered the Iowa State University, graduating from the medical department with the class of '98. The next year he held a position in the Iowa State Hospital for the Insane, at Independence.

DR. F. E. WALKER

After practicing for a brief period independently at Bigelow, Minnesota, he removed to Worthington, in that state. In 1902, he established at that place the city's first hospital, gave up his general medical practice and devoted all his time to surgery.

His reputation as a surgeon spread with his practice, until other towns began to bid for his services. The natural, as well as the commercial advantages of Hot Springs, S. D., induced him to locate there in 1906, and accept the responsible position of head surgeon to Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital.

MATCHLESS RECORD

The first year (only five years ago), he perfomed less than one hunderd operations. Today he is peforming on an average of four major operations a day. Although engaged in surgery but a comparatively few years, he is now approaching the Five Thousandth operation that he has performed; and the hospital records reveal the incontrovertible fact that the mortality resulting from his operations is only one-half of one per cent. Five things have no doubt united to bring about these phenominal results: proper diagnosis, surgical skill, effective sterilization, good nursing, and the dry mountain climate of the Springs.

The doctor is a man of exceptional poise. Although nervous as well as nervy, not a trace of it is ever visible in the operating room. Here he works with the precision and rapidity of an ar-

tist. Not one false move is made; not a single stitch put in at the wrong place and then removed; not a word spoken and repeated; it is genius personified.

Walker, evidently fully appreciates the fact that the strain on his patient is in direct proportion to the number of minutes which he or she is under the anesthetic. For this reason he nerves himself up for the act, and performs on a average, three operations while the average surgeon is performing one. This has been proven on several occasions when members of his medical staff were performing simultaneous operations in adjoining rooms.

DIAGNOSING

At an expense of $10,000 Doctor Walker and his staff have fitted up in the medical block two large laboratories with every conceivable chemical and scientific apparatus known to the medical profession, for diagnosing the ailments of the human race. For this reason local practitioners—some of them heads of hospitals—within a radius of 500 miles, are daily sending people to Hot Springs, South Dakota, for physical examination. Many of these go back home for their operations.

The great value to suffering humanity of Walker's organization is the fact that he has, all in one building—the beautiful stone medical block—twenty-two splendidly equipped office rooms. These are occupied by the specialists on his medical staff. One payment and one journey do the whole job. After receiving Doctor Walker's opinion, if the patient, or his or her friends, desire the advice of a specialist, a member of the staff is called in and the sick one is given the benefit of expert knowledge without a cent of extra charge. Again this is a wonderful saving in the vitality of the patient.

VARIED ABILITIES

In addition to his surgical and professional ability, Doctor Walker is also a conundrum along many other lines. On the platform he is fluent, witty and entertaining. In the literary realm, he is one of the most prolific contributors of his profession, to the standard medical journals of the entire nation. In the musical world he can sit up to a piano and trip off on its responsive keys an oratorio that will lift the music-lover's soul into realms of ecstacy and delight. As a physiographist, he is a walking encyclopedia of Black Hills climatic and geologic information. As a lawn tennis player, he has few peers in the west. As a man of general culture, his learning is broad and he could serve with dignity and honor as a lecturer on economics in one of our uni-

versities. Although crowded terribly with professional work he is, withal, one of the most companionable of men; yet not one unacquainted with grief. Recently, he said to a friend "There is only one real trouble in life and that is death." The first Mrs. Walker (nee Daisy M. Barclay of Brooklyn, Iowa,) died in Minneapolis in 1902. Four years later he was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Eckland of Worthington, Minnesota.

At present the doctor owns in Hot Springs what is perhaps the most expensive and unique bungaloo dwelling in the state. In it he comfortably houses his little family, fondles his babe for pastime, and like Longfellow's "Village Smithy," of Cambridge,

"He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

A LUCKY POLITICIAN

Robert Burns represents Scotland, but the name of Tom Burns suggests a neighboring isle. As the political history of Ireland for a decade is largely the personal history of Robert Emmett, so the political history of Mitchell and of Davison county for a decade is largely the history of the up's and down's in politics of the tactful, clever, whole-souled, cheerful-losing Thomas C. Burns.

Senators Kittredge and Gamble were standing before President Roosevelt, in his official office quarreling over South Dakota patronage.

"I'll settle this dispute," said Teddy: "I will flip a coin —heads up, Kittredge's first choice; tails up, Gamble's first choice; and so on until all the patronage at you fellow's command is disposed of. What say you?"

"Agreed!" came the united response. A pair of lips drew apart; a double set of polished incisors, bicuspids, canines and molars, arranged in an elongated semi-circle, was revealed; the hand that unsheathed the victorius sword at San Juan thrust itself firmly in to a pocket; a silver dollar came forth in it—just one—one only, not "sixteen to one;" but sixteen chances to one Tom Burns who was red-hot after reappointment in the land office at Mitchell, might lose.

THOMAS C. BURNS

Tom's fate was hanging in the balance. Would the coin, when tossed by the hand of authority, come straight down, heads up, bounce up a trifle, fall back in its same position or? would it "flop?" (a thing Tom Burns never did in politics).

Silence!

"Here it goes, boys," said the president; and at that moment the dear little piece of thin circular metal, so greatly loved and so bitterly lamented by Mr. Bryan, was tossed to the ceiling.

Hush!

"Ping"——"buzz"——"down" A rush!

Staring eyes strove to catch the result.

"Heads-up!" said Teddy.

"I'll take Tom Burns for register of the United States land office at Mitchell!" exclaimed Senator Kittredge.

Several years have now sped by into the irredeemable eternity of the past; the rapidly receding history of our rapidly developing state is now being written by a new regime. The progressive faction of the republican party is in power. "To the victor belongs the spoils." "Whose head goes next?" "Tom Burns!" shrieked out an insurgent."

"Well, I dont' know about that," said the new boss in South Dakota politics. "Dog gone it, I kind-a like Tom. He's the hardest fighter and the best loser in politics that I ever knew. I believe we better be magnamious in his case and save him." "Well," said another, "we've got to get him out of Mitchell and Davison county, somehow. Just look at the majority that county gave Kittredge at the June primaries in 1908 "

"Wire him to come to Washington," interjected another.

In a few hours Tom Burns was aboard a limited train, hurrying toward our national capitol.

Two days later glaring headlines appeared in all the leading dailies of the country:

U. S. LAND OFFICE
At Mitchell
TRANSFERRED TO GREGORY
Tom Burns Retained
As Register

"Fortune favors the brave." It's true in war, it's true in love, it's true in politics, it's true everywhere; even nature hates a coward. Tom Burns is as shrewd a political fighter as any man who ever got tangled up in the game. Yet his methods are so manly that even his enemies love him.

The greatest thing about Tom is that in politics, as in other things, his word is his bond. He never breaks faith with any

man. He is either for you or against you; and, no matter which, you soon find it out.

Sir Thomas, plain Tom, "Uncle Tom," or just Tom Burns, as the case may be (he doesn't care what you call him, so long as it is done with "heads up"), is a politician through heredity, environment, and voluntary servitude. When he entered life 'tis said the first yell he let out of him was "poli." (He had the "tics" in him at the time, but he could not quite bring them to the surface.)

When he began to walk, as the story goes, he kept calling "pol, pol , poli, pol" until he so distracted his mother that she began to search for something to gratify his curiosity. She finally found it—some cards with men's faces on them, and T. C. has been "stacking" this kind of cards ever since.

Tom Burns came to Mitchell about thirty years ago. The better part of his life has been spent in that city. There he has raised and educated his family. There he has woven himself into the home life of the whole community. Unlike most active politicians who are brusque and abrupt, and who isolate themselves from the world, except to their lieutenants, Mr. Burns is very sociable, and he enters into the social life of his home town with his whole heart. He goes to church regularly, visits the sick, comforts the dying, encourages the living; and, as a result, is universally liked by everybody. You couldn't get mad at him on a bet.

When he was about to leave Mitchell, to assume his position in the land office which had just been transferred to Gregory, in Gregory county, the business men of Mitchell held a special banquet in his honor. A member of the supreme court, the mayor, the leading attorneys, the bankers and the preachers—all made speeches of regret in his behalf, and overwhelmed him with tributes.

Only now and then, only once perhaps in a generation, do you find a man of Tom Burn's temperament and influence. He is a man whom any community might well feel honored to claim.

Long live Tom Burns!

AN HONEST MAN

"An honest man is the noblest work of God." Sam Elrod is an honest man. When he was denominated "Honest Sam," he was at once elevated to the class of "Honest Abe." Governor Elrod is honest as a private citizen. He was honest as a public servant; honest with his constituents, honest to the state of South Dakota and honest with our sister state of North Carolina.

On Septembert 21, 1901, Simon Schafer of New York city, presented to South Dakota $10,000 worth of North Carolina bonds issued during Martin Van Buren's administration. To each of these ten bonds were attached fifty-eight interest coupons of $30 each. This made the total amount due on them, $27,400. The donor made a request that if the bonds were ever collected, the proceeds should go to our state university.

That wizard on corporation law, Col. R. W. Stewart, today one of the high-priced attorneys for the Standard Oil Company, was employed by the attorney general of this state as special counsel to prosecute the claim. The Colonel waded in, tried the case before the United States supreme court, and won it. Then the trouble came. Honest Sam ascended to the governor's chair. Here is what he did; recommended to the state legislature that they pass a special act giving it all back to North Carolina, less the expense of the suit. Following are a few things which he said about it:

"We took it away from our sister state, North Carolina, simply because the law said we could. Might did not make right in this instance. If the state of South Dakota returns said sum to the state of North Carolina, it will do more to cement the states together than anything that has happened since the Civil War when the relations of the states were so seriously strained.

"Morally, we have no right to one cent of this money and we ought to be brave enough and true enough to give it back.

"This money was clearly intended for our university. She can use it, but it is tainted money. I would send this money back

to North Carolina for her university and appropriate a like sum for our splendid university. It will be no burden on our people."

On April 3, 1906, another public-spirited New Yorker, the Honorable E. L. Andrews, offered to donate to South Dakota $50,000 more of North Carolina bonds, which with accrued interest, amounted to about $150,000. In declining this large gift, Governor Elrod said:

"Your kind offer is declined for the reason that it seems to me to be against public policy and good conscience."

So much for the honesty of Sam Elrod, a man who was never known to defraud or to attempt to defraud the state or a private citizen, out of a single cent.

SAMUEL H. ELROD

Elrod is of German extraction. He was born near Coatsville, Indiana, May 1, 1856; secured his early education in the rural schools, and then completed his scholastic preparation at De Paw, graduating with the class of 1882, and taking his A. B. degree. In '85 his Alma Mater honored him with his A. M.

SELF-MADE

Like many others who have won distinction, young Elrod came from the humbler walks of life and rose to prominence through self-exertion, rather than through influence. While at De Paw he did janitor work and assisted in the local post office evenings, in order to pay his way through school.

On June 22, 1882, he walked out of De Paw with a 17x22 sheep pelt under his arm, that told the whole story. Eight days later, with his boyish heart pulsating for a new victory, he stepped off the train at Watertown, S. D., and three days later, July 8, he was admitted by Judge Kidder to the practice of law.

Catching a construction train headed westward, he climbed on and went to the end of the line—Clark, S. D. In fact he went beyond the end of the road, for he walked in the last half mile.

But Sam had no rich dad to back him. He was dead broke. Something had to be done—and awfully soon. He got together a small pile of lumber, put up a typical western shack with his own hands, stuck out one of those little signs that make a young lawyer feel so wonderfully good in the region of his chest, did his own cooking and washing, and life's battle was on in earnest.

The city of Clark was just being started. Emigrants were flocking in along the new line of railroad. They needed advice. Sam Elrod's services were in demand. The friendships formed between him and these ealry pioneers have remained to this day as bonds of trust; and as a result Honest Sam has had about everything on the political map that he has asked for.

They elected him postmaster in 1885, and two years later made him probate judge. He declined re-election to the judgship, but instead he went after the states attorneyship of Clark county, and got it—holding this office altogether ten years.

However, in 1904, Sam Elrod's political stock shot skyward. He went to the Sioux Falls convention occupying a seat of honor beside the mighty Kittredge who was driving the old political machine now lying in the scrap-heap of eternal usefulness, licked his wary opponent, Coe I. Crawford, to a frazzle, and was nominated by the republican party as their candidate for governor of South Dakota. Crawford took his defeat good-naturedly, climbed onto the band wagon helped to elect Elrod, and then came back two years later and whipped Elrod to a frazzle. (We are not well enough informed on Rooseveltian philosophic slang to know what two frazzles equal.)

THE UNDOING OF ELROD

Two things conspired sort of automatically to bring about the defeat of Elrod and cause his downfall, politically: the material to be used in building our new state capitol, whether it was to be Indiana or South Dakota stone, and the enactment of a statewide primary law. Elrod, as is characteristic of the man, took a decided position on each issue, and he was right on both. Still he went down to defeat before a lot of clap-trap that was a bugaboo, but an eloquent thing for campaign purposes.

THE STONE ISSUE

A new capitol building had to be constructed--and at once. The constitution prohibits the legislature from contracting debts beyond $100,000, except to repel invasion. Money was scarce. Bedford, Indiana, stone could be procured and shipped to Pierre for the construction of the new building for $100,000 less than Sioux Falls' granite, quarried in our own state, could be procured for. Elrod, as head of the capitol commission, stood solidly for the Bedford stone. His opponents, for political purposes, raised the question of "state pride" and of building it of stone quarried in our own state, regardless of cost; went before the people on this issue, licked Honest Sam who was up for renomination; and, then, lo and behold you! the fellows who led the fight, after they got into the saddle, turned right square around and constructed the building of Indiana stone. So that, as a matter of fact, even his political enemies, when once they came face to face with the practical side of the proposition, admitted that Honest Sam Elrod was right.

THE PRIMARY

Another thing that helped to put Governor Elrod under the rear wheels of the political band-wagon, was his state-wide primary law. In his first message to the legislature, among a lot of negative things, he said:

"We think there is no pressing need for the enactment of a primary election law providing for direct nominations. * * *

"Such a law is expensive both to the tax payers and to candidates. If such a law is enacted, it will cost twice as much to make nominations as to conduct the general elections. Taxes are already too high * * *

"Once such a law is enacted, the poor man * * * will be eliminated and the man of dollars will win, and too often he will be a weak and unqualified official."

On each of these separate propositions—intrinsic parts of the whole—Sam Elrod was right.

(1). No need for its enactment. Instead of enacting a state-wide primary, Elrod's administration enacted the "Honest Caucus Law"—the best, the least expensive, the safest and the sanest caucus law ever placed upon the statute books of ours or of any other state in the union. It was gotten up by Hon. John Holman, assisted by Judge Smith (now of the state supreme court) and other able legal talent. It was so honest and guarded the caucus so closely and so well, that the progressive element in the republican party won every office in the state, and it is the only time

they ever did it. (This law was repealed two years later.) The results justified Elrod's position.

(2). Expensive to taxpayers and to candidates.—A statewide primary was passed two years later. Two primaries were held under it in 1908, one for delegates to the national convention, and one for state and county officers. The first one cost the taxpayers of the state $52,000, and the second one cost them, $76,000; total for one campaign's nominations, $128,000, let alone the expensive election which followed.

Now, for the candidates! Their sworn statements on file with the secretary of state should reveal the truth. From the standpoint of amounts expended, Senator Kittredge heads the list with $1,368.78. Here are some more near the head of the class: L. A. Munson, $1,300; Wilbur Glass, $1,000; Charles Burke, $900; Crawford, Martin Browne and Vessey each over $500. In fact twenty-five republican candidates swore to a total expenditure of $12,403.90. The seven democratic, eleven socialist, and ten prohibition, candidates did not file sworn statements. (The law seems to have been enacted for the regulation of republicans only.) They no doubt averaged $25 dollars apiece. In addition there were 636 candidates for the various county offices throughout the state. This does not include about eighty candidates for county commissioners. These fellow's sworn statements on file with the different county auditors show expenditures ranging from $15 to $500; and in one case $1,250. (The fellow was defeated.)

(3). Poor man superceded by rich.—Nothing equals a statewide (or nation-wide; we shall perhaps soon have one) primary in gradually taking the government out of the hands of the honest poor and placing it in the hands of the selfish rich. Wisconsin and Illinois were two of the first states to enact the statewide primaries. Wisconsin got a $107,000 United States senator, and Illinois got a $100,000 one. The principle of the primary is right, but it will always prove a humbug until it places office-seeking on such a basis that it cannot be auctioned off.

These statistics have not been introduced herein for the purpose of reopening at this time a discussion of the merits or demerits of the primary, but to vindicate the position on its operation taken by Mr. Elrod. The recorded facts, as well as his prophecy, show that it produces a "government of the (rich), by the (rich) and for the rich)."

ECONOMICAL GOVERNOR

Be it said to the everlasting credit of Mr. Elrod that he was

a sensible, economical governor. In his 1905 message to the legislature, he said:

"I beg of you, pass no law that will make it necessary to increase taxes, rather set an example that will lead to tax reduction. Create no new offices unless absolutely needed; they will be a drain upon the treasury which the tax payers ought not to be called upon to supply. We must keep the state progressive but at the same time we must administer her affairs with a scrupulous regard for strictest economy. Conservative administration protects capital and insures work for the laborer. * * *

"In a word, this legislature, composed of business men, should keep appropriations within the revenues. You should manage this business intrusted to you by your constituents the same as you would your farm, your bank or your store. In plain and simple words, you should not contract debts without providing the money with which to pay them."

As a result of Honest Sam's economical policy, the state taxes in 1905, the first year of his administration, amounted to $879,829 22. In 1906, they amounted to only $442,804.76. Compare his two years with those of 1909 and 1910 when the state taxes for the first year were $1,279,081.24, and for the second year (the non-legislative year when they should have been cut in two) $1,345,899 62. For the years 1905-6 they totalled $1,322,-633.98; while for 1909-10, they reached $2,624.917 86 or just double. And in addition to this showing, the charitable and penal institutions were so wisely handled during Elrod's administration that, despite the small appropriation which they received, they turned back into the state treasury, at the close of his term, $45,628.11.

AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN

Sam Elrod is a man who has an ideal home life. Two years after locating in Clark, he had prospered so well that he slipped back to Coatsville, Indiana, and married Miss Mary E. Matsen.

The Elrods have two children, one, a daughter, Miss Barbara, aged 18, who graduated this year from the Clark high school, and a son, Arthur Mellette Elrod (named after our first state governor), aged 14.

The year of his graduation from De Paw, at Greencastle, Indiana, Mr. Elrod united with the M. E. church and he has since remained a devout and consistent member.

Defeated for the republican nomination for Congress by Charlie Burke in 1898, defeated for governor by Coe I. Crawford, and again by R. S. Vessey, he has tasted the bitter with the

sweet, yet he has always retained his poise and been loyal to his friends. When told that he could gain his political prestige by breaking loose from Kittredge, Martin, Burke, Herreid, et al, he cooly replied, "I have come up with these men, I am willing to go down with them."

Sam has prospered immensely. Today his little shack has given way to one of the finest homes in the state, where he and his family reside and enjoy to the fullest extent the blessings of life. And he is charitable also. Not long since he gave $500 to one institution.

Such has been the varied career of one of our state's worthy political sons. May the future crown him with a just reward!

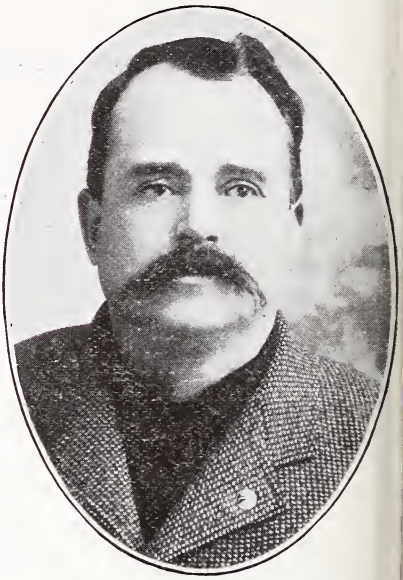
A BLACK HILLS' PIONEER

Frontier life in the Black Hills!—the latter seventies; the days when General Custer met his tragic death on the Little Big Horn at the hands of the wily Sioux; the days when many a western ruffiian who had violated frontier ethics, attended his own "neck-tie party," without questioning the invitation he had received, and died with his boots on, without the quiver of a muscle; the days when the red-skinned warrior fell upon white emigrant trains and left the latters' naked skulls to bleach in the hot mountain sun; the days when Wild Bill (Harry Hickok), the master gunfighter of them all, who, single handed and alone, armed with a shotgun, several revolvers and a bowie knife, killed in quick succession and almost in unison all nine of Jake McCandles' band of outlaws who attacked him, but who later lost his own life in Deadwood at the hands of a cowdardly cur, Jack McCall, who dared not use his gun in the open, but who slipped into a vacant room, stealthily opened an old door that led into the room where Hickok was sitting, and shot him in the back; the days when "Calamity Jane" (Mary Cannery), the most noted and adventuresome female dare-devil in all history, a woman who fought for Indian fights, lynching bees and ruffian mix-ups with greater fiendishness than her contemporaneous frontiersmen hunted for gold, who camped on the trail of Wild Bill's slayer until she avenged his death, and who now lies in an almost unmarked grave beside that of Wild Bill amid the whispering pines on the sun-baked slope of White Rocks in front of the city of Deadwood, 5,200 feet above the sea—ah! these were also the stirring pioneer dasy of "Doc" Peirce.

Peirce came to the Black Hills in February, 1876, and settled on a claim along French creek. He sluiced three days, got fifteen cents in gold and contracted rheumatism.

Although an eastern lad by birth, Doc could handle a gun with the best of them. To act as sheriff in a western mountain

country in those strenuous days when the only law was a code of unwritten border ethics, required a man of great courage, of poise, of skill and of some degree of intelligence. Such a man was Doc Peirce. The counties of Custer and Forsythe were united for civil regulation—if such a thing were possible. Peirce was chosen sheriff in 1877 by the gold seekers who were prospecting in that region.



E. T. PEIRCE

But, trouble arose. Under the federal law the territorial governor had a right to appoint all the county officers. He refused to recognize the election of Peirce and his colleagues, and instead he appointed political tenderfeet from the east. The frontiersmen around Custer got angry, elected a new set of officers of their own and ordered those to vacate who had been appointed by the governor. They refused. Then some unwritten history took place.

A commission was also sent out by the governor to locate the Black Hills' county seats. They were a bunch of professional grafters. They demanded half of each townsite that was given a county seat. The towns already established as county headquarters, all refused. These political sleuths then moved the county seat of Lawrence county from Deadwood to Crook City; the county seat of Pennington county from Rapid City to Sheridan, a mining camp; and the county seat of Custer county from Custer to Hayward, a little town across the line in Pennington county, thereby leaving Custer county without any legitimate county seat and giving Pennington county two.

There were not many people left in Custer during the winter of '77-8. But those that were left were a bunch of fair-minded hard-headed pioneers who knew litte about territorial law, but who were generously endowed with a supply of that uncommon kind of sense—common sense. Above all they loved fair play whether in a shooting fracas or in the civil administration of

their affairs. Doc Peirce was one of them. To their way of democratic reasoning he was their legitimate sheriff.

Now, these carpet-bag politicians had taken the records of Custer county over to the new county seat which they had ingeniously located in Pennington county. The people of Custer county wanted them back.

"How can we get them?" they said to each other.

"I'll tell you," said Sheriff Peirce, "we'll simply go over and get them at the point of a gun. I'll lead! If we can get them without a fight, so much the better; if with a fight, a fight goes, but here we go for our records!"

They got them—got them without a fight, but they got their "foot in it." A slab-sided, shabby-bearded, imported United States mulligrub, seeing that resistance meant bloodshed, whispered to his colleagues and said: "Let 'um take them: but take that cigar box there that we get our mail in and set it in the register of deeds office." The fellow did it.

Doc Peirce and his confederates had to walk past this empty little box that smelt so strongly after a large Virginia weed, to get the records. In a short time after they had returned to Custer they were surprised one day by an imported deputy United States marshall, clad in a brilliant uniform, mounted on an imported steed, who served warrants on them to appear before United States Marshall Leonard Bell of Vermillion, who was then at Rapid City.

They went to Rapid City, were bound over to the next term of court, each one under $500 bail—their bondsmen being required to justify to double this amount. Impossible, of course, in that new country, to get such bondsmen, without going a long distance horseback or on foot. Bell saw the trap and he refused to hear the case. But the fellows had been resourceful enough to foresee that Bell might balk, so they brought with them as a substitute an Arizona sheep herder who held a commission from Uncle Sam.

This fellow handed it out to them in true western style. Peirce was jumping around like a chicken with its head cut off, trying to get some one to ride to Deadwood to secure bail, so that he and his men could go home.

Presently an excited fellow rushed up to Peirce and screamed: 'The jail is filled with desperadoes, one under death sentence. They are trying to break out, and the authorities want you to come quick and help to man the jail!"

Peirce, true to his instincts for a fight, rushed to the jail, stepped in—the door swung shut, and he had unwittingly fallen

into a neat trap. The next night, Fred T. Evans of Sioux City, came along. He knew Peirce, so he went on his bond and let him out.

As Peirce left the jail he said to those who had entrapped him. "I'll come back!" They hooted him.

In due time they were brought to trial. The late Frank Washabaugh, at that time clerk of the courts, read the indictment: "Entering a United States postoffice with the intent of committing larceny and other depredations." The cigar box had done its work well.

Under that indictment, only one man could get a hearing, and the late Granville C. Bennett, the first Black Hills' judge, dismissed the case when it came before him for trial.

But Peirce was under bond for trial. So he walked back to Custer, fifty miles, gave away what goods he had left in a little store there, resigned his position as sheriff of Custer county, walked back again to Rapid City, went into partnership in a hotel at Rapid City with Dan J. Stafford, of Yankton, was elected sheriff of Pennington county, and on January 1, 1881, he walked down to the old jail wherein he had once been confined, demanded the keys, as an officer of the law, and said soberly, "Old Peirce always keeps his word."

LINEAGE

Ellis Taylor Peirce descended from Penn Quakers. He was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, April 24, 1846.

'Tis said the greatest help to success in life is being born well. 'Twas true of Samuel of Old Testament fame, 'twas true of Daniel Webster, 'tis true of Bryan and of many others. Doc Peirce was born well. The "Taylor" in his name discloses his connection with Bayard Taylor, the noted journalist and traveler.

CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCE

After graduating from the state normal school at Millersville, Pennsylvania, in 1863, at the age of seventeen, he joined the Union army, and was assigned to Nevin' Battery, Pennsylvania Light Artillery.

Near the close of the war he joined the 39th Missouri Mounted Infantry. This was the regiment that the murderous Quantrell massacred at Centralia, Missouri, September 27, 1864, only four men escaping. Young Peirce was one of these four.

REFORMATION

A monument now stands where brave Custer fell. The bones of Wild Bill and of Calamity Jane are separated only by a few

feet of clay. The Black Hills has become a populous region. The dusky Sioux warrior has vacated his haunts for government reserves. "Necktie parties," have been superceded by the strong arm of the law. The onward march of civilization has thrown its mantle of charity and peace over the ramparts of the past. The early pioneers who hewed out the west are nearly all gone. But "Doc" Peirce remains with us still.

At present he runs a barber shop on Minnekahata avenue, in Hot Springs, South Dakota. No one who knows him (and nearly everybody does) ever thinks of passing his door without saying "Hello! Doc." He is still strong and rugged and bids fair to reach the century mark.

Not long since a loud-mouthed fellow sitting in a hotel in Hot Springs, was relating reminiscences of the Black Hills, and heralding the part he had taken, when he was interrupted by Peirce who asked:

"When did you come to the Black Hills?"

"In '81," said the fellow.

"You poor tenderfoot," said Doc; and then everybody lit their accustomed cigars and enjoyed the fellowship of a happy evening while Doc Peirce entertained them with pioneer "stories" of the Black Hills, chief among which was his story of a

HOLD-UP

He told of how the old stage that plied between Hot Springs and Deadwood in the early days left the former place one morning away back in the seventies and started for Deadwood via Custer. There were in the coach some eight or nine persons, among whom was a hunch-back Jew and a desperate-looking negro. Toward night-fall, not far from Custer, the driver stopped to water his horses at a mountain spring. Everybody got out and began to stroll around. Presently the big burly negro stepped up in front of the Jew and pulling out of his pocket a long six-shooter which he placed in close proximity to the Jew's nose, said ot him in pretty firm tones, "Give me your money!"

"Vel," said the Jew, "how much secoority vil you give?"

"Never mind about the security!" exclaimed the negro, "give me your money at once or you are a dead Jew!"

"Vel, can't you vait until ve git to Deadvud and have Shon Oppenheimer go on your bond?" interrogated the Jew.

"BANG!"

AN ELOQUENT DIVINE

The ministers of the Gospel! good, bad and indifferent, God bless 'em all! They are the most self-sacrificing people that ever trod the earth. True; some of them—even in South Dakota—have missed their "calling," or else had a little piece of fluttering wax adhering to one of their tympanums when the" call" came, and consequently misunderstood it. Nevertheless, they are making their sacrifices with the rest, and they deserve even greater blessings for it; for the struggle is just that much the harder.

Again they have robbed a lot of other professions to complete their own ranks. Seventy-two per cent of all the preachers in South Dakota were formerly teachers. From spanking other people's children for an inadequate salary, they were "called" to a more passive job at a still lighter salary. Hence, the sac rifice! Some of them, like Reverend Wilber, of Hot Springs, were formerly prosecuting attorneys. While pleading for penalties to be pronounced upon accused law violaters, before the bar of men, they heard a "call" to plead for forgiveness for the same "bunch," before the bar of God.

Unsurpassed in eloquence, in spirituality and in pleading, among this class of men in South Dakota, is the eloquent Dr. John W. Taylor, pastor of the First M. E. church of Aberdeen. Taylor is a masculine man—not a "sissy" with a neat bow tie and a girlish voice; abdomen so slender that his very looks suggests a herring; hair parted in the middle, and hands well-kept and dainty white. Oh! no; not for a minute!—not for Taylor! He is a rugged, manly fellow with a powerful physique, brawny hands, and a deep bass voice that can be heard for a mile. Just the kind of a fellow needed for the pulpit,—a man that the "boys" will tie up to and feel that he is their leader, instead of being merely a guant, hungry, chicken eater.

In the pulpit, Taylor is a power. Why? Well, because he

made great preparation for his work; because of his personality and because of his common sense. Regardless of what was taught him in the theological school, Taylor has been out of school long enough, and has rubbed up against the world hard enough, to know that religion is not something to die by, but rather something to live by; that it has as much, if not more, to do with a man this side of the grave than on the other; that while you are pleading with young men for their souls' salvation, you must remember their bodies' salvation; that the body is the probationary home of the soul; that unless you struggle to save the body, you lose the soul, because the body is returned to dust and the soul passes out of it beyond human control.

For this resaon, Dr. Taylor has a swimming pool and a gymnasium in the basement of his church, for the young men of his church, and for any others that care to act decently and who may be influenced by their surroundings and some day become products of the church. Some sense to this, surely! So important to him are these physical needs of his young men, that the church over which he presides, maintains a young man at a salary of $100 per month, just to guide the boys—the future elders of the church—in their physical development. Some one said, "When a boy goes wrong a man dies." True! and Taylor's plan keeps them going right, and the man is saved by training the boy.

This is what the church is demanding nowadays, a practical preacher, a fellow who hasn't forgot that he himself was once a boy; who knows how to reach boys, how to entertain them, how to attract them to church, how to keep them within his own grasp. Such a man is Taylor.

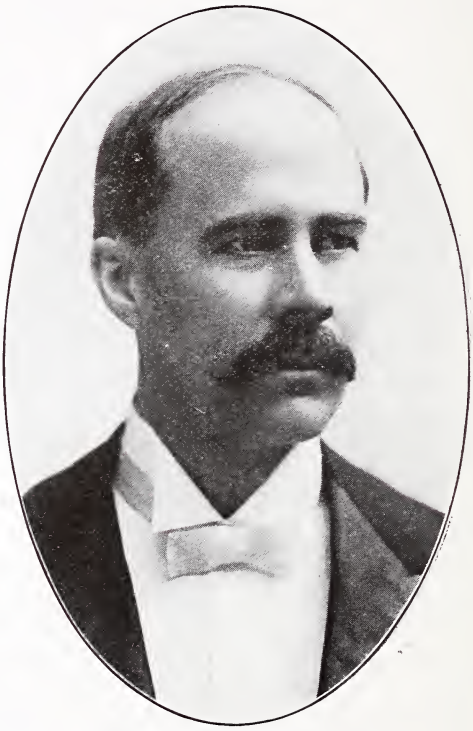
The Reverend Doctor Taylor is one of our adopted sons. He was born at Simcoe, Province of Ontario, Canada, June 10, 1862. He received his early education in the Simcoe public schools. Later he graduated from Port Rowan Collegiate Institute, and then taught school for two years at Port Ryerse, Ontario.

Having united with the Methodist church at the impressionable age of seventeen, he became intensely interested in religious work. The teacher gave way to the preacher and young Taylor drifted over to Otsego, Michigan, where he took up pastoral work, succeeding at that place the learned Dr. Samuel Weir, of Mitchell, who by the way, is also a Canadian product.

The silly rules of the M. E. church, which in a more enlightened day have at last been abandoned, and which provided that a pastor could only stay on one charge for three years, put Taylor out at the end of this period, so he went to Evanston, entered Garrett Biblical Institute and graduated in 1892 as one of the three stars

of the class of that year,—Nicholson, Montgomery and Taylor. Specializing for a short time at Northwestern University, and after preaching for two months at Almont, Michigan, Dr. Taylor accepted a call to First Church, Laramie, Wyoming,—the seat of her state university. By this time younger blood had gotten into the counsels of the M. E. church and the pastorate of a church had been increased to five years. Taylor stayed the limit. He also did work in the university at Laramie and graduated with the class of 1896. In 1904, Dakota Wesleyan at Mitchell, honored him with his "D. D."

After leaving Laramie, Dr. Taylor went to Utah, where he preached two years at Salt Lake City and two years at Ogden. Coming eastward again, he accepted a call at another university town, Vermillion, South Dakota. His scholastic preparation and his oratorical powers make him a great favorite in a city wherein there is located an institution for higher education.



DR. JOHN W. TAYLOR

At Vermillion he made good, and his services were everywhere in demand Churches made bids for him. Aberdeen, with the same nerve that has characterized her commercial life, outbid the rest and got him. Wise city! She never made a better investment.

The church has at last removed its "tenure of office" and Taylor has already stayed by his present job for eight years, although offered the presidency of two universities, meantime.

He started in at Aberdeen with a membership of 250 and an audience of 150. Today his me nbership is 700. The old church

has been superceded by an $85,000 structure, with a seating capacity of over 1,200. By reason of the details of its arrangement, and because of its elaborate equipment, this church is regarded as the best in the central west.

When it came to dedicate it, so we have been told, Taylor did not desecrate the Sabbath by running a commercial bluff of beggars' humiliation; but quietly and patiently and effectually, he went about the city, in advance, secured sufficient pledges for the liquidation of the entire debt, and when the hour for dedication came, it was spent as God would have it—in prayer and song and thanksgiving. Splendid example!

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

Going into the details of Taylor's beliefs along theological lines, as we have been permitted to conclude (possibly from some view-points, erroneously) from the few times we have heard him preach, we think he feels as did Cowper when he broke loose in a fit of poetic rage and declared:

"Of all the arts which sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is Scripture warped from its intent."

He believes with McCauley that, "Whosoever does anything to deprecate Christianity is guilty of high treason against civilization and mankind."

Personally, we have always felt that you cannot have true morality without religion; that mere negative badness ends only where positive goodness begins; that morality, divorced from religion, is a satanic humbug.

Taylor is in exact accord with these views; hence, we like him. We reinforce them with a quotation from Daniel Webster's great Fourth of July oration: "To preserve the government we must also preserve morals. Morality rests on religion; if you destroy the foundation, the superstructure must fall." And again we add the words of Washington in his immortal farewell address: "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. * * And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. * * Reason and experience doth forbid us to expect that national moralization can prevail in the exclusion of religious principle."

FATHERLAND OF ANGELS

One beautiful Sabbath evening, in the springtime, a few years since, Dr. Taylor announced at his morning service, as well

as through the Aberdeen papers, that his subject for the evening address would be "The Fatherland of The Angels."

A large number of traveling men, (among them the writer) went to hear the discourse.

Here was a theme to Taylor's liking. Nature had fitted him with an imagination and equipped him with a vocabulary sufficiently adequate to handle it. He rose to the occasion. After an eloquent prayer that seemed to surcharge the very ether with spirituality, Taylor, in a tragic attitude, with upturned face, and with uplifted arms, gracefully inclined, took hold of the curtains of heaven, pulled them gradually apart, pinioned back their tapering folds with the stars of night, and gave his sympathetic audience a glimpse into spirit realm.

Using his brush-tipped tongue he painted against the kingdom's sky images of stately colonades dividing spacy corridors on whose walls hung highly-colored paintings of the Saints of Old; streets of gold enclosed with jewel-laden curbs of silver; on and on he carried the angelic scenery up a succession of heights that steepened as they ascended until at last, in the perspective on the far distant horizon of peace, he unveiled the illumined cross. Above and around it the gifted orator, while his breathless hearers sat spell-bound with expectancy, painted silvery-hued pictures of white-winged, hovering angels in mryiad numbers.

Oh! Taylor! Taylor! at this trying moment, lend us your powers of imagery, your classic verbiage, and your artists' pen! Then! and only then! can we rise above self and do you justice.

GROWTH

One of the great things that enhances the value of Taylor's sermons, particularly to a student body, is his unlimited indulgence in literary, rather than in historical, illustration. He never lets a week go by without committing a new poem, and he never preaches a sermon without weaving in from one to three of them. He selects those that exactly fit his discourse and uses them with telling effect.

This mode of preparation keeps him growing. While other preachers' cerebral convolutions are fading away or rusting out, Taylor is wearing his deeper. A preacher of such interesting commendable studious habits, is an asset to any community, particularly so to Aberdeen, wherein is located the state's large and growing industrial school.

Dr. Taylor is literary, classical, oratorical, dignified, spiritual; a good "mixer," an able preacher, a general favorite and a

prince of Christian gentlemen. We hope South Dakota will never permit him to move beyond her borders.

Stay! Live! Die! and be buried among us, Taylor,—we love you!

(Later.—Since the above was first published, Dr. Taylor has been called to Hamline Church, St Paul. Regrets!—O. W. C.)

THE BEAUMONTS

MR. and MRS. BEAUMONT

Adelbert E. Beaumont was born in Fairbault, Minnesota, January 21, 1871. In the fall of 1879, he removed with his parents to Spink county, Dakota Territory, and they settled on a homestead close to the banks of the James river. Here, for eight years, far from any line of railroad, the family underwent all the hard-

ships of pioneer life. The Beaumonts were among the first settlers in that portion of the James River Valley. Bands of Indians roved the plains but showed no hostile inclinations. In a sod house, surrounded by the seemingly boundless prairie, the character that forms the theme of this sketch, spent his boyhood days and became acquainted with Nature in her "grander mien" and formed an attachment for the Universal Mother that remained with him in his later years.

The family went through the "winter of the big snow" and "the starving time"—familiar terms to the early settlers in Spink county—and finally becoming weary of the hardships moved back to civilization.

VOCATIONS

As a youth Beaumont taught school in Osceola county, Iowa, and later learned the printing trade and became associated in the publication of the Sibley, (Iowa) Gazette. For a time he was also interested in the Register, published at Akron, Iowa, to which place he moved after his marriage in the summer of 1893. Later he returned to Sibley and was one of the publishers of the Gazette for a number of years. He came to Sioux Falls in January, 1902, to accept the position of city editor on the Sioux Falls Press. Three years later he took the post of telegraph and assistant editor with the Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader, remaining with that paper until November, 1909, when he resigned to become editor of the Sioux Falls Daily Press. This position he occupied until December, 1911, when he accepted an offer of an editorial position on the Sioux City Daily Tribune, and took up his duties there January 1, 1912.

LITERARY

Few men can write entertainingly in both prose and poetry. The latter must come from a poet's heart and move along rhythmically like a pacing horse. Prose is more like a trotting horse, and usually, a prose writer, when trying his hand at poetry, acts just like a trotting horse hobbled for a pacer Beaumont is chuck full of double action. He resolves himself into one of those charming literary moods, spins off some of the most bewitching poetry, and then, as if by magic and without stopping to take off his mental hobbles, he dashes off a piece of prose as vibratory and as flashy as an eruption of Vesuvius. Such is the commendable, composite, qualitative mental make-up of the man with whom we are now to deal.

Having spent his boyhood on the plains in the northern part of what is now South Dakota, Beaumont received a vivid impression of the charms of the prairie which remained with him as a pleasant memory in later years. He saw the beauties as well as the wonders of "the untracked plain." In a descriptive poem on "The Prairie in Autumn" he mingled with pictures of the phenomena of Nature in that new part of the world a tribute to members of his family. Of the lavish profusion of paririe flowers that brightened the autumn turf, he says:

To me the potent breath of Autumn brings
A fond remembrance of serener things—
A broad and noble sweep of virgin plain,
Where traces of the Red man yet remain,
Its billowed bosom dotted here and there,
With those fair blossoms—rarest of the rare—
The prairie flowers of fall. No well-kept bed
With gaudy leaves and petals blazon-ed
Can show more variegated form or hue;
No woodland ferns or flowers that ever grew,
More simply grace or symmetry obtain,
Than these that blossom on the untracked plain.

His appreciation of Nature's wilder phases is shown in the same poem where he describes a hailstorm on the prairies:

Upon this wild and treeless tract is seen
Each mighty element in grander mien;
The rush of winds, the storm cloud's awesome crest,
Struck chords responsive in a boyish breast.
When burning, blighting winds had seared the plain
For days, unswept tempestuous hail and rain,
Driving before the timid beast and bird,
From hollowed lair or grassy nest bestirred.
Often the storm-fiend drove so fierce a pace,
The stock to shelter ran a losing race.
Staked in the hollow when the storm began,
The frightened cattle broke away and ran,
Pelted and blinded madly down the wind,
Dragging the twisting rope and stake behind.

One of the vivid impressions of his youth was afforded by the terrible fires which frequently laid waste the land, and which he also describes in his "Prairie in Autumn:"

When, sapped by later frosts, the upland yield
Lay crisp and yellowing—a ripened field
Swept o'er the plain with devastation dire,

The awful bosom of the prairie fire.
Far in the distance first appears a glow,
Redder where evening clouds are hanging low,
Spreading and mounting up the dome of night;
Then breaks the dim horizon into light;
A long, red line of flames that leap and dance
Still higher with their undisturbed advance;
Skyward the columns dense of smoke up-pour;
Follows the crackling and the awful roar;
A million hollowed stalks of grasses burst;
Withers the prairie like a thing accursed;
Louder the uproar and the fiery wave
Rolls by, beneath its far-flung arms a cave
Infernal. With a dazzling, deafening sweep,
'Tis gone—and darkness comes, and silence deep.

We reluctantly come to a close by publishing in full three of his shorter poems which reveal his originality in composition as well as in thought.

GIVING

There is in grace an ample store
Of benediction, sent to bless
The heart, whene'er it bows before
The altar of unselfishness.

And we receive no dearer gift
Of happiness, than we plan
To leave our beaten path, and lift
His burden from a fellow man.

The stream of bounty long hath flowed
From many a living spring supplied.
And every cheerful gift bestowed,
Is to the giver multiplied.

What tender joy the mother knows,
That well from Nature's kindly spring,
When to her infant's lips there flows
Her fruitful bosom's offering.

The blessings we receive from Heaven
Refill the cup that we dispense:
And by the largess we have given,
Is measured out our recompense.

THE PASSING OF THE FALLS

Ay, muffle with the barrier rocks,
And check with mighty walls
The monody of ages gone—
The music of the falls.

The song that through ten thousand years
No interlude hath known,
Is dead. But hark! The sudden wail
That parts the lips of stone!

There once the wandering Redmen stood
Upon the spray-wet shore,
And heard the voice of Manitou
In that unceasing roar.

How fair the artless scene appeared,
In spreading cedar's shade
Where classic Nature's prefect touch
The misty background made.

Now vandal hand of man hath torn
The canvas from the frame;
The triumph of his strength the loud
Discordant notes proclaim.

How like my fettered soul to thee,
On, prisoned waterfall!
That foamed past rock and flower and tree
And found a joy in all.

But checked by sordid circumstance,
The eddies sluggish grow,
And crowding walls of fate enclose
The once unhindered flow.

Aye, stifle it with rocky bands,
And with unyielding walls—
The song that older is than man—
The cadence of the falls.

MEMORIAL

Staunch builders of a nation's fame,
Partakers of her former woe
Thy dearest bequest of peace we claim;
Our tender gratitude bestow.
Dread memory of a gory field;

Wild cannon roar and shriek of shield;
The furrow, where ye would not yield,
And dying, fell.

Sons of those standard-bearers true,
Who late in far-found islands fared,
The purpose of those sires ye knew;
Their lofty patriotism shared.
Dense tangle of the jungle main;
The noisesome marsh—the torrid sun;
Mad throbbing of a heated brain;
The trenches won.

Sad watchers by a cold hearthstone,
Thy heavy burden mutely borne,
Let bride-white blossoms, newly blown
Thy cherished sepulchre adorn.
Long waiting with a dreadful fear;
Dull nursing of a silent care;
Consoling with a bitter tear
Thy lone despair.

Sire, son and mother, trinity
That rears the bulwark of our home,
Each floating flag is dipped for thee
On steel-girt ship and statehouse dome.
Wide stretch of plain and sweep of shore,
Hills, falling into the ocean's swell;
Our fair land's name in stress of war,
Ye guarded well.

The sad procession, moving by
Drops bud and petal on the sod,
Where in a sacred place there lie
These servants of our country's God.
Clouds floating in the summer sky,
Green fields reclining 'neath the blue,
And over all, tranquility
That hallows you.

MRS. BEAUMONT

Mrs. Beaumont is one of our prominent educators. She may almost be said to be the mother of Industrial work in the South Dakota schools. She is an ideal educator. Nature endowed her with a gentle disposition, with sober thoughts, with high ideals, and with a dozen-and-one other virtues that go to make up a great teacher.

She is director of the training department of the South Dakota State Normal School at Madison, and she is the highest paid woman educator in the state.

Mrs Beaumont graduated from Col. Francis W. Parker's famous normal school in Chicago. She first devoted her energies to primary and kindergarten work, establishing a public school kindergarten at Sibley, Iowa, where she taught for a number of years. She accepted a position as primary teacher in Sioux Falls, in 1903, and introduced kindergarten work into the Sioux Falls public schools. Mrs Beaumont was active in forwarding industrial and manual training work in the grades in the Sioux Falls schools and she was principal of a ward school in that city for four years. This is her fifth year in the Madison Normal. She is in such great demand as a lecturer and instructor in methods in teachers' institutes that she is not able to fill all the requisitions made upon her time.

TEXT-BOOK AUTHOR

"I'd rather be the author of 'Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard' than to have the glory of beating the French to-morrow," said the mighty General Wolfe on the eve before the fatal battle of Quebec, during the French and Indian War. And, why not? Gray spent eight years writing those twenty-nine short stanzas that will stand forever upon the sacred pages of historic literature to immortalize his name. There is no higher glory extant than to become an author. It is safe to say that Theodore Roosevelt attaches far greater importance to his "Winning of the West" than he does to his "winning" at San Juan.

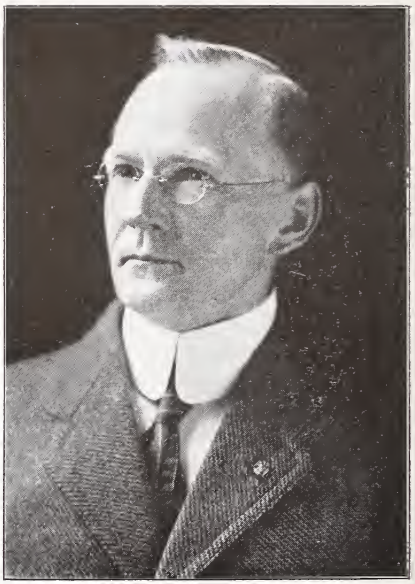
It is with pardonable pride that South Dakota, as a young state, points to the relatively large number of authors which she has already produced. It was a South Dakotan (the lamented Kittredge) who wrote our present splendid copyright law. Several South Dakota authors were among the very first to protect their literary productions, under its wise provisions.

Among this class of people, and in a measure, standing in a class by himself, is Willis E. Johnson, Ph. B., M. A., vice president of the Northern Normal and Industrial School at Aberdeen, South Dakota.

While the state, to date, has produced in proportion to its population, an abnormally large number of authors of fiction and of history, few have as yet gained recognition in the field of science, except Dr. Wenzlaff and Prof. Johnson. The latter is, first of all, a man of well defined mental processes. He reasons in parallelisms instead of in circles. Truths only, and processes for obtaining truths, are his cynosures. To him fiction is a lamentable monstrosity. He reads and applies it sparingly. His ambition is to delve in, rather than to soar up. He makes no efforts to launch upwards into supernatural realms where legions of white-winged angels flirt with the departed spirits of old-

time saints; oh! no—not Johnson, he's not built that way; he's a philosopher.

His maiden effort was his "Mathematical Geography," published by the American Book Company, of Chicago. All through these long years that geography has been in the common school curriculum, there has remained in every text book on the subject, and in all teaching processes of it, a loophole. Johnson's philosophic eye caught it. We had put into our old school readers Edgar Allen Poe's beautiful "Three Sundays in a Week." We had filled a section of our arithmetics with problems on "Longitude and Time." We had garbled into our later day geographies an inaccurate blending known as the "International Date Line." Likewise, we had filled our geometries and trigonometries with formulas for ascertaining the heights of objects and their respective distances, and had filled our books on physics with propositions intending to illustrate how bodies are lightened by centrifugal force resulting from rotation, and the corresponding diminution or increase in the weight of bodies below or above the surface of the earth. Johnson said: "These things are all related ideas—all resultant from natural science—all spring from and belong to the same thing; hence, all of them can, and should, be incorporated in one book—a practical mathematical geography." He wrote it; the American Book Company published it. Nine editions have been exhausted, and still the sales go on. Why? Simply because a practical mind had treated a practical subject in a practical manner.



WILLIS E. JOHNSON

What next? Johnson saw that as a young state we hadn't a great deal of valuable history; that what we did have was stretched at certan points until it cracked, so as to make it fill up space for publishing houses. He saw, too, the relation of history

and civics; how one author puts the constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Presidential Succession Law, and other correlated material into one book and calls it "History," while another writer embodies the same facts into a similar volume and calls it "Civics." Therefore, he conceived the idea of condensing the history and the civics of the state into one brief volume entitled, "South Dakota, a Republic of Friends"; and of making it concise and crowding it as full as possible of practical facts—those things that a busy public need and demand. He did it; the Capital Supply Company, of Pierre, published it. Five thousand volumes were soon sold, and within a year and a half a third edition was necessary to supply the demand.

Not all! Professor Johnson incorporated in this book a song entitled "South Dakota" —writing both the words and the music, himself—which is now being sung throughout the state. He breathed into its treasured lines that lofty patriotism characteristic of the "Sunshine state." Here again was a new field of endeavor. We needed a state song (we shall soon have another one from the pen of J. W. Cotes of Clark). The only one we had was our old "Dakota Land," wherein the author made us all to

"Sit and look across the plains
And wonder why it never rains,"

which we had long since outgrown

The spirit of Johnson's "South Dakota" song has been caught up by the foreign born citizen in our state, with the result that Reverend Bens of Eureka, recently translated it into German. Still more, the descendants of our distinguished Sioux aborigines wanted it, so Rev. Dr Edward Ashley, of the Cheyenne Indian agency, has translated it into the Sioux tongue for them. This makes the first stanza read:

"South Dakota makojanjan,
Wakantanka hukuya
Oyate igluhapi kin,
Waste unnilakapi."

BIOGRAPHICAL

Like others who have won distinction, Professor Johnson's success in life is not the result of accident, but is in direct proportion to his preparation to succeed. Born at Delano, Minnesota in 1869 he left home at a comparatively early age and entered the state normal school at St. Cloud, Minnesota. After completing his normal course he continued his education at Carleton College, Illinois Wesleyan and the University of Chicago.

His teaching experience covers rural, village and city school work, a member of the faculty of the state normal at St. Cloud, and the one at Mayville, North Dakota, and for the past ten consecutive years vice president of the Aberdeen (South Dakota) Normal and Industrial School.

Johnson is also a member of the editorial staff of "Encyclopedia for Ready Reference;" and the author of the "Supplement" to Frye's Advanced Geography, published by Ginn & Company. He is married and has five sons; owns two beautiful homes in the city of Aberdeen, and has settled down to make his permanent residence among us. Welcome! Thrice welcome! worthy citizen, teacher, author, philosopher, lecturer.

A SELF-MADE ATTORNEY

The second class that graduated from the Mitchell high school, away back in the year 1887, consisted of four girls and two boys. The young ladies were the Misses Stella Adams, Emily Rogers, Beulah Windle and Eva Keith. They are today Mrs. Stella Moyer, Mrs. Emily Tipton, Mrs. Beulah Scallin—all of Mitchell, and Mrs. Eva Mohr of Alexandria, respectively. Each one having married, they curbed their ambitions for greatness in life, except in the realm of motherhood. The two young men were Marvin Dundas and Timon J. Spangler. Unfortunately, Dundas, a lad of great promise, died shortly after graduating, leaving Spangler, alone, to achieve distinction.

TIMON J. SPANGLER

Born at Amboy, Illinois, in 1869, young Spangler's parents brought him to Dakota in the spring of 1883, and the family settled on a farm in Davison county. Like most of the rugged pioneers of those days, they were poor. Timon yearned for an education. He therefore went to Mitchell where he supported himself and worked his way through high school, as a newsboy, selling the Mitchell Daily Republican. It was at that time a morning sheet. Young Spangler got up at four o'clock regularly, every morning, so as to get his papers and be the first boy on the streets, offering them for sale and making deliveries to his customers. Each night, after getting his studies for the ensuing day, he went to the composing rooms of the Daily and set tpye, so as to learn the printer's trade. This knowledge became very useful to him later on, as we shall subsequently see.

OUT IN THE WORLD

When Spangler graduated from the Mitchell high school, he was six feet tall, slender, lithe, a foot racer and an all-round athlete. (Today he weighs 250 pounds.) Fired with ambition,

one month after graduation he struck out into a cold, cruel world, to begin a new career.

Going to Sioux City, he worked on the "Sioux City Journal" for a few months, and then switched over to the "Sioux City Tribune," with which he was identified for nearly two years. In 1889, he struck west and landed in the then village of Hot Springs. Buying a press and a small equipment he established at Hot Springs the "Minnekahata Herald." Final proofs on Fall River county homesteads were being made thick and fast. Spangler got all of these notices of final proof for publication. At the end of a year he had cleared $5,000. Then he sold the plant to the "Oelrichs Times" which was moved to Hot Springs and merged with the "Minnekahata Herald" thereby giving birth to the "Hot Springs Times-Herald," which is still published in that city by a gentleman named Harrison.

LAWYER

From his early days while standing as a newsboy in the corridors of the old court house at Mitchell and listening to the eloquent H. C. Preston pleading for justice for his clients, before the bar of man, Spangler had determined to fit himself for a lawyer. With the money earned at Hot Springs he made a bold dash for Ann Arbor, Michigan, and entered the famous law school at that place. His funds became exhausted, but he had a trade to fall back on. Entering a print shop and working as a "devil" therein at night he earned enough to put himself through school.

After graduating at Ann Arbor with the class of 1893, he returned to Mitchell where for nineteen consecutive years, he has engaged in the practice of his chosen profession.

The "starvation period" in a lawyer's career came truthfully home to him. The first three years his annual income from his practice averaged him only $200. This scarcely paid his office rent. But Timon had bull dog tenacity—he stuck. Conditions changed. He got a foothold; his practice began to enlarge rapidly; and during the next few years he forged to the front so rapidly that he soon acquired the largest individual law practice in the state.

Spangler is, first of all, a successful trial lawyer. His massive physique and overpowering personality, his deep bass voice, his force, logic and shrewdness—all combine to fit him preeminently for practice in court. For nineteen years he has tried cases in the old court room against the mighty Preston whose stirring eloquence at the same bar fired the ambtion of Spangler as a boy and gave rise to his success in life. Today, his practice

is so extensive that he has to hire another good lawyer at a good salary to remain in his office and do nothing but draw up his papers, and a second attorney to look after his lighter cases.

He was state's attorney in Davison county, 1905-1908, inclusive. During this service he made a record as a public prosecutor never before equalled or approached by any other attorney in the state. In all, he sent about thirty men to the penitentiary —seventeen of them in one year Hobos coming to Mitchell, having heard of him, marked on the railroad ties and sign boards near that place, certain signs as a caution to their uninformed comrades to beware.

In 1902, without any solicitation on his part, General Conklin appointed him judge advocate-general of the South Dakota national guard, with the rank of Colonel; but, after two years, Attorney Spangler, finding that the interests of his clients were too great to be neglected, gave up his military responsibility.

PERSONAL

Today the former newsboy of Mitchell lives in one of the most magnificent homes in the state, fronting onto the court yard square in the city of Mitchell. Its stately porch colonnades, and massive Grecian appearance from without, are but surpassed by its Mosaic designs, spacious halls and classic finish within.

Two little daughters play on his lawn, sit upon his knee and enrich his home life with their attentive mother who is the second Mrs. Spangler—grief having cast a distressful shadow over his life shortly after his first marriage.

His genius, his scholarship, his adaptability and application of himself to his work, his judgment and poise in his profession, lead us to surmise, that should his health not fail, he will yet win his way to the bench—the creditable ambition of every progressive attorney.

(Later.—At the time of going to press Mr. Spangler has just formed a partnership with Judge Haney, one of the retiring members of our state supreme court. The two will make one of the strongest law firms in the west. O. W. C.)

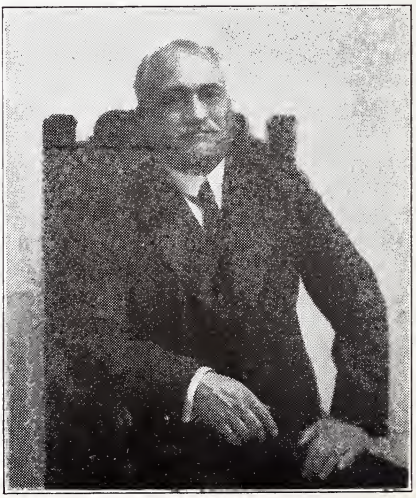
A VIGOROUS EDUCATOR

'Tis said that "Ohio is the mother of presidents." (Just now she is struggling to become a step-mother). She is, and a mother of several different kinds of presidents. President F. B. Gault, of our state university, was born at Worcester, Ohio, May 2, 1851. Dr. Gault's mother has been dead for thirty years, but his father survived until July 8, 1912. He was a pioneer in Kansas and in Iowa, but drifted back to old haunts, clustered with hallowed memories, to spend his declining years.

When F. B was four years of age, the family removed to Jones county, Iowa, where he was reared on a farm. His big, brawny physique shows him, in his younger days, to have been a son of the soil.

EDUCATION

President Gault did not enter school until his ninth year. Good reason—there was none to attend. Finally the farmers of Wayne township, Jones county, voluntered to raise enough money by popular subscription to erect a school house. This was done, and it was there that young Gault attended school for several terms. Later, he became a student in the high school at Monticello, a little city in the northern part of Jones county. From there he went to Cornell, graduating as a B. S. with the class of 1877. Three years later, his Alma Mater honored him with his M. S. degree, and in 1898 with his M. A., while the University of Worcester in the town of his birth, made him a Ph. D. in 1901.



DR. F. B. GAULT

TEACHER AND ORGANIZER

Dr. Gault began his teaching experience before he was eighteen years of age in Linn county, Iowa, near Cedar Rapids, where he taught a country school for four terms. Then he was for three years principal of schools at Tama, Iowa, and two years principal at Mason City.

Going west he organized the South Side public schools at Pueblo, Colorado, remaining at the head of those schools for five years. He then resigned to become superintendent of the city schools at Tacoma, Washington. When that state was admitted to the Union under the omnibus bill of '89 which also brought in the Dakotas, Dr. Gault drafted the school code thereof, which remains to this day, almost entirely unaltered. While he was in the state of Washington, President Roosevelt, in 1902, acting upon the unanimous recommendation of the congressional delegation from that state, appointed him a member of the visitors' committee to inspect our United States naval academy at Annapolis.

Before leaving Iowa, and after going west, Dr. Gault was one of the foremost teachers' institute instructors and conductors in the country. Hon. O. L. Branson of Mitchell, while a young school teacher in Iowa, received his normal institute training under him.

Dr. Gault drifted back across the mountains during the summer of '92, and organized at Moscow, Idaho, their State University, combining with it their Agricultural college, and School of Mines. (Compare this piece of educational statesmanship if you will with what took place in organizing similar institutions in our own state.)

Re-crossing the mountains to his old home, he was called upon to organize Whitmore College at Tacoma. He remained at the head of this institution for six years, during which time it enjoyed a remarkable growth.

In the summer of 1906, Dr. Gault was called to the presidency of our State University, at Vermillion. In this position he has been pre-eminently successful When he arrived, he found the loose ends of unorganized departments fluttering in the breezes of public gossip. Tying these together into a cable of strength, he at once became master of the situation. Touching on this matter in detail, once before, we ventured the wicked assertion that "Had Christ returned to earth to have undertaken the task that confronted Gault when he landed in Vermillion, he would again have been led up Calvary." We have since regretted

this apparent sacrilegious comparison, but really it expressed a recognized truth.

Dr. Gault was first employed for two years as president of our university by the old board of regents, headed by the scholarly Dr. Spafford of Flandreau. The new board, now headed by Mayor Hitchcock of Mitchell, have retained him to date—six years in all. Indeed, the new board, in section 50, pp. 45, of the "Rules and Regulations," governing our state schools, specifically state: "It is the policy of the board of regents of education that members of the faculty and assistant professors of the state institutions, shall hold their positions during good behavior and satisfactory service." Amen! politics eliminated at last. Not a change has been made in the head of a state institution for five years except one at Rapid City, necessitated by the voluntary resignation of the president of the School of Mines.

Reverting again to our state university, we reiterate that during President Gault's administration, it has prospered. The campus has been fixed up, much new and needed furniture secured; the law school and the library have been bulit; the medical department has been organized; the heat, light and power plant has been erected, and a good artesian well has been sunk, (the latter being the involuntary gift of the Honorable Peter H. Norbeck of Redfield. Keep still!)

Prior to President Gault's arrival the institution at Vermillion had been quite largely a high school for Clay county. He at once threw out the preparatory department. This cut the enrollment about 150. He did not care. It was quality rather than quantity which he had in mind. Despite the sudden reduction in attendance the institution soon began to grow. In 1907, the close of President Gault's first year, they graduated 43, the next year 44; in 1909, they raised it to 55, and the next year to 60, and the next to 65, while this year they graduated 74.

REMINISCENCES

The year that Dr. Gault graduated from Cornell College, in 1877, he was elected as a delegate to the interstate oratorical contest which was held at Madison, Wisconsin. Congressman E. W. Martin was also a student at Cornell at that time. He was not present at the contest—being away on one of his accustomed fishing trips. When it came time to elect a president of the association for the ensuing year, young Gault arose and presented the name of Eben W. Martin. So eloquently did he set forth the superior qualification of his protege for the position that Martin was elected.

Then a clamor went up for a speech from the newly-elected president. He could not be found. Gault knew where he was.

The funds of the association had been hideously squandered. Young Martin had a business head on him. He re-adjusted financial matters, paid off the old obligations, opened up a set of intelligent books and placed the organization on a Gibraltar basis. Incidentally, he got his own start in public life, out of this experience.

This year, after an interim of thirty-five years, this same Gault was selected as one of the judges to determinne the successful orator before the old organization which meets at Northfield, Minnesota, but owing to pressing engagemens at home, he was obliged to decline.

WHOM I LIKE

I like a man with an iron will,
Who will do what he knows to be right;
Who cannot be bought, who will not be sold,
Whose life is a radiant light.

I like a man with a cleanly tongue,
Who prizes the power of words;
Whose thoughts are pictured in jewels of speech,
Whose song is as sweet as the birds'.

I like a man with freedom of thought,
Who accords the same right to another;
Who lies down at night with a hope of reward,
Because he's not envied his brother.

I like a man whose ambition is high,
Who hitches his cart to a star;
Who cannot be whipped by a failure or two;
Who keeps his stock above par.

I like a man who will say, "I'll try!"
And will lift every pound that he's able;
Who'll divide with a brother the fees for a day,
That each may have food on his table.

I like a man who says, "There's a God,"
Omniscent—e'er present—adjudging;
Who tries to do right, discourages wrong,
And resists idle words without budging.

I like a man whose habits are fixed,
Whose morals ne'er take a vacation;
Whose week days and Sundays are pillored with hope,
Who adds to the strength of the nation.

I like a man who is rev'rent and kind,
Systematic—painstaking—enduring,

Good natured, cool headed, well balanced and true;
Aggressive and yet unassuming.

I like a man who is open and free,
Who looks you right square in the eye;
Who feels in himself he's a tower of strength,—
Whose ideals are "treasures on high."

I like a man with rich, ripe blood,
Whose chest heaves with rugged ambition;
Who laughs at life's toils as he says to the world,
"I'm always in splendid condition."

I like a man who is willing to fight,
When the good of society demands it;
Who will gird on his armor and strike at the foe,
And not act the part of a bandit.

I like a man who looks up and not down;
Who struggles for many promotion;
Who retires at night and rises at morn
With a cultured and pious devotion.

The above poetical reasons (excuse the term) which I have given abstractly for liking a man, are, when applied, the concrete reasons why I like Dr. A. C. Shepherd, superintendent of the Sioux Falls' district of the M. E. church. Strong willed, of cleanly thought, ambitious, charitable, reverent, fraternal and kind, he furnishes one of the nearest approaches to my ideal of a man.

Arthur (as everybody calls him, on account of his big-heartedness and democratic tendencies) is a product of Dakota Wesleyan University. Born at the little village of Castle Rock, Minnesota, June 17, 1872, he removed with his parents to Casselton, North Dakota, in the fall of 1878, and eight years later settled on a farm in western Davison county, South Dakota.

EDUCATION AND ORATORY

His early education was acquired in several different country schools. In 1887, he entered the old D. U., at Mitchell. A tall, gaunt youngster, with his arms projecting far out of his coat sleeves, and with his pant legs so abbreviated that he never worried any about the mud, he presented a vastly different spectacle than he does today with his massive, well developed physique, and splendid manly appearance. He seems to have undergone a complete metamorphosis. So much for the benefit of college

training. In a speech delivered at Dakota Wesleyan, during commencement, in 1910, he said:

"Outside of those lives that first touched mine, those who taught my infant lips to lisp the Saviour's name in prayer and guided my feeble steps in those long-gone tender years, no other forces or factors on the human side, have done more in the making and moulding of my character, the firing of my ambition and stirring of my soul with a passion to be, and to do something worth while, than these two teachers of my youth, remembered, respected, revered, my friends, to whom I owe a debt not paid, because it cannot be, Prof. L. A. Stout and Miss Noble. No change of time or place, or cirumstance will suffice to erase their names from memory's walls, but enshrined in love's affection cherished in undying gratitude, they will live there forever."

DR. A. C. SHEPHERD

But Arthur's education was in the course of acquisition during the "dry time" in Dakota. Money was scarce. He had to make his own way. After graduating from the normal department, he left school to earn money with which to complete his education, but he never went back.

Still, during his brief scholastic preparation he made a record for himself as an orator. While as yet under eighteen years of age, and but a meager student in the preparatory department, with no training in oratory except that acquired like Henry Clay, during noon hours and on rainy days, in making impassioned speeches to the oxen and other cattle in the old shed, he was called upon to represent Dakota University (now Dakota Wesleyan) in the state oratorical contest. Taking for his subject "The Indian Problem," he went at it to work out for the occasion a formal oration. Professor Friar and Miss Dell Noble (now husband and wife, living at Seattle, Washington,) put into the young fellow's head some ennobling thoughts on the beneficent effects of civilization, and

lent their services otherwise as best they could in preparing their protege for the first big event of his life.

Friends helped to adjust his clothes. A tonsorial artist hacked away at his healthy growth of farm-boy hair. He was gotten ready. Everybody said, "He's got the stuff in him."

Quite a number predicted, "He'll win." The night for the contest came. Several well trained college men, ten years his senior, were matched against him. The young fellow finally mounted the platform. Mitchell was loyal to him. His own college gave their "yell." The big, lank country lad caught his breath and finally got started. In three minutes he had reached one of those soul-stirring climaxes, peculiar alone to the natural-born orator, and had fairly lifted his audience—judges and all—from their chairs. The young fellow had gained his first hill top. Holding to this advantage, he maneuvered for awhile, got a fresh start, and before he had finished he had climbed to the top of Vesuvius where he stood momentarily—an uncrowned king—and then left the platform to receive, a few minutes later, the combined verdict of the judges; and the young awkward plowboy of Dakota prairies had been triumphantly started on his pathway for a future public career.

TEACHER AND PREACHER

His oratorical victory attracted the attention of the board of education at Mitchell, and he was employed at once as principal of the Mitchell high school, beginning in the fall of 1891. This position he occupied for six consecutive years, and then he resigned to enter the M. E. ministry. His first pastorate was at Alexandria. At the close of the first year, he was transferred to Madison, at which place his salary was doubled. He preached three years at Madison, three at Canton and four at Vermillion. From there he stepped into the distict superintendency and transferred his headquarters to Sioux Falls. His accomplished elder brother, Rev. W. S. Shepherd, who also during his studentship at Dakota University, won the state oratorical contest for his Alma Mater, and who later succeeded his brother Arthur as pastor at Vermillion, is now superintendent of the Mitchell district of the M. E. church. This is the first time in the history of Methodism when two brothers were presiding elders of adjoining districts at the same time. They are two of the strongest preachers in the state, and are loved and revered not only by their constituents but by the general public as well.

Dakota Wesleyan made Arthur a Doctor of Divinity in 1910. For two years he was superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League

of South Dakota. Last fall he was elected as a delegate to the general conference of the M. E. church.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Dr. Shepherd was united in marriage at Chamberlain, South Dakota, December 21, 1892, to Miss Minnie W. Welch. She died August 11, 1894, leaving a four-months-old baby girl, Frances Maurine, who is now a student at the D. W. U. On February 25, 1897, he was united in marriage to Miss Nellie E. Aitken of Plankinton. To this second union, but one child has been born—a boy, Master Adrian, now fourteen years of age.

RETROSPECT

Here was another genuine "diamond in the rough," an unsparkling gem, a piece of corroded marble; a big, awkward, farm lad whose soul had been quickened toward things ennobling by an ideal home life, and who, in order to attain to his appointed station in life, needed that still greater influence and polish which comes alone from contact with cultured minds and through scholastic training. A few years at Dakota Wesleyan supplied the emery wheel that ground away the uncouth appearance of youth and set his feet in the pathway of a higher manhood, which he has now attained, and in which all who know him join in wishing him well. Indeed none will be surprised to see him reach the bishopric before he dies. Success!

(Later.—Since the above article was written Dr. Shepherd has resigned his district superintendency and has moved to Oroville, California, to accept the pastorate of the M. E. church at that place. Regrets!)

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS ORATOR

It was away back in the fall of 1892. Grover Cleveland was struggling with Ben Harrison to wrestle from him the presidential crown. The night before election had arrvied. A political meeting was called to be held in the old, low-roofed, tin-covered skating rink in the city of Mitchell, that formerly stood where today stands the beautiful home of Mrs. O. H. Perry on west Second street. The students of Dakota Wesleyan had been extended a special invitation to attend. They were present en masse. The rink was filled to its utmost capacity.

Presently, a short, square-shouldered gentleman, clad in a Prince Albert, accompanied by a few associates, came in and took his place on the platform. He was roundly cheered,. In a moment he was introduced by an admiring champion. Then for three hours and fifteen minutes he held his enthusiastic audience spell bound. The issue was the tariff. The speaker's fund of information was inexhaustible.

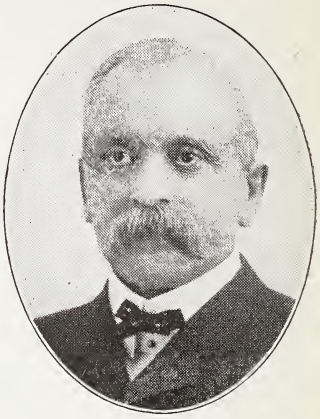
Toward the close he grew superbly eloquent and pictured in classic verbiage the grand old ship of state steaming into the republican harbor, with her undaunted chief, President Harrison, standing triumphantly at her helm.

And the orator——who was he? General George A. Silsby, we reply, the state's most gifted extemporaneous speaker. Here is a born orator, a man with an original style of oratory, peculiarly his own. Well read, scholarly, and with a superfluous abundance of words always at his command, he is constantly in readiness for a speech, long or short, and he always makes good. General Silsby has a way of starting his audiences to thinking at the inception of his opening remarks; then he gradually draws them into the current of his own thought until they are submerged and engulfed in a baptism of spontaneous eloquence that is soul entrancing. His personal appearance, his gestures, his peculiar manner of using the rising inflection at the end of his

sentences, his clear, outreaching, penetrating voice, his unbroken current of words, his wit—all combine to make him a platform orator of unusual charm and power.

SILSBY, THE POET

General Silsby, in addition to his oratorical powers, is also possessed of a keen poetical instinct. Writing poetry comes to him without effort. That which he has turned out for Decoration Day and for other occasions, is superb. What might he do if he were to apply himself to the task more intensely! At Christmas time, this year, without any previous meditation, he sat down hurriedly at the typewriter and spun off spontaneously the following Christmas ditty to his life-long friend, Honorable O. L. Branson. One needs to scan it but hurriedly to detect within it the great natural ability back of it.



GEO. A. SILSBY

TO MY FRIEND, O. L. BRANSON

The old year is dying;—
And soft winds are sighing,
  While Christmas stands at the door.
Friendsphis are strongest,
And last the longest,
  When cherished forevermore.

Season's benediction
Brings out the prediction,
  That our's will last for all time:
'Tis cherished with love
That springs from above:
  And nurtured with thoughts sublime.

So I bring you this toast,
But with no idle boast;—
  "A merry Christmas to you:"
May kind Heaven fore-fend,
My very best friend,
  Who always proved loyal and true.

His Decoration Day addresses are usually well-seasoned with his own original poems. He seems able, with but little effort, to produce an inexhaustible supply of them. We remember one preserved from his Memorial address in May, 1907. It follows:

THE FLAG

Oh! starry flag, with field of blue,
With stripes of red and stripes of white;
Thou standest for the things most true —
For Honor, Justice, Right.

We gladly hail this emblem pure,
This banner of our country's pride;
For you our sons will ere endure;
For you our noblest died.

From heaven's high dome you richly shine,
And radiance cast on all around:
Thy form speaks of a love divine
That knows no captive bound.

Oh! starry flag, forever wave,
For Freedom pure, and righteous laws;
Within thy folds conceal no slave,
Nor treasure any flaws.

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD

Born in Rockford, Illinois, March 28, 1847, General Silsby was a lad ten years of age when the Lincoln-Douglas debate took place at Freeport, Illinois; and he is one of the few persons, living today, who can truthfully say that they heard one of these debates.

On the morning of the day that this particular debate took place, his father said: "Come, George, help to hitch up the team and we'll drive to Freeport to hear the speeches today by Lincoln and Douglas" Here was the opportunity of a life time. The boy was at that plastic age in life when impressions are easily made and sink deep. He carried away with him part of the addresses, and, above all, the spirit of the occasion. He recalls to this day and relates with some mirth, how Lincoln, when Judge Douglas was introduced, arose, as a matter of courtesy; and how Douglas, much to the amusement of the audience, strutted over to Lincoln, and looking up at him, (Lincoln was a head and shoulders taller than Douglas) said, "How long, O Lord, how long:" and how Lincoln, when he was introduced and Judge

Douglas stood up, looked down at him and said, "The ways of the wicked are short." (It soon proved true.)

While a boy he attended the public schools in Rockford. In 1880, he got the "western fever" and migrated to Dakota, settling on a homestead in Davison county, just west of Mitchell, in Beulah township, where for two years he batched it in a sod shanty. One year, while on the farm, he raised two acres of onions that netted him $835.45. They were all bought and eaten by the citizens of Mitchell, except 100 bushels.

In 1883, Mr Silsby was given a position in the United States land office at Mitchell, and later he was made chief clerk. The next year he was appointed postmaster at Mitchell, but he was removed two years later by Grover Cleveland, for "pernicious activity" in political affairs. Knowing that if a democratic president were elected, he would lose his position, Silsby was very active during the campaign. When it was learned that Cleveland was elected, a crowd of enthusiastic democrats, led by Judge Hammer (deceased) marched up Main street, carrying torch lights. They stopped in front of the postoffice. But the daunty Silsby was not to be outdone. Looking up they beheld a banner which he had hoisted, on one side of which were these words:

"Onions will grow again. It will be summer by and by,"

and on the other side:

"To the victors belong the spoils."

MILITARY

General Silsby enlisted at fifteen years of age as a private in the 74th Illinois infantry, April 5, 1862. Serving out his first enlistment, he re-enlisted in the 132nd Illinois. Having taken sick, and having been reduced thereby in flesh until he weighed but ninety-three pounds, he was mustered out at Chicago, December 6, 1864, for physical disability.

Shortly after homesteading in Davison county, he was elected captain of old Co. "I" of the South Dakota state guards at Mitchell. He used to hoe onions during the day and then walk to town at night to drill his troops. Governor Mellette appointed him inspector-general for the state. In this capacity his work was so satisfactory that Governor Sheldon later on appointed him adjutant-general.

POLITICS

At the state republican convention held at Madison, in 1892, Harry L. Bras, of Micthell, was a candidate against Cortez Salmon, of Parker, for state superintendent. He brought out Gen-

eral Silsby as a candidate for temporary chairman of the convention. After a lot of dickering, during which General Silsby's name was withdrawn from the fight for nearly an hour, he was put back into the race, but was defeated by twenty-three votes by our present United States senator, Robert J. Gamble. Later on the General was made permanent chairman of the convention and as a result of his impartial rulings during that stormy session he was elected to the republican national convention as the first presidential elector-at-large from South Dakota,—casting his ballot for Ben Harrison for president. In 1902 General Silsby was elected mayor of Mitchell, and during his two administrations the city showed a splendid growth; the large, granite city hall was built without issuing bonds, and many other substantial improvements were made. He was our state's national bank examiner from 1898, for ten consecutive years.

PERSONAL

The General owns in the city of Mitchell one of the most magnificent homes in the state: also another large modern dwelling, the large store building occupied by W. H. Fritz on Main street and a large interest in the Mitchell Cattle Company which owns eight sections of land in northern Hyde county, heavily stocked. At present he is secretary of the Mitchell Elks' Club with a membership of 850, secretary of the Mitchell Commercial Club; a member of the G. A. R. and the Masons, and an active member of the Congregational church.

One month and three days before his twenty-first birthday, he was united in marriage to Miss Emily Derwent, of Rockford, Illinois—today one of Mitchell's happy and energetic club women and leader, blessed by a host of true friends, and active and enthusiastic for the city's general welfare. Two girls came into their home. One of them is today Mrs. Maude Silsby-Nichols, of Faith, and the other, Mrs. H. E. Hitchcock, wife of Senator Hitchcock of Davison county.

The Silsbys enjoy a pleasant home life; and although the General is very busy, and increasing years are beginning to show their furrowed grooves, he is still the favorite orator for Decoration Day, for Old Settlers' picnics and at state camp-fires. Splendid citizen!

AN EDUCATIONAL FINANCIER

Dr. Cavlin H. French, president of Huron College, was walking down the streets of Cincinnati, when he met a wealthy friend to whom he imparted his plan to raise an endowment of $250,000 for the Huron school. In a satirical manner, as if to poke fun at the undertaking, the fellow interpolated: "Why dont' you make it a half million?"

"I believe I will!" responded the doughty president, and from that very moment the big financial fight to raise $500,000 for Huron College was on.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

After all is said and done, there are, from a common-sense, practical standpoint, only three primal elements to success in life —selection, preparation, determination. The latter will overcome a mistake made in either or both of the first two. It brought victory to the venture of Columbus, crowned Washington's efforts with success, triumphed at Appomattox, and made Bob LaFollette governor of Wisconsin. It gave to Calvin H. French of Huron, an unprecedented victory in college financing.

Two years! Think of it! Two long years away from home. Two years of incessant struggle. Not one brief effort like Jacob wrestling all night with an angel at Jabbock's Ford, but 730 days and 730 nights of relentless struggle. Determination? What else? College presidents all over the country told him it couldn't be done. Preachers and philanthropists advised against it. Calvin H. French, alone, had faith in the task, faith in himself, faith in his fellowman, faith in God. It was undertaken. It was done. And today Huron College has been placed upon a Gibraltar basis, financially, where the storms of adversity, arising from short crops and political disturbances of the money market, will die into oblivion as they beat against the threshold of her buttress.

THE CLOSING SCENES

On the morning of the last day, this telegram was received

from Dr. French, who was at that time in New York City, making the greatest effort of his life to raise money:

"New pledge of Fifteen Thousand, on condition Huron guarantees the last Ten Thousand."

Now, Huron had already given beyond her ability. But, $475,000 had been pledged on condition that the total amount, $500,000, should be subscribed before midnight, November 11, 1911. Thus $150,000 was now depending upon another home pledge of $10,000. Yes, more than that! $475,000 plus $15,000; total, $490;000, was hanging on that last $10,000, to be subscribed by Huron.

"Will they do it!? Dare they do it? Oh! God grant they won't refuse!"

Thus the words of the poet, put into the mouths of the patriots in Liberty Hall, in good old Philadelphia on the morning of July 4, 1776, were suddenly revived by the students and faculty of Huron College. It was a challenge to heroic endeavor, to self-sacrifice, to build beyond the grave.

It was about nine o'clock p. m. November 11, last President Abel of the board of directors of Huron College, who had given lavishly of his own hard-earned funds, and who had struggled all day in personal interviews with the citizens of Huron to rise to the occasion and make the best investment that had ever confronted them, had gone out to the college to await news from Dr. French. The latter's faithful secretary, John I. Pasek, a product of Ward Academy, was standing with one hand on the telephone receiver which had not as yet been lifted from the hook, debating with President Abel about the wording of a telegram to be sent to Dr. French, when, at that very moment, the phone, as if inspired, gave a sharp ring.

Jerking down the receiver, slamming it tightly against his ear, Mr. Pasek, while an anxious crowd rushed forward to hear, shouted into the mouth-piece:

"Hello!"

"I've a telegram for you," said the operator at the Western Union.

"Repeat it! Quickly!" demanded Pasek.

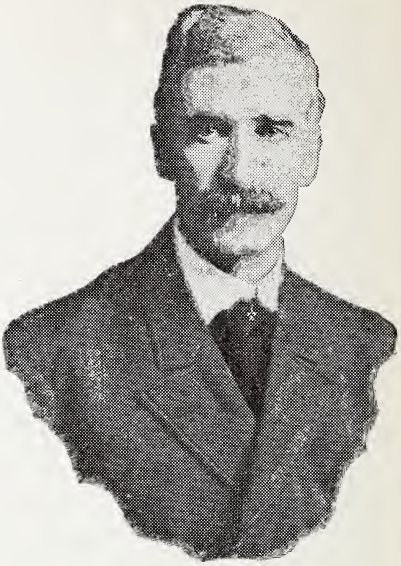
"We win!

French."

Huron College was organized and established in 1883, at Pierre, S. D., with Rev. Thomas M. Finley as president. Two years later, Rev. William M. Blackburn D. D. LL. D., succeeded to the presidency. The "dry time" in Dakota came on. After struggling for thirteen years against the adverse tide of conditions,

he resigned in 1898, and Dr. Calvin H. French, a local preacher at Scotland, this state, and who had made an enviable record as president of the old Scotland Academy, was chosen as his successor.

The Spanish-American war was in progress. Times were just beginning to "limber up." The vast gold fields of Alaska had begun to give forth their rich ores. Money was becoming more plentiful. Weather conditions changed. Bountiful crops began to yield their rich treasures. The citizens of Huron, through private subscription, bought for $5,000 the old Royal hotel at that place, which originally cost $50,000, and made a present of it to the school. It was the awakening. French was the man of the hour.



CALVIN H. FRENCH

CONTRIBUTIONS

Four years later, the Chicago and Northwestern railway company gave to the school four beatuiful blocks of ground near the heart of the city of Huron on which to erect their future buildings. In 1904, Ralph Voorhees of Chicago, gave them $15,000 for a girls' dormitory. The faithful women of Huron raised $5,000 more to be added to it. This made $10,000 that Huron had already invested in the enterprise, let alone her liberal contributions toward the running expenses. Other contributions were made by distant friends. The year closed with $27,900 pledged.

In 1905, Mr. Voorhees offered conditionally to give $10,000 toward a central building. French said: "We'll take it!" The building was completed two years later, at a total cost of $122,000. It is as yet the finest school building in the state. There was an old indebtedness of $15,000. Mrs. Voorhees gave it. Noble people! One building was named for her, the other after her philanthropic husband.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, gave the school $15,000 in July, 1908, as the first contribution toward an endowment fund. Jim Hill, the raliroad magnate, followed it with $50,000. At midnight, November 11, 1911, Dr. French, through his own tireless efforts, and at the sacrifice of numerous friends, brought it up to the high water mark of South Dakota educational endowments, $506,129. Hats off to his grit!

THE LOCATION

There are in South Dakota seven state educational institutions. As a result of some disgraceful political operations, they were split up and every single one of them, with but one exeception—the Madison Normal—were placed in border counties; that is, the outside tier of counties around the edge of the state. So, also, were all of the charitable institutions, save one, similarly located. The next generation will ask, with appropriate curiosity, "Why didn't they finish the job and connect them all with a high wall?"

This error in judgment gave to the denominational schools of the state the very opportunity they desired. The rich James River Valley, extending across the east central portion of the state, from north to south, lay open before them. The Congregationalists put in an academy at Redfield and a college at Yankton. The Methodists, with equal foresight, slipped their university into the city of Mitchell. The Free Methodists sought out Wessington Springs. Then the Presbyterians, taking creditable advantage of the situation, closed their academy at Scotland and their so-called university at Pierre, put the two together and established them as one institution on the bank of the Jim, in the beautiful city of Huron, which lies geographically, in the center of the old river's fertile valley.

Today, the beautiful college campus at Huron; the magnificent, imposing bulidings thereon, and the large endowment fund —representing a total valuation of $771,120—the increase in the faculty from a membership of seven to twenty-five, and in the enrollment, from 136 to 488, all combine to attest the wisdom of the last maneuvers in location, and, as well, the judgment displayed in the selection of a president.

PERSONAL

He, whose worthy deeds are feebly extolled in this article, was born in Williamsburg, Ohio, June 13, 1862. Attaining his

Bachelor of Arts at Lake Forest University in 1888, he was, three years later, honored with his Master's degree, by the same institution. In 1891 he graduated from the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and was ordained by the Presbytery of South Dakota the same year, and installed at once as pastor of the Scotland church. This position he occupied until 1898. However, during 1897-8, he was also principal of Scotland Academy. In 1900, Wooster University honored him with his Doctor of Divinity. July 28, 1897, he was united in marriage at College Springs, Iowa, to Miss Anna Long, of that city. This brave little Christian woman has been his fortress as well as his advance guard ever since, and much of his success has been due to her unwserving devotion.

Transferred to Huron, in 1898, as previously set forth, this determined, plucky youth from the east, showed himself to be no tenderfoot in the race of life. Upon his return from New York, after his successful endowment campaign, the citizens of Huron turned out en masse and gave him a banquet long to be remembered. One of the unique and worthy features of the occasion, was the rendition of the following hymn of welcome, in his honor, composed by H. Foster Jones:

TO PRESIDENT C. H. FRENCH

Strong Man of God, whose tireless hands
Through many a year in faith have wrought,
Thy Master-work before thee stands—
An lo, thou hast not striven for naught.
As one who, in the world's new dawn,
A temple reared to God's high Name,
In lines of fairest marble drawn,
And toiled for love, and not for fame;
So hast thou shaped with patient skill,
This nobler structure, whose intent—
Trained mind and consecrated will—
Shall be thy lasting monument.
And we who, wondering day by day,
Have seen the splendid vision rise—
We can but bow our heads, and say,
"He knew; for God had made him wise."
Strong Man of God, whose faith serene,
Hath shamed the petty doubts of men,
Weclome to this thy triumph-scene—
Dear welcome to thine own again.

ANOTHER ADOPTED SON

Through his lectures before graduating classes and other popular audiences, his wide range of sermons, and his activity in the educational world as teacher and superintendent, the Reverend W. M. Mair—that little, sawed-off Scotch-American preacher, at present pastor of the Congregational church in the city of Mitchell—has brought himself into prominence, and is beginnng to make his name a household word in South Dakota.

Mair is a persuasive fellow. Born in Peterhead, Scotland, in 1870, 'tis said, as the story goes, that at the infant age of four years, he had already familiarized himself with so much history and had become so innoculated with the spirit of liberty, that he persuaded his parents to take him and move to America where he might rise to greatness and pave the way for his fellow Scotchman, Andrew Carnegie, to make a fortune. The parents yielded and Mair has already achieved both objects. Carnegie's name will remain chiseled in stone over the doors of public libraries long after Mair is dead and forgotten, but the moral stimulus being

REV. W. M. MAIR

given by Mair to those about him will widen in the wake of its influence, like the tail of a comet, and continue to inspire men to higher ideals, long after the stone structures containing Carnegie's engraved name have crumbled to dust.

Strange! Isn't it!? How one man seeks fortune and builds for today, while another seeks righteousness and builds for tomorrow. Wealth is doing all it can to perpetuate its own appetite. Philanthropy is today being conducted in too many cases under a mask of hypocritical self-aggrandizement. The name of the richest man on earth, 1912 years ago last Christmas morning, is not known and cannot be found among the sacred pages of contracting history, while the name of a little Child who entered life in the manger of a grotto in old Bethlehem, on that day, now lives everywhere. The name of the richest man in America on that eventful day when the Emancipation Proclamation was promulgated to the nation, is either unknown or forgotten, while the name of that impoverished country lawyer who penned it, today stirs the patritoc instinct of every American at its very utterance. Wealth is today struggling as never before to buy a place of prominence to perpetuate itself in the history of the race. Dedications here! Dedications there! Names chiseled on prominent stones in massive structures, of those whose gifts erected them (for the ultimate sake of self)!—the palsied struggle of wealth for self perpetuation. Yet these give way in the human heart to the towering shafts of granite, builded by the tiny gifts of the poor, that point their illumined spires heavenward at Springfield, Illinois, at Canton, Ohio, at Gettysburg, in the city of Washington, and amid the pines of Boston. Mair is building well.

The Mair family first settled at Toronto, Canada. From here they soon removed to Tennessee. Here W. M. attended the public schools, and later graduated from Pleasant Hill Normal Institute. Dissatisfied with his preparation for life, he persuaded his father to send him to Oberlin, where through self-support, self-exertion and honest application, he fitted himself for a minister of the Gospel, and graduated with distinction.

PREACHER—TEACHER

Filled with unquenchable enthusiasm, the young pastor did not go back to the old family haunts of Tennessee, but rather he struck westward and accepted the pastorate of a church at Henry, South Dakota, where he preached 1897-99 inclusive. Accepting a call to Garretson, S. D., he occupied the pulpit at that place

for several years, and then resigned to accept the principalship of the Garretson schools.

In 1903 he took a trip back to his native land, looked over the "Mosses (on the) Old Manse," filled himself full of European ozone, and then returned to his adopted land to work out his destiny. This trip opened a new field of endeavor to him. His observations had given birth to a stirring lecture on the Old World. Requests for its repetition came from all over the state. Mair's gifted tongue was rapidly earning back for him the money he spent abroad.

Always possessed of an inherent longing for school work, and realizing how closely connected are the lives of the teacher and the preacher, Mair returned to the school room at Garretson—using this as a stepping stone to the superintendency of Minnehaha county, 1907-10. In this position he made an enviable record. He superintended, taught, lectured, preached, wrote, conducted corn-growing contests, and gave a general impetus to the school work and, as well, to the sociability of the entire county.

A. Craig Bowdish, pastor of the Congregational church in the city of Mitchell, resigned his pastorate in 1910, to re-enter school. The membership of the church, who had been reading the Sioux Falls papers, and consequently were somewhat familiar with the aggressive methods of our preacher-teacher, sent for Mair. He took a "try out;" preached them a few eloquent sermons; received a unanimous call; left Sioux Falls a few weeks before the expiration of his second term in the county superintendent's office and removed to Mitchell, where today he is one of the "live wires" among the preachers of that city. His congregation has built an elegant modern parsonage for him and his family—a little Scotch lassie of his own size and ambition for a wife, plus two lovely daughters.

MAIRS'. LITERARY STYLE

For several years Mair has edited a department, once a week in the Argus-Leader, entitled "The Observer," which bristles with live facts, tastily written. He has a literary style of his own. It is admirably set forth in the following extract from his speech delivered before the students of the Aberdeen Normal, September 11, 1912:

"I once dined in the home of a southern friend in the far south. The dinner was prepared and served by a negro servant, old and grey, who had been a slave in the home before the Civil War. She was an expert in the mysteries of culinary proficiency. Yes, she was more—she was an artist. The snowy white linen,

the polished silver and china, the creamy hot biscuit, the delicious fried chicken, the golden butter, the digestible cake, and the amber-colored coffee,—a nectar fit for the gods, will remain a sweet and grateful memory with me for another decade, and will atone in large measure for the interruptions and disappointments of life I have sometimes experienced. Was that aged negress educated because she could create and serve so royal a feast? She could neither read nor write her own name. She was educated in only a faculty or two, and yet I can not speak too highly in passing of the necessity of the kind of education she possessed. We can hardly conceive an educated woman not knowing how to do the very things this negress could do, but we cannot conceive an educated woman knowing only what she knew and doing what she could do. But education is something more than the doing of things with trained hands. Education awakens the whole man. It gives wings to the imagination, refines the tastes, purifies the sensibilities, enlarges the vision, intensifies the powers of speech, quickens every power and trains every faculty, and fills the soul with ambitions requiring the most heroic effort to attain. What though a woman can cook to plesae the fastidious taste of the epicurean if her soul is forever dead to the charm of music, the nobility of literature, the beauty of art? What though a man can shoe a horse, drive an engine, or build a house, if the only pleasures and progress he can appreciate are the rasping voice of the cheap phonograph, the ribald song of the painted actress, the insipid intellectuality of the modern novel, the voices of the masters in literature, science and government unheard and unknown? What is the outlook of the soul whose world is measured only by the boundary of the tiny world in which his hands toil for daily bread! Is this the educated man—a hewer of wood and a carrier of water? The educated man receives tribute from the past and the present, in every department of learning, for his pleasure and progress, and his outlook is as infinite as the field of knowledge."

Strangely enough, Reverend Mair is also a money maker—not a money chaser. Like Lowell, he says:

"I only ask that heaven send
A little more than I shall spend."

This "little more" has been carefully guarded until today it has accumulated into one of the nicest farms in Minnehaha county, and into two beautiful lots in the city of Sioux Falls, on which he expects to build a manse, in which he and Mrs. Mair may spend their declining years, after he shall have become too old to work. Thoughtful man!

OUR CLASSICAL EDITOR

The days of swaying public sentiment through broadsides of oratory from the platform are rapidly passing away in this country, although they will never cease. The reason for this is the establishment of so many monthly and weekly magazines, the springing up here and there of such a multitudinous number of daily newspapers and the creation of local and rural mail carriers for their distributon; also to the diffusion of education and the creation of the reading habit.

The Revolutionary war period called forth a score of the ablest orators the world has ever produced. The Civil War period gave to us another band of spirited speakers who re-echoed the sentiments of revolutionary days. Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," found its parting echo three-quarters of a century later in Dan Webster's "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

During the nineteenth century, journalism not only took root but multiplied itself and flourished greatly. In 1814, Nathan Hale, a talented nephew of the famous spy of the revolution, bought the "Boston Daily Advertiser," which was, and still is, the leading daily paper of New England. He edited it for fifty years. Down in a little, dingy cellar under an old building on Nassau street in New York City, James Gordon Bennet established the "New York Herald" in 1835; and for over seventy-five years it has remained one of the most powerful papers on either continent. Horace Greeley, in 1833, had thrust the "Morning Post" into the arena of newspaperdom. It was the first penny paper ever published in the entire world. The next year it was converted into the "New Yorker," which six years later gave way to the "Logcabin," and which, in turn, yielded to the "New York Tribune." Chas. A. Dana, Henry Raymond, George Curtis and George Childs, each as editorial satellites, glided into prominence and took their respective places in the firmament of journalism.

While these men were rounding out journalism on a large scale in the far east, Dame Nature was slowly developing at Janesville, Wisconsin, a young lad who was destined to achieve distinction in a smaller way, as an editorial writer in the west; and, who, had he been given a chance with those of the east, would easily have taken rank with the best of them—Editor W. S. Bowen of the "Daily Huronite," the most classical editorial writer in South Dakota, and one of the ablest in the west.

WHEELER S. BOWEN

Editor Bowen was born in 1843 at Akron, Ohio, where his father owned and published the "Summit County Beacon." Six years later the family removed to Janesville, Wisconsin, where W. S., as a mere boy, took up city editorial work in a print shop which his father established at that place.

In 1873, he "pulled stakes" and struck out for Yankton, S. D., where he took up and continued for twenty-three years his editorial work on the "Press and Dakotan." A political editor of unusual force and ability, he had been one of the strongest factors in the state in sending R. F. Pettigrew to the United States Senate. Mr. Pettigrew was not ungrateful for the service rendered, and Editor Bowen soon found himself called to the Senator's private secretaryship.

He bought a half interest in the "Sioux Falls Daily Press," in 1901, and in 1907 he sold his interest to W. C. Cook, our internal revenue collector. It was during his six years as editor of The Press that he achieved distinction as an editorial writer. During this period, The Press enjoyed a remarkable growth, and it was quoted by all the leading dailies of the west.

Like Napoleon battering out the keystone to a strong-hold by centering his fire constantly on the pivotal spot, so Editor Bowen kept hurling large calibre missiles of political death at his opponents until he had forced a retreat and placed Coe I. Crawford in the United States Senate Without Bowen's newspaper battery constantly in action, Mr. Crawford never could have won.

After selling his interest in The Press, Mr. Bowen went to Boise City, Idaho, where for one year he edited the "Idaho Scimater." Returning to South Dakota, he bought the "Daily Huronite," in 1909, and later bought and united with it the "Huron Spirit." Although bowed with the turmoil of sixty-nine years, his editorial pen "still lives, forever young." Dipping it into the "fountain of eternal youth," he writes with the vigor, the courage, the clearness and the coherency of thirty years ago. Could anything be prettier than his editorial in the "Huronite," last year, on Memorial Day? It follows:

MEMORIAL DAY

"Through so many years of prosperous peace has the memorial anniversary in honor of the dead of the Civil War been observed that the event has become as well established as our Christian Sabbath. As the swift years go by, increasing solemnity is attached to the observances of each 30th of May, couched though they are in the forms that admit of no variation.

"It is far away now, the weary march, the bristling line, the sputtering fire, the roar of musketry, the boom of artillery, the weird cadence of flying shells and the hiss of the death dealing minnie, the sobbing away of life, the moans, the shrieks, the shouts of triumph, the groans of despair.

"So far away and covered by so many years of rising and advancing generations that the life of today knows little of the significance of Memorial Day to the survivors of one of the world's bloodiest periods.

"And the appreciation of the soldier of the '60's is somewhat dimmed, for he has lived long since there came unsought into his life experiences that were wrought into his soul in the red-hot crucible of war. He may feel that he, too, would be willing to lie down in his place 'on fame's eternal camping ground,' for the journey is becoming a weary one and the thinned column drags along the line of march.

"Today, under the stars that were saved and the stripes that wreathed about them, all over the loyal portion of our land, the people have turned their thoughts to the men of the sixties, have

honored them as they will again on each recurring 30th of May, giving to the present the glorious lesson of the past, that the future may be saved against the conspiracies of evil."

AS A SOLDIER

During his busy life Editor Bowen found time to detach himself for three years from newspaper work to serve his country. At twenty years of age he enlisted in the 12th Wisconsin Battery and served till 1865, being mustered out on May 1, of that year, at Newburn, N. C., where he was marching northward with General Sherman's victorious army.

RETROSPECT

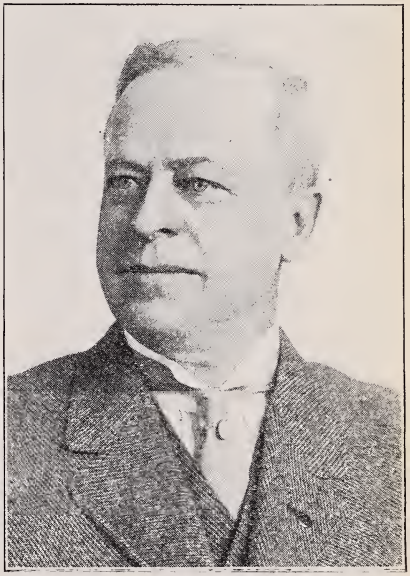
Mr. Bowen looks backward upon his early time experiences in the territory of Dakota with keen interest, feeling that they covered the most important and the most enjoyable period of his life. The making of a state out of nature's raw material had just begun. Settlements had fringed the large rivers of the territory, the Red, the Sioux and the Missouri, and the advance guard had begun to creep up the Jim. The vast interior was an unpeopled stretch, awaiting the advent of railroads and inhabitants, a scene of summer beauty and winter desolation. To witness the occupation of this wonderful agricultural and pastoral realm by the people who have since developed it, and to have participated in the creation of two important commonwealths is something to call up pride and gratifying retrospection. Yankton, his home, was the headquarters of the legislative and executive force of the new empire, and a resident of that city came into close touch with the builders of the two Dakotas. Many of them are now only memories and about their work the coming generations will know but little. They left their impress. Their names are passing with their lives. All of the nearly forty years of Editor Bowen's residence within the Dakotas have been years of growth and expansion, and one who has given the larger part of his life to such experiences treasures them in memory as the best achievements of an earthly pilgrimage.

Our gray haired sires, like Editor Bowen, who builded with blistered hands and weary feet our young empire of the west, are gradually, and of late, quite rapidly, taking their places "in the silent halls" of eternal rest, while their sturdy sons are pressing forward with manly vigor to complete the tasks their sires began. Hail! Chieftains of yesterday! Hail Bowen! Hail! All Hail!

AN EDUCATIONAL CONSTRUCTIONIST

If there is a schoolma'am, a school dad, or a school officer in South Dakota, who doesn't know R. S. Gleason, of Sioux Falls, agent in the Dakotas for the American Book Company, of Chicago, they ought to consider the fact as prima facie evidence that they are back numbers, and, well—use this article as a letter of introduction and get acquainted.

Where Gleason came from, we do not know. At any rate the first anybody heard of him he was in Lapeer county, Michigan; next he came forth from some normal school over there, with a lamb pelt, properly engrossed, under his arm, and began to teach a country school. The next time he showed up and left his "footprints on the sands of time," he was superintendent of schools in Kingsbury county, South Dakota. He entered this position on October 1, 1888, and served two years and three months under territorial days. At that time county superintendents were elected at the regular school election in June and took their respective offices the following October. The old territorial plan was exactly right, and ever since statehood there has been an eternal and righteous clamor to re-



R. S. GLEASON

turn to the old plan, so as to get the office of county superintendent as far as possible out of politics.

At the inception of our statehood, Gleason was again elected superintendent of Kingsbury county and re-elected two years later, thus serving out his entire limit under the constitution. This, added to his territorial service, gave him six years and three months of continuous service in the county superintendent's office,—a thing that will never happen to any other superintendent in the state until the constitutional limitation of two terms has been removed.

Writing on "Kingsbury County's Transcendency," under date of May 20, 1909, we said of Gleason:

"Kingsbury county was first given distinction in the educational world by one of her ex-superintendents, R. S. Gleason, now agent for the American Book Company in North and South Dakota. Gleason was a strong county superintendent, a good organizer, a member of the committee that prepared our first state course of study and a recognized educator who rose to the presidency of the state educational association. Today, he is the most liked and disliked of any man in the state—liked for his natural likeableness, and big heart; disliked by a lot of fellows whose natural tendencies (unconscious to themselves) border on socialism and cause them to hate every man who works for a big corporation."

Strange! isn't it? what a narrow view some people take of things. Practically every business, both public and private, is today incorporated. A state is a corporation, and may sue and be sued; so also is a county and a school district. Thus every state official, every county official and every school teacher, is a "corporation hireling." The same thing is true in private business. Unless a man is merely running a pea-nut stand, ten chances to one he is working for a corporation. Why should a book agent be singled out for criticism?

GLEASON, THE CONSTRUCTIONIST

That side of Gleason's character which stands out the most conspicuous in our state history, is the constructive ability which he has at all times manifested in things educational. Up to the year 1889, when the state educational association met at Yankton, the county superintendents of the state had never been given formal recognition in that body. At the Yankton meeting, Gleason, as superintendent of Kingsbury county, arose and offered a resolution establishing the department of county supervision as a component part of the state organization. He was ignored.

Being a splendid parliamentarian, he awaited his chance to get the floor. At the proper time, he gained his feet, and forced the chair to recognize him. Then and there, there was "something doing," and from that day the department of county supervision has been one of the strongest features of the state organization.

It was at this meeting that R. S. Gleason offered another resolution which has had more to do in the development of our rural schools than all other special resolutions combined. It provided for the immediate creation and use of a course of study for the rural schools of the entire state. The resolution was adopted; but many of those who voted for it, merely thought to get the matter out of the way,—remaining firm in their convictions that nothing would come of it, because there were no available funds with which to pay for the printing of such a course, even though one were drawn up, submitted to the association and adopted. The chair appointed Gleason of Kingsbury, Bras of Davison, and Lange of McCook, as a committee of three to prepare the course.

It was hastily but accurately done; presented to the convention, and adopted. The fellows who at heart were genuine "re-actionaries" and who had purposely let it go through, raised the question of funds. Gleason was not to be outdone. He and Harry L. Bras of Davison county, held a conference. They decided to pledge $500 for the publication of the course. It was done, and at the next meeting of the association, in 1890, the entire edition was bought by the superintendents of the various organized counties of the state. Yes, and more than that! The sales exceeded by 2,000 copies the number published, so that a new edition had to be brought out at once.

Thus it will readily be seen that Gleason has been one of the leading educational constructionists of the state. To him cannot be given too much credit for the splendid course of study which we have today, and which is rapidly being adopted by adjoining states. In the hurried development of every new state the pioneers in all great movements are soon forgotten—forgotten, yes, by the immediate beneficiaries themselves. Again, the splendid teachers' institute law which we have had on our statute books since statehood, until recently, was the immediate result of the untiring efforts of R. S. Gleason. The fight he made at Pierre to get two dollars apiece allowed for each teacher who enrolled at institute, as a fund with which to secure capable instructors, was the greatest achievement of his life. It would take a volume to describe what took place.

Again, Gleason has always stood for the consolidation of

schools, state aid for high schools, and a smaller unit of school organization.

BECOMES A BOOK AGENT

Gleason was rapidly forging his way to the front and gaining state-wide recognition for himself. Just then, one of the most natural things in the world happened—the American Book Company wanted him. Nothing strange or unnatural about that. A book agent's life is the most strenuous of any means of livelihood on earth. For these positions the large publishing houses demand leaders and not trailers.

Here was Gleason's opportunity. Still a young man, with many possibilities before him in the educational field, he looked far into the future and said to himself: "This educational game may not pay in the end. The fellows who follow it for fifteen years get sort o' sissified and are not good for anything else; those that follow it twice that long are not good for anything. I guess I'll quit it right now and connect myself with something that has a future to it."

So about twenty years ago, he became identified with the American Book Company, as their traveling representative in the two Dakotas, plus anywhere else in the United States or Canada, that they might choose to send him. At once the young fellow showed great possibilities in the book business. He was aggressive, polite, fearless, tireless, shrewd; cool under fire, and as resourceful as Senator Bailey.

Gleason soon proved himself to be one of the best book men in the United States. Single handed and alone he buckled in with an eagerness characteristic of the fellow; won South Dakota to such an extent that from 1897 to 1902, his company held ninety-three per cent of the total books adopted for all of the rural schools of the state. And, despite the fact that other book houses have since placed resident agents in the state, and are spending a lot of money legitimately to get a foothold, Gleason still maintains about eighty-five per cent of the business. The five-year adoptions take place again this year. What will happen none can foresee. The competing companies all have good men in the field, and a lively fight is sure to ensue.

STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

As previously suggested. Mr. Gleason is a tireless worker. He learned long years ago that nothing gets results like good hard work; and that in the book business, as in other walks of life, there is no subsititute for it. He is a strong, husky fellow who never complains of feeling badly. For this reason, he is always "on deck."

For nearly a quarter of a century Gleason has been one of the most active members of the state educational association. When it comes to parliamentary tactics, he's always there "with the goods." A meeting of the association, without Gleason, would be a one-sided thing.

GLEASON, THE PATRIOT

How vividly the educators of the state recall the awful catastrophe that happened during the 1909 session of the State Educational Association which convened at Lead, while the members were returning via the Burlington from a sight-seeing trip in Spearfish canon, when just above Deadwood a few miles one of the coaches overturned into the ditch and instantly killed the charming Miss Logan, primary teacher at Pukwana.

Miss Edith Sedgwick—Miss Logan's cousin who was recently elected superintendent of Brule county, was also pinioned under the car which was rapidly settling upon her, so that death was inevitable within a few minutes.

At this critical moment R. S. Gleason took his own life in his hands, crept under the sinking car, clawed away with his naked hands the gravel and debris that was holding Miss Sedgwick fast, pulled the dead girl's hands off of the live girl's face, liberated her and at great risk and the expenditure of heroic efforts, he released the Sedgwick girl and dragged her out, just a moment before it would have been too late. Patriotic man! He deserves a Carnegie medal and a cash prize from the Hero Fund.

TEACHERS' READING CIRCLE

The state teachers' reading circle was organized away back in the early nineties, or before. Each year, until very recently, two books have been adopted for the teachers of the state to buy and read. For nearly all of these years R. S. Gleason has been on deck, whipped all of the other agents, and had secured for his firm the adoption of both books. No other book agent in this or in any other state in the Union, ever equalled his record in this line, and we predict none ever will. Only one Gleason is given to every generation.

However, in 1905, he lost one book; and for each of the next five years he got only one book. No man can play lucky always. There is an element of chance in all human undertakings, even unto marriage. Poor Gleason, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred eleven, after all the advance wires he had laid, went down to overwhelming and inglorious defeat. The Reading

Circle board not only turned him down, but they went far beyond, and instead of adopting two books as had heretofore been done, they adopted or recommended five; yet they did not give the old master of the game a single look in. Accepting their verdict with that high minded sense of forgiveness characteristic of a Caesar, the old book agent of the Dakotas settled back in his chair, lit his accustomed cigar, and soberly remarked. "I guess the steam roller is at work. I think I know how Joe Cannon feels." But R. S. Gleason is no quitter, and he is not "too old to come back." Mark the prediction!

(Later—The R. C. board recently met at Aberdeen. Gleason "came back" and secured one book.)

This incident brought out one of the greatest traits of Gleason's character—his coolness under fire during a book fight. Although naturally high tempered, he has schooled himself to a degree of patience that has earned him many a victory. Still, when he does "break loose," he reveals a repertoire of choice sarcasm as biting as that of Disraeli.

A NAPOLEONIC FIGHTER

Last summer the five-year book adoptions took place in a neighboring state. Gleason had been in Michigan on private business. Stopping in Chicago on his return, the American Book Company's western manager said to him, "The last fight takes place over in———tomorrow. I believe you better jump into it on your way home." In thirty minutes R. S. Gleason was aboard the "Denver Flyer" headed for the firing-line.

Arriving after dinner, he found the fight completely lost. Agents of a half dozen firms had "beat him to it" and had "sewed up" the entire proposition;—at least so they thought. That night while the self-conceited victors sat in the hotel corridor, smoking cigars and exchanging jokes while they congratulated themselves on their supposed victory for the morrow, R. S. Gleason was at work—hard at work—showing to the various members of the text-book board the new books which he had to offer and explaining the relative merits of each, and their superiority over those of his competitors; and the next day when the adoptions took place only *one firm* was patronized.

That evening a "big" book agent, with a smile on his face, stood on the depot platform of a little city in———waiting the arrival of a delayed train, stuffing newly signed, five-year book contracts into his pockets until they bulged most spaciously, and the next morning R. S. Gleason stepped off the train at Sioux

Fall, South Dakota, flushed with the consciousness of victory, and ready for another fight.

During the battle of Marengo, a staff officer rode up to Napoleon on a foaming charger, and shouted. "General, the battle is lost! The infantry has given way; the cavalry are retreating for refuge, and several of our field pieces have been captured." Napoleon, with one leg resting over the horn of his saddle, remained calm. Taking out his watch, he cooly said: "It is only ten minutes past four o'clock. The sun is still high in the heavens. We yet have time before dark to re-organize our forces and fight the battle over." He gave orders; they were obeyed. And that night as the sun sank to rest, it seemed to take a lingering look at one of the greatest victories in Napoleon's whole military career.

At four o'clock in the afternoon R. S. Gleason was completely routed. At sunset he came back—the unchampioned master of the situation.

MEDITATION

A book agent grows to have the keenest intellect found among men. He "lays his lines" during one campaign—wins; comes back a few years later for another adoption, discovers that new faces have superceded those that were once in authority, and finds that he must try his case all over again before a "new jury." This experience is repeated over and over again. He puts into each fight the best there is in him. Finally, gray hairs begin to appear, his crown begins to grow bare, deep furrows sink even deeper into his manly brow; and in a few years more he has made his "last fight" and is quietly laid away,

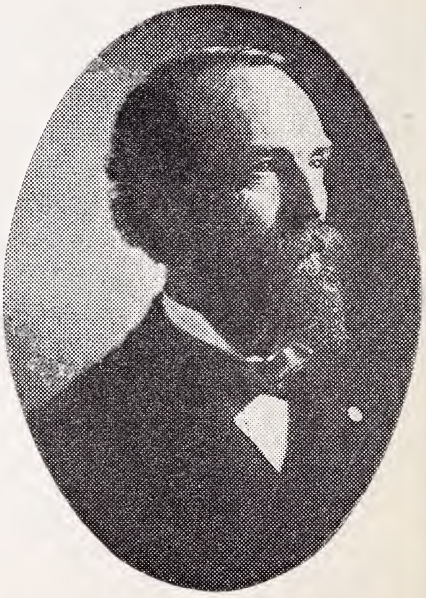
"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,"

while younger blood, thoroughly trained in the psychological art of handling men, comes forward to take his place, and he is soon forgotten. Does it pay? Perhaps.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

The most sacred lesson in the Bible is the story of the "Good Smaritan." The man who exemplifies in his daily life the virtues of the Samaritan rises to the highest and best deserved distinction of his day. Such a man is Asher F. Pay, of Huron. His kindly heart finds an ever ready echo in that of his devoted wife. Between them—often at a sacrifice—they have schooled other people's boys, found legitimate employment for the idle, and have redeemed wayward girls. Their Christianity has been of the practical sort—of the good Samaritan type—and their thoughtful deeds of kindness will not be "interred with their bones."

Asher F. Pay, of Huron, Beadle county, South Dakota, was born in Jefferson county, New York, the year that the Mexican War broke out. Like Lincoln, he got most of his education at night, after the old folks had retired, lying near the fire-place, reading from borrowed books. Later on he attended Todds' School for Boys for a brief period.



ASHER F. PAY

Left fatherless at the age of ten years, he not only had to make his own way through life, but he was compelled to help earn a livelihood for the rest of the family. After his father's death, the family drifted to Woodstock, Illinois; and from there they made their way west to

Washington, Iowa, where fifty-five years ago last October, young Pay apprenticed himself for three years to A. R. Wickersham of the Washington Press, to learn the printer's trade.

In 1862 he went to Chicago, and united with the firm of Dunlop, Sewell & Spaulding, railroad printers, to learn book and job printing. At the end of twenty months he returned to the "Washington Press," but shortly thereafter gave up his work to respond to his country's call, and enlisted in the Union army.

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Although Asher F. Pay has never published in South Dakota a newspaper of his own, he is, nevertheless, usually referred to as a newspaper man. This arises somewhat from his early training as a printer and writer, but more especially from his work in South Dakota as a reporter for the Metropolitan papers of the east.

During his first four years in Dakota, he corresponded for several large papers;—first for the Minneapolis Tribune. His early reportorial work for this paper, wherein he heralded praises for Dakota prairies and showed the possibilities of this empire of the west, soon won the attention of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. They wrote to the Tribune to find out who their Dakota correspondent was. This led to his additional employment by the Inter-Ocean. His work on the latter paper soon won for him national recognition, with the result that the Journal, the Times and the World, all of New York city, were added to his list.

Of recent years he has gradually eliminated his reportorial work until today he contents himself with furnishing material for the Minneapolis Journal, and a few other metropolitan newspapers, with which he has been identified for many years.

MILITARY SERVICE

At sixteen years of age young Pay enlisted in the 45th Iowa Infantry, commanded by Colonel Berryman, and, as a result, he was united with the Army of The Tennessee. As stated, Pay's father was dead. His mother was an English lady. America was her adopted country. Yet young Asher was the fifth one of her noble sons on whose patriotic brow she had implanted a loving mother's farewell kiss, and said: "Go! my boy. God bless you! Abe Lincoln needs you."

The boys went; they served their country well. One was wounded at Atlanta; another at Chicamagua; one fell in the capture of Jeff Davis, but finally survied; another froze his feet and lost the use of them in the famous campaign through Dakota

against Indians who had taken part in the New Ulm, Minnesota, massacre and were fleeing westward; while young Asher himself sustained injuries that have troubled him ever since. He was mustered out at Keokuk, Iowa, in October, 1865.

LATER YEARS

After the war Pay went to Galesburg, Illinois, where, for five years, he engaged in the printing business. From there he went to Keokuk, Iowa, then to Carthage, Illinois, where for ten years he managed a business establishment for a Keokuk firm. Removing to Springfield, Illinois, he managed a dry goods business for two years at that place, for a New York firm, and then, owing to ill health, resigned to come to South Dakota.

He landed at Huron in 1882 and homesteaded a farm in Beadle county. Later, for several years, he worked on the Daily Huronite. Finally, he received an appointment in the U. S. Land office at Huron, holding this position for two years.

An unwritten political code of ethics has sprung up in South Dakota whereby the office of clerk of the courts in a large number of counties—particularly those that have at their respective county seats a strong G. A. R. post—is given to an old soldier, his local post not infrequently deciding for themselves who the honored member shall be. Just so at Huron. For fourteen consecutive years Pay has held the position. Two years ago he announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election in 1912. Therefore, at the state G. A. R. encampment held in Pierre, last June, his admiring comrades got busy and formulated a plan informally to make him the "old soldier" candidate this year for Secretary of State. His candidacy, although strenuously objected to by himself, at once became popular throughout the state, and it has now acquired an apparently irresistable momentum.

Here is a kind hearted gentleman who has extolled the virtues of our state, who is leaving the imprint of his own splendid manhood upon the lives of the state G. A. R. encampments; one whom we all love, and whose memory we shall be pleased to honor. He has lived a long, useful life of repute and service; and the question arising is: "Does it not "Pay"?

OUR PREACHER EDUCATOR

Lord Byron may, or may not, have been sensitive to his own accomplishment which so often captivated and held the lingering attention of old and young alike, when he wrote those truthful lines:

"The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

The impenetrability into the human soul of a voice that is sweet and musical is a psychological art worth developing. Through such a voice friends are made, lovers are won and audiences are swayed. It is that full, round, deep, yet mellow, bass voice of Dr. Gunsaulus', more than it is the depth of thought and the fluency of his tongue, that draws to him at Central Church, Chicago, every Sabbath morning an audience of over six thousand.

Thus has nature blessed our preacher educator, Dr. Samuel Fletcher Kerfoot, president of Dakota Wesleyan University, at Mitchell. When one sits before him in an audience and watches him straighten up in the pulpit that pale, slender form of his, and then listens to those deep-toned diapason words coming forth in such fascinating, musical resonance he is led to marvel at the unexpected combination.

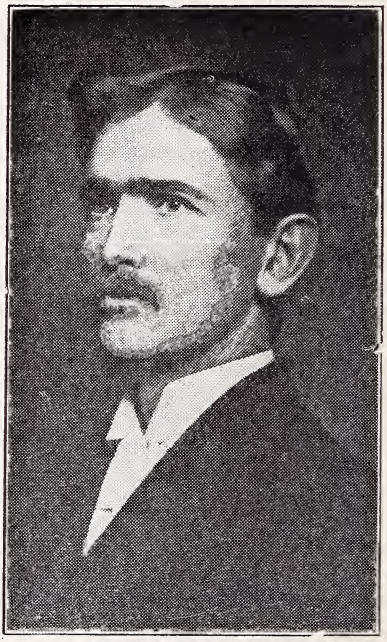
Young, scholarly, eloquent and devout; tall, slender, graceful and erect; at ease in the pulpit, fluent and possessed of a cultured vocabulary, he is a platform orator of unusual charm and power—at present, second to none in the state.

Like his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Thomas Nicholson; his faithful vice president, Dr. Samuel Weir, and many others who have achieved distinction in our state, Dr. Kerfoot is a Canadian by birth and an American by adoption. He entered life at Ontario, Canada, February 11, 1865, just three days before the fatal bullet of Booth entered the brain of Abraham Lincoln.

Kerfoot, is therefore, comparatively a young man—just the kind that is needed for a great college president. To break in

an old man for such a position is the height of foolishness. To be a success, he must be chosen, in the language of John De Mott, "while his brain is plastic and his blood is rich and ripe."

Realizing, even at an early age, that success in life is proportioned quite largely in accordance with one's preparation to succeed, young Kerfoot entered Hamline University, St. Paul, and began to lay the educational foundation that has since brought to him such an honorable career. He was graduated as an A. B., in 1889, was granted his A. M., in 1892, and was honored with his D. D., in 1904. Meantime, he attended Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, and received from this institution also in 1892 his B. D. degree.



DR. SAMUEL F. KERFOOT

In addition to the two degrees which were conferred upon him in 1892, this same year saw him ordained in the M. E. ministry. His first pastorate was in Minneapolis where he remained five years. From there he went to Winona where he occupied the same pulpit for eight years.

The church had its ever-watchful eye carefully upon him His tenure of service at the two points where he had preached, and the abiding confidence and affection of his church membership, invited attention and command respect. A quarter-million endowment fund had to be raised for the support of superanuated ministers of the M. E. church. Who would undertake the giant task? All eyes turned instinctively toward the pale-faced young pastor at Winona, who had but a short time before been elected superintendent of the Winona district He accepted the call, and instantly a new star arose in his firmament. In two years he had not only completed the giant undertaking, but he had gone far

beyond it. The church stood aghast. Nicholson had just resigned the presidency of Dakota Wesleyan, at Mitchell. A successor must be chosen. The school was $41,500 in debt. What qualifications must the new man have? Many, indeed; but above all he must be a money-raiser. At such moments boards of trustees search for a man with a record. Kerfoot had it; he was chosen. And momentarily the old school on the hill at Mitchell began to vibrate anew with that confidence which arises from financial gain.

DAKOTA WESLEYAN

Prior to Dr. Kerfoot's ascendency to the presidency of Dakota Wesleyan, the city of Mitchell, by voluntary contributions, had just completed the erection of a new $65,000 M. E. church, the Catholics had just finished their magnificent $68,000 granite structure, the Presbyterians had enlarged their church, the Congregationalists had subscribed money to erect their beautiful new building, several smaller congregations of other denominations had done likewise. Mitchell had also just passed through an expensive capital campaign. To ask a city of its size to come forward with $10,000 for Dakota Wesleyan, seemed like madness. The board said, "Let's try for it."

"Nonsense!" interposed the confident Kerfoot. "People love to give. Why, when you once get them started, you can hardly stop them. Let's not make it less than $50,000 from the city of Mitchell alone."

They did it. Kerfoot undertook the campaign. And the city of Mitchell, with her accustomed big heartedness, not only came forward heroically with the $50,000, but in harmony with Dr. Kerfoot's prediction, she could not be stopped until she had given over $54,000.

"It's hard work," said Kerfoot, "but I enjoy it. Now let's go into the field and bring it up to $250,000, for an endowment fund and $100,000 for a building fund." Everybody caught the spirit! Kerfoot led. Three years passed by; and, think of it! for this entire period, this gifted, faithful, confident money-getter averaged $300 per day that he raised for Dakota Wesleyan University. The old debt was wiped out, the new funds were subscribed, a new $75,000 science hall is now nearing completion, the faculty has been strengthened and everything is at high tide.

CALLED HIGHER

But halt! Right on the heels of this victory, the president of Hamline University resigns. It is Kefoot's Alma Mater. The air of Methodism is perfumed with the scent of his achievement

at Mitchell. And Hamline University calls to her presidency an Alumnus of her own halls, a product of her best endeavor, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Fletcher Kerfoot, still in the prime of life, has left Dakota Wesleyan, to take up the administration of the school that gave to him his awakening.

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."

This is Kerfoot, a man of action. There is none of the superficial about him. He does things instead of dreaming about things to be done. His heart is large. He catches a vision of possibility, draws the curtain aside, and changes it into reality.

Again, Dr. Kerfoot is one of the most modest men that ever lived. Reserved in the extreme, it is impossible to get him to talk about his own achievements. This intelligent modesty is what makes him "wear" so well.

He has the widening influence that comes through travel. Nothing educates, nothing broadens, nothing develops a man like travel. President Elliott, of Harvard, said: "I would rather have a young man make a three years' tour of the world than to take a three years' college course." Thus has President Kerfoot broadened out his horizon of life by taking a trip through the Holy land; basking in the shade of the Cedars of Lebanon, drinking at the Pool of Siloam, viewing the tomb of David and the crumbling structures of Bible lore, standing in silent meditation at Golgotha and climbing the sun-kissed slopes of Olivet. Likewise he has traveled through southern Europe, placed flowers at the door of Virgil's tomb, scanned the shimmering Bay of Naples from the top of proud Nisida where Brutus kissed the beautiful Portia a last farewell, enriched his fund of classic information by viewing the sculpture of the Old World; drank into his life the physical aspects that gave rise to the paintings of Raphael and the songs of Homer, and had his faith quickened by standing momentarily in the dark, damp dungeon in which St. Paul was confined before he was beheaded.

Thus equipping himself for success in life, through his double standard of scholastic preparation and travel, Dr. Kerfoot's name will pass into history as one of the greatest educators, preachers, college presidents and financiers of this century. And so with him,

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of a mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

FAMILY

Dr. Kerfoot was united in marriage December 28, 1892, to Miss Margaret Share, a little brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked college girl of Farmington, Minnesota, who fills the trying position of a college president's wife in splendid fashion. Their union has brought into being four charming sons and a handsome daughter, each of whom is now giving rise to great promise for life. Although a very busy man, one whose life is freighted with multiplied responsibilities, Dr. Kerfoot always finds an abundance of time to look after his family. His home-life is ideal; his boys are his companions; Mrs. Kerfoot is jovial and entertaining; and all who call are made to feel at ease as they catch the true spirit of simple, Christian democracy that pervades their home.

Dakota Wesleyan, Mitchell and South Dakota, will miss them. Nevertheless, let Hamline rejoice.

SOUTH DAKOTA'S "GRAND OLD MAN."

General William Henry Harrison Beadle was born in the rugged new west, in a forest region where great oaks, walnut and poplars grew, near the Wabash river, the route for nearly all the commerce of the early days; when the houses were mostly of logs and all the life around him was active and vigorous; drank from the cool, clear springs with a limestone element in them to develop bones and stature, and used to labor to the extent of his physical powers; and, observing the ambitious efforts of his enterprising father and mother, his life was shaped for execution and sucess. Such were the environments and stimulating conditions that life in boyhood and manhood gave to Dr. Wm. H. H. Beadle, and prepared him for his great service to the territory of Dakota and the state of South Dakota.

His father, James Ward Beadle, was born in Kentucky, fifteen miles above Louisville, near the Ohio river, of ancestry that had landed very early at Salem, Massachusetts, in colonial days, and passed in successive generations through Connecticut, Pennsylvania and the Shenandoah valley in Virignia, to Kentucky. It was a series of struggles, trials and hard labor. His mother, Elizabeth Bright, was born in St. Mary's county, Maryland, near the lower Potomac, and of the second generation after her grandfather, James Bright, had sailed from near Aberdeen, Scotland, for America. He was a brau Scot as was John Bright, her father. The family was given to the sea, and John Bright continued it on the Chesapeake, Potomac and James, till the destructive effect of the war of 1812-15 in all that region forced them to seek a new home in Kentucky. Traveling in 1816 in wagons, on foot and on horseback, she was ferried across the Potomac by Harper, the oirignal ferryman, who gave name to the later historic village, Harper's Ferry.

The Beadles and Brights became near neighbors, and there General Beadle's parents were married, after the fathers had made two or three trips with flatboats, loaded with produce, to

New Orleans. They moved to western Indiana, and the father who was a master hand with the broadaxe, built with his own hands a common but comfortable hewed log house near the northwest corner of Parke county, and in that William was born January 1, 1838, the fourth child and first son of the family. The woods were close about the home, and the deer, wild turkeys, squirrels and pheasants were abundant in them. The life was simple, the food plain but good, and the clothing was spun, woven and made by his mother.

When nearly twenty years old he left home for education in the University of Michigan. He went from another farm in that county and wore trousers and vest of mixed blue jeans made aslo by his mother.

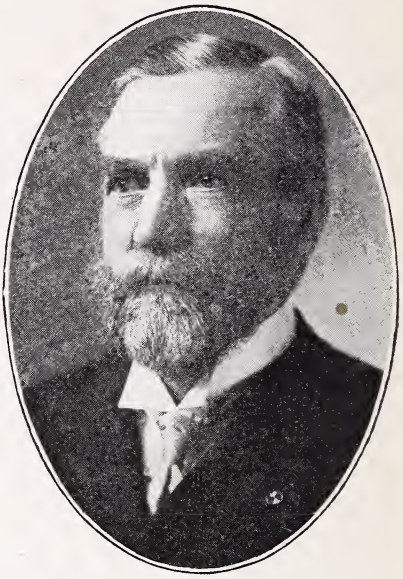
His life was that of a farmer boy, working with axe and hoe and plow When too young to handle a heavy plow, he walked beside the oxen with whip in hand, quickening their pace, or rode and guided the big gray horse, while an older boy who had been hired held the plow. He early learned to trap, to hunt and to fish, and carried home many a fine string of black bass and other fish from the Wabash and its confluents. The boy went barefoot to school in the log school house under a master who conducted a subscription school. And he learned to read and read many good books, beginning with Robinson Crusoe and the Peter Parley stories of America, Europe and Asia. While his mother was spinning with the big wheel he sat close by working out the first story mentioned, and when he came upon a new and difficult word his mother stopped and pronounced it and gave its meaning. He read in the evening before the log fire, and when neighbors came in he listened to the stories of Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland; how his mother saw the British army and fleet on its way to attack Baltimore when his father was a soldier in the Maryland militia. The father had stories told him by Kentucky riflemen who went to New Orleans and helped Jackson to defeat General Packenham and his veteran soldiers. One old soldier told of his Niagara campaign under Scott.

But nothing compared with the flatboat and the trip made to New Orleans and the return on the steamboat. He saw the boats built, loaded and float away on the spring rise of the Wabash, with his father standing as captain on the deck. He returned late in May, wearing a spring suit and a Panama hat, always bringing some new books for the children to read. There were only classic books in the good old days. He went to church in plain clothes and walked two or three miles to a half-Quaker Sunday School. Later the township in which he then lived had a

real public library and every Saturday evening he got a new book from it, reading Pope's translation of Homer, Scott's Ivanhoe, and the Conquest of Mexico, and of Peru, and many more, yes, even many of Burn's poems, when but twelve or thirteen years old.

LOOKED INTO THE FUTURE

As previously stated, General Beadle came into life as a providential act that he migth have a full measure of complete years, on the first day of January. Seventy-four full rounded years have already been checked off to him by the finger of time, but yet his great soul "still lives, forever young," while he continues to write, to lecture and to develop. Men die from inactivity; that is, more of them "rust out than wear out." Hard study keeps them young, because it keeps them growing. 'Twas true of Gladstone and of Bryant, 'tis true of Joe Cannon and of Beadle.



GEN. W. H. H. BEADLE

But in following this line of research and progress, in his advanced years, the General is only giving vent to his hereditary traits. Near the close of his 'teens, his father said to him: "William, you have been an excellent boy. All through these trying years of pioneer life, you have worked uncomplainingly from early till late. I haven't any ready cash for you, but I will give you a 240-acre farm; you can soon marry, settle down and develop it for yourself."

"For quite a while, father," said the lad, "I have been thinking that I ought to have a college education. I am convinced in my own mind that such a preparation for life will be a better investment than to possess a farm. So if you will pay my way through the University of Michigan, I will gladly let you keep the farm."

The father meditated; then he responded: "I think you are

right, William; and while it may be somewhat of a hardship for us to get along without you, you may go."

In June, 1861, this big, brawny country lad from the "banks of the Wabash," stepped out of his chosen college with his Bachelor of Arts diploma under his arm—a finished product ready and willing for the struggle of a professional career. His Alma Mater, in 1864, granted him his Master's degree, and in 1867 conferred upon him his LL. B., and in 1902 his LL. D.

Like thousands of others born in the 30's and early 40's, young Beadle had his life's work broken into by that awful struggle for the preservation of the union—the Civil War. Only one month after leaving college, he responded to his country's call, and was commissioned a first lieutenant by Abraham Lincoln with whom he later formed an intimate personal acquaintance and whose remains he accompanied across the country, as one of the guard of honor, after the president's untimely assassination by Booth.

He was later commissioned captain of company A, thirty-first Indiana volunteers, and finally promoted to lieutenant-colonel, First Michigan sharp shooters. For "gallant and meritorious conduct in action," Lincoln made him a colonel by brevet, and later brevetted him a brigadier-general. His military record is without a blemish. On the other hand it abounds with acts of conspicuous daring and leadership, unsurpassed by any man of equal rank in the entire service.

After the war General Beadle began the practice of law at Evansville, Indiana, in 1867. Finding the field largely occupied by older attorneys and not offering to him the advantages desired, he removed the next year to Boscobel, Wisconsin, where he practiced succeessfully for nearly two years.

While in college Dr. Beadle had specialized in civil engineering. When, after the close of the war, the tide of migration moved westward with a spasm, it became necessary to have the Dakota territory surveyed. Many politicians sought the appointment of surveyor-general for the district; but that uncompromising soldier, General Ulysses S. Grant, who had already ascended to the presidency of the nation, remained firm in his abiding conviction that where circumstances were equal, a soldier is entitled to preference, and appointed General Wm. H. H. Beadle to the position, in 1869.

Accordingly, he and his family removed to Yankton, the territorial capital, and he at once undertook the task before him. It gave to him the opportunity of a life time. He equalled the opportunity. In 1876 he wrote the "Codes of Dakota;" was

elected the next year to the territorial legislature, and secured their adoption.

His surveying work having been completed, a comprehensive code—the product of his own brain and pen—having been enacted, the territorial governor appointed him territorial superintendent of public instruction, in 1879. He held this position until 1885. When Dakota was divided and the state was admitted to the union in 1889, General Beadle was, without knowledge or effort on his part, appointed president of the state normal school at Madison, South Dakota, the oldest normal in the state. This position he held for sixteen consecutive years, until advanced age forced him to diminish his broader field of duties to a younger man, Dr. John W. Heston, while he, in turn, confined himself to the chair of history.

During these eventful years, Dr. Beadle prepared and left to us as a lasting heritage, not only his "Codes of Dakota," but three other volumes: "Life in Utah," "Geography, History and Resources of Dakota," and the "Natural Method of Teaching Geography." But by far his greatest service to the people of the state at large was his foresight, statesmanship and perseverance, displayed in the preservation of our school lands—the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township.

Having watched similar lands gobbled up for mere nothing by land sharks in other states, Beadle resolved that if it lay within his power, their acts should not be repeated in South Dakota. Accordingly he wrote that masterful section of our state constitution which provides that none of this land shall ever be sold for less than $10 per acre, and which has since been embodied almost verbatim in the constitutions of seven other new states Thomas Jefferson had the basic principle of this matter in mind when he drafted that immortal "Ordinance of 1787," for the government of the "Northwest Territory," and inserted in it these words:

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means for education shall forever be encouraged."

Our old geographies gave Dakota as a land of barren waste. Beadle was twitted for holding the value of the American desert at $10 per acre. But during his surveyorship and his territorial superintendency he had seen it in detail as no other man ever had, or perhaps ever will. He went on horseback and on foot from Yankton to Bismarck and from Sioux Falls to Deadwood; met the settlers face to face, called public meetings and addressed them in sod houses; urged them to elect men to the constitutional convention who would sustain and fight for his school land pro-

vision in it; and when the crucial hour arrived, Beadle won! All hail! Grand Old Man of the Dakotas! We will kiss the feet of your marble statue long after your remains lie silent in the dust!

Beadle's father was at one time sheriff of Parke county, Indiana. Young Beadle occasionally acted as bailiff. Many prominent western lawyers tried cases in that court. The lad became personally acquainted with them. Among this class of men was Ben Harrison, afterwards president of the United States. When the school land feature of the proposed state constitution for South Dakota was being assailed by those who sought to profit by having these lands put in at a much lower value, General Beadle made a trip to Washington, D. C., and held a conversation with his boyhood friend, General Harrison, who was then a member of the United States senate. This conversation and the facts which it disclosed to General Harrison, gave rise to the latter's eloquent speech in the senate in favor of the "ominbus bill," which gave to us our statehood.

A few years since, the state teachers' association passed a resolution to erect a marble bust of General Beadle, life size, in our new state capitol—the funds for the same to be contributed in pennies or nickels or dimes by the school children of the state. So generous was the response that a fund far in advance of what was needed was hastily contributed. A South Dakota sculptor, Mr. Webster, of Sioux Falls, (now deceased), prepared the statue; and during the 1911 session of the association, in the presence of the teachers of the state, of hundreds of other admiring friends, of state dignitaries and of the man whose likeness it reveals, it was unveiled amid imposing ceremonies by the General's life-long friend and admirer, Prof. George M. Smith, of our state university at Vermillion. Smith' dedicatory address was a gem of classic beauty and surpassed in soul-sweetness all previous efforts of his life.

Today, as a journeyman enters upon the main floor of this beautiful edifice—our state capitol—the first thing his eyes behold is the illumined stone image of the man who "saved our school lands," standing imposingly in an alcove of the rotunda, speaking to him in silent language a lesson that penetrates the soul.

Depsite the rapid increase in the school children of the state, the increase in the interest and rental income from the sale and leasing of our school lands continues to increase proportionately, so that today we still draw upon this fund to maintain our schools, at the rate of $4.50 per child. Indeed, the semi-annual amount

apportioned to the various counties of the state on June 15, this year, amounted to $361,524. General Beadle's $10 per acre scheme has long since been vindicated, for in March of this year when the last sale of these lands was held, some of it, in Codington county, brought $150 per acre, or fifteen times the minimum value placed upon it in the constitution. The entire amount realized to date from the sale of these lands is approximately ten million dollars, and when they are finally all disposed of the amount will approximate one hundred and twenty-five millions. This amount, if loaned at the minimum rate of 6 per cent, will produce $7,500,000 per annum, for the maintenance of our schools, or it will, in other words, make them self-supporting.

Correlated to the question of General Beadle's statue in our capitol, is the laying of the corner stone of that magnificent structure, in 1909, by General Beadle himself. Apologetically, we quote from a former article of our own bearing upon it:

"As the curtain rises and reveals our territorial and state history, the writer conscientiously believes that there has never been enacted within our state a scene so tremendously imposing, so irresistably inspiring, as the one recently enacted at Pierre, of this grand old warrior of the 60's—this educator of a half century—strong, masculine, seventy-one years of age, still in possession of his wonderful mental faculties and of his powerful basso voice that rang out above the din of battle during our civil strife and commanded batallion after batallion of bleeding men to rush forward to the firing line again and again for the preservation of our common country—standing on the base of the first story of our new capitol building; drenched in perspiration, with uplifted hands and a bouyant soul, delivering in tones sufficiently audible to be heard several blocks away, his masterful dedicatory address which will be read and re-read, ages hence, with increasing delight by generations yet unborn."

General Beadle is a Thirty-third degree Scottish Rite Mason. He was married soon after the close of the Civil War to Ellen S. Chapman, a descendant of Mose Rich, a distinguished soldier of the Revolutionary War. Their only child, a daughter, is married and lives in California. Mrs. Beadle died in 1897, and left the General to spend his declining years in solitude.

HE CAUGHT A VISION

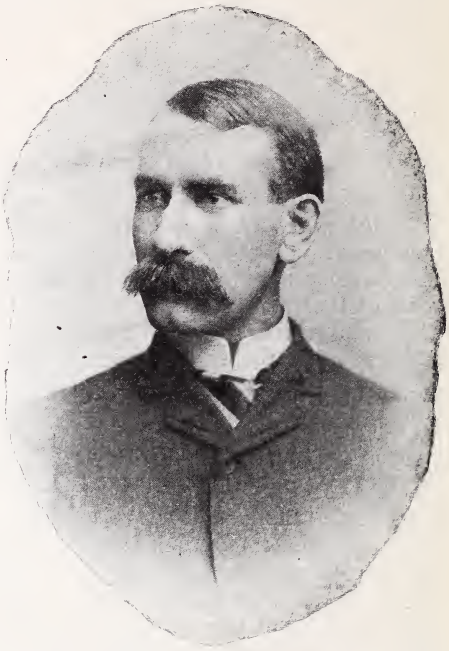
One year, while the writer was superintendent of the Davison county schools, 1901-1904—(the reader will please excuse this allusion to self, but, as will be seen, it becomes necessary, in view of the incident related herein), he was conducting a teachers' examination in the court house at Mitchell. Thirty-five teachers and prospective teachers were writing the examination. Among them was a sixteen-year-old girl, Eva Belle Waugh (today, Mrs. S. C. Oathout, of Vermillion). When the examination was over and the papers had all been carefully graded, it was found that this stripling of an inexperienced girl had passed the highest examination of any who had written it. Now, the highest test of the quality of work done by any school is the quality of examination which its students can pass. Where was Miss Waugh educated? Halt! while we pause to inform you, at Ward Academy, an inland school near the Missouri river, seventeen miles off the railroad, in Charles Mix county. Miss Waugh is only one of the many students from this splendid school, which we have since met,—among them being John I. Pasek, secretary of Huron College; Charles Anderson, ex-superintendent of Lyman county, and many others—, all of whom are exceedingly thorough in their scholarship.

This school was built in 1893. It has never had but one president, the Reverend Lewis Emerson Camfield,—the man who caught a vision, grasped the opportunity, looked steadfastly toward his God for guidance, and moved patiently on to victory.

Reverend Mr. Camfield is a descendant on his mother's side from our great teacher, preacher, poet, and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson. His father and grandfather were both blacksmiths. From his mother' side he inherited piety, literary genius and leadership; from his father's side, a sturdy physique and stable manhood.

Lewis, himself. was born at Fremont, Ohio, February 12, 1860. Here he spent his boyhood attending the public schools of

the town. Later, he attended Old Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, for three years. Marcus A. Hanna was also a student there at the same time, while ex-president Hayes and Hon. John Hay were trustees of the school. At the end of his third year the institution was moved to Cleveland, Ohio, consolidated with another institution at that place, and its name changed to Adelbert College. Here he continued his studies for two years longer. It was Camfield's intention from boyhood to fit himself for a lawyer. But during his college life his mother and sister had removed to Sargent county, North Dakota. They sent for him; he went. This changed his career. He remained in North Dakota for three years during which time he worked as a farm hand with the illustrious Isaac Lincoln, of Aberdeen, and taught school.



L. E. CAMFIELD

Finally he drifted into South Dakota and accepted the principalship of the old academy at Plankinton. J. D. Bartow, Captain Anderson and Hon. Tom Ayer's father were the trustees. It was in 1886 Many of us were here then. We remember the conditions. The academy was closed. Nobody was to blame. Wheat 38 cents per bushel. Butter 6 cents per pound. Let us not recall it!

HEARD THE CALL

During his teaching career Professor Camfield had been active in Christian work among young people and had done more or less preaching. He finally decided to give up his legal aspiration and to enter the ministry. Accordingly, in 1888, he entered Chicago Theological Seminary, affiliated with Chicago University. Here he had for a classmate part of the time Dr. G. G. Wenzlaff,

president of the Springfield (S. D) state normal school. One day Wenzlaff became provoked at the mediaeval dogmas being advanced by the old professor of thoesophy, and decided that he was going to turn over a new leaf right then and there and fit himself for a teacher instead of a preacher. This he did, and thus he changed his whole career. Strangely enough, he and Camfield are today presidents of sister schools (geographically). Young Camfield remained at the Seminary for three years, graduating in 1891 with his B. D. degree.

In June of the same year he was united in marriage to Miss Ella Woodman, a teacher in the Chicago public schools, who had been educated in Boston. They have one child, Miss Florence, now a sophomore in Yankton College. Mrs. Camfield taught for many years in Ward Academy, and otherwise assisted her ambitious husband.

WARD ACADEMY

We shall all be interested to learn something more of Ward Academy and how it happended to be located inland. After his graduation, Reverend Camfield came back to South Dakota and took up work as a home missionary and pioneer preacher in Charles Mix county. He had four appointments with a membership of about fifty each. Finally one Sunday in 1892, Fremont Hall, a classmate of President Nash at Yankton college, and field agent for that institution, came to call on Camfield, to make the "rounds" with him, look over conditions, do the talking four times that day and to take up a collection from among the westerners for the furtherance of negro education in the south. The collection amounted to $20.

That evening, Camfield said to Hall, "If we can raise $20 here among my people during these hard times for the education of the southern negro, we ought to be able to raise considerable money for the education of our children here at home."

"Why don't you establish a school of your own at some advantageous point right here in the county?" said Hall.

"I'll do it!" declared Camfield.

Momentarily, our young western preacher had caught a vision. During the next few weeks he rode on horse-back over the county which is 110 miles long, interviewing the parents of such boys as Ethan T. Colton and Fred Smith, now of Y. M. C. A. fame. He met encouragement everywhere. W. G. Dickenson, of Webster, superintendent of missions, came to the field, and he and Camfield called a public meeting, to further the enterprise. Camfield asked for eighty acres of land and $1,000 in cash.

Dickinson reinforced the request with a vigorous speech. The meeting pledged 100 acres of land and $1500, in cash. The academy was begun. It was named "Ward" after Dr. Ward, of Yankton College. (It should be changed to "Camfield"). The next year, 1893, it was completed and it opened with an enrollment of twenty-three. During the first year this was raised to fifty and for the past four years it has ranged from 125 to 145.

Since "Ward Hall" was built they have erected a large church which is also used as a school building. In addition to this they have built several cottages and they are just now completing a girls' dormitory at a cost of $20,000. They have acquired all told 760 acres of land,—farming 300 acres and pasturing the balance. In addition they have $5,000 worth of blooded stock. The total value of the buildings, land and stock is $75,000.

All hail! Camfield! you have served your generation well. God never intended you for a lawyer. "Henceforth there shall be laid up for you a crown of righteousness." Wear it with manly pride!

"HAVE YOU MET DICK WOODS?"

How familiar the above words have become to each of us! How often have they appeared in our daily papers! Originality in advertising. Yes; and they must have had an origin. They did; and a very dramatic one. Here it is: Colonel Dick Woods, of Sioux Falls, general agent in South Dakota for the Northwestern Mutual Insurance Company, of Milwaukee, was riding on a passenger train in this state, several years ago, when the question of "bald heads" became a part of the conversation between him and his friends.

"I'll bet," said Dick, "that I've got the baldest head of any man, my age, on the train."

A stranger sitting nearby, who, up to that time, had taken no part in the conversation, broke in with the friendly query, "How old are you?"

"Thirty-one," responded Dick, with his accustomed frankness and courtesy.

"Well," said the stranger, "I guess we better 'show up.' You are several years older than I am."

Simultaneously both men snatched off their hats. Dick was awfully bald for a man of his age. Approximately the same amount of hair fringed his cranium that clusters about it to this day, but of course at that time it more nearly retained its original color.

"He's got you, Dick!" interjected one of his friends. And sure enough he had. The young stranger's head was so near totally bald that he had to rub alum on his scalp twice every twenty-four hours in order to pucker it enough to draw his hair up under his hat.

"I want to hire you," said Dick, as a crescent grin stole playfully over his full-moon face.

"What is your business?" interrogated the fellow.

"I'm an insurance man," replied the genial Woods.

"How much will you pay me?" queried the gentleman eagerly.

"Twenty-four dollars a month and your expenses," promptly responded the Colonel.

"It's a bargain,' said the stranger, quite emphatically. "What will my work consist of?"

"Oh!—well, that's a different proposition," muttered Dick. "You're not going back on me, are you?"

"Not for a minute!" snapped out the new employee, evidently distressed with the implied suggestion.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Colonel, "I want to paint these words, HAVE YOU MET DICK WOODS?, on top of your bald ead. You are to keep your hat off all the time, except when you're out of doors; and every time anybody says anything to you about your sign, tell them to write me 'at Sioux Falls. You needn't tell them what your business is, or mine either."

The fellow readily assented; a stencil artist painted the sign clear across the bald area of his cranium, beginning well down on his forehead and extending it backwards to the base of the fellow's medulla oblongata.

Dick Wood's fortune was made. It was an idea born of the moment, yet it got results. Letters came to him thick and fast from farmers, farmer's daughters, factory hands, railroad employees, hotel clerks, and what not. It beat Tom Murray' "Meet me face to face" all hollow.

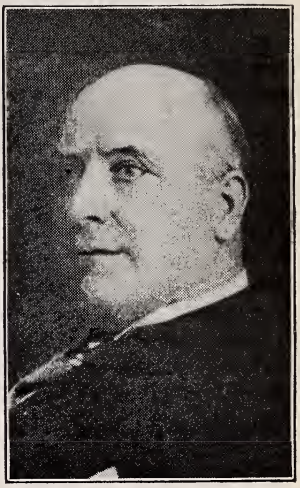
Following this, a number of traveling men ordered the fellow's "head" sign painted artisitcally on a board, had it hung up in the Cataract Hotel at Sioux Falls, and, for a joke, had the bill—$25—sent to Dick Woods, himself. He paid it willingly, and often remarked to the fellows who did it that it was the cheapest advertising he ever got.

Dick is an Irish-American or an American-Irishman, as the case may be,—take your choice. At any rate, he was born in Belfast, Ireland, of American parentage, January 17, 1863. While yet a mere babe his parents returned with him to America, and his father engaged in business in New Orleans, at which place the latter died in 1872. The mother at once took the family and went back to Ireland, returning again to America the next year, after exhausting the family fortune, and settled in Philadelphia where she died the following year in obscure poverty.

Young Woods had in him a mixture of bloods and of sentiments. His father, during the Civil War, was a firm sympathizer with the North; his mother was equally loyal to the South. Fam-

ily dissentions arose. This accounts for their trip abroad during the war, and Dick's birth on foreign soil. The intense convictions of his mother's soul found their most rigid expression in the naming of her children. For instance, one boy was named Albert Jeff Davis Woods, another one, George Beauregard Woods, while our subject himself was named Richard Jackson Woods, and a daughter was christened Virginia Lee Woods. This intense loyalty on her part to the South was very commendable, right or wrong, and the patriotic devotion to her own convictions was transmitted to her successful son—Colonel Dick Woods, of Sioux Falls.

After his mother's early death, Dick was sent to the Lincoln Institute, an orphan asylum, in Philadelphia. It was run by Mrs. J. Bellanger Cox. Later she acquired some land in Lincoln county, South Dakota, and organized the famous Mead farm. To this ranch she assigned young Woods and several of his orphan associates. This is how Dick happened to become a Dakotan.



COL. DICK WOODS

The most unfortunate thing about it was that he only got two weeks of schooling in his entire career. Yet, somehow, sometime, somewhere, some-way, he learned to read, write, cipher, and spell, and today he is one of the best informed men in our state.

It is an admitted fact that Dick Woods has the widest personal acquaintance of any man in South Dakota. He can start in at Elk Point, go north through the state, making every town in it, and call more people by name as he meets them, than any three other men in our commonwealth.

He is also a very ready speaker. Once upon a time he was present at our State Training School at Plankinton when the official board was there. They urged him to address the school. Without preparation, he recited the graphic story of his life. There wasn't a dry eye in the room, as he proceeded. Yet he brought them all out nicely by assuring the youthful criminals that when a boy he was as bad as the worst of them, only he had escaped getting caught.

Since early manhood Dick has been active in the politics of the state. He has attended every territorial and state convention of the republican party since 1884. It was he who first "discovered" and brought out the lamented A. B. Kittredge. His admiration and affection for the latter was signalized in his first and only child whom he saw fit to name Alfred Kittredge Woods. (This was merely the outcropping of his inherited loyalty to his friends, manifested by his mother.) Upon the senator's death he was made secretary of the Kittredge Memorial association which has for its object the creation of funds with which to erect marble bust of the Senator in our state capitol, just opposite that of General Beadle.

Dick is a thirty-second degree Mason, an Odd Fellow, a member of the Knights of Pythias, grand-treasurer of the South Dakota U. C. T., and he has held every office in existence in the Grand Lodge of Elks. For eight years he was president of the State League of South Dakota Republican clubs; was twice president of the State Elks' association; was twice president of the State Firemens' Association, and is secretary of the South Dakota Peace Society; was appointed by President Taft a member of the Mint Commission, last spring; and on September 18, 1912, he was elected treasurer of the old-line republican organization effected in the city of Mitchell.

However, the greatest single achievement in Dick Wood's life, and the one which above all others showed him to be a past master in the political game, was a "stunt" pulled off by him some sixteen or more years ago at the national convention of republican clubs in the city of Detroit, Michigan.

DICK'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

The president of the national organization wrote him prior to the convention that if he would attend, and bring with him an active delegation from South Dakota, he would make him chairman of the committee on credentials. This looked good to Dick. He started, taking with him Messrs. Herreid, Sterling, Burke, and others. When he arrived at Detriot he was all alone,—his comrades having stopped off, one by one, at various points along the way. Dick wanted that chairmanship. He had with him credentials for a number of South Dakotans, but he could not vote these very handily on the floor of the convention. His wit saved him. Rushing out of the hall he hailed a stranger.

"Can you spare a few minutes?" shouted he to the fellow.

"Certainly!" responded the gentleman. "What is it you wish done?"

"I want you to go into the conveniton hall yonder and when the name 'Charlie Day' is called, say 'Present'," (at the same time giving the fellow a liberal "tip").

Then he hailed another and named him Charlie Burke, and another, Charile Herreid (these strangers must have thought that South Dakota was peopled with "Charlies"), and so on until his list was exhausted. He then gave each fellow a slip of paper with his new name on it.

They attended the convention in a body; were seated, and when the proper time came, they each one voted—and voted as Dick Woods told them to vote. The victory was his! After it was over, and the truth leaked out, the "New York Sun" devoted an entire column to a laudation of Dick's cleverness and political sagacity.

HIS TITLE

Oh! yes; I forgot to mention that title of his—"Colonel." Now, this is genuine. Dick is a patriot. He was not given this title for standing on a stump and auctioneering off blooded steers. No sir! he earned it. Away back in our early territorial days, when a man had to pay out money instead of receiving it, in order to belong to our militia, young Woods joined old Company "B" of Sioux Falls, as a private. Then, step by step, he rose to the rank of corporal, of sergeant, and on up to lieutenant. Finally, in 1889, at the inception of our statehood, there was created by law two special military departments—engineers and ordnance. Governor Sheldon afterwards united these into one department and appointed Lieut. Richard Jackson Woods, chief of it, with the rank of Colonel.

"Have you met Colonel Dick Woods?"

REALIZED HIS AMBITIONS

One beautiful evening in the spring of 1912, which all nature had exerted itself to create ideal, when the red-fingered tapers of twilight arching gently from the west, cast lingering shadows across the Big Sioux Valley, a quiet, dignified jurist with a kindly face and pleasing mannerisms, stepped out of a cab at the Great Northern depot in Sioux Falls, stole almost unnoticed across the platform in the semi-darkness, and boarded a passenger train on that line, headed for Yankton. Arriving at the latter place late in the evening, this dignified, courteous gentleman stepped off the train quite as unnoticed as he had entered, walked hurriedly across the depot platform to a hackman and said, "Drive me at once to the home of Senator Gamble."

Upon reaching the senator's home, he lost no time in alighting from the cab and entering the house. Senator Gamble, throwing open the door in response to a sharp ring of the bell, said: "Come in, my dear Judge, I'm so glad to see you," bowing the meanwhile in polite recognition of the caller's presence, and extending to him a most cordial hand-clasp. "Remove your coat," he continued, "while I call Mrs. Gamble who will be equally pleased to see you."

During the felicitations which followed, Mrs. Gamble detected beneath the accustomed smile on the jurist's face a peculiar expression of anxiety which bespoke to her in silent but impressive language that something unordinary was either happening or else about to take place. Therefore, without lingering in the room beyond twenty scant minutes, she excused herself and retired for the night.

It was in the midst of Senator Gamble's campaign for renomination to the United States senate. The room was beautifully lighted. The Senator, himself, was clad in a salt-and-pepper frock suit; and when his friend arrived, he was sititng at a table pondering meditatingly over a chart of South Dakota election statistics. Once by themselves the Judge hastily disclosed his

errand. He said: "Senator, I have come over voluntarily to see you with regard to your renomination. Would you mind if I should speak very plainly to you about the situation, as I see it?"

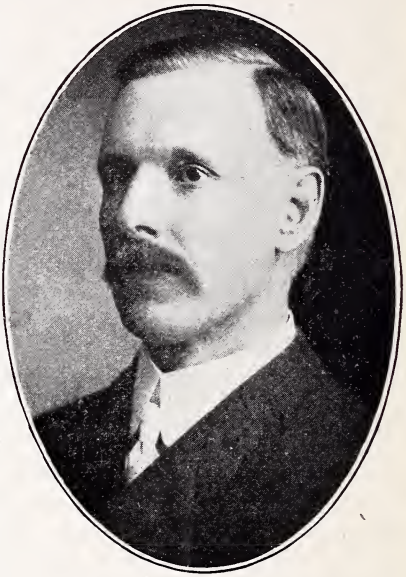
"Not at all," responded the Senator, "I shall be greatly pleased to have you do so."

"Well," said the learned judge and wise political prognosticator, as he drew his chair much closer to that of Senator Gamble's and placed his hand affectionately upon the latter's knee, "the present campaign is going to hinge itself on the Lorimer scandal. It is no doubt true that the election of many other senators is tainted with fraud but that doesn't make any difference; in my judgment he is going to be made the 'goat' of the senate and be driven to the mountains for refuge. The public is excited and are demanding his removal. I am sure it will be done, and if you continue to support him, you are as sure to go down to defeat as day follows night, but if you will oppose him you can sweep the state, and in all probability go back to the senate as often as you desire. Personally, I have not had time to review the evidence in the case, so of course my suggestions are not based upon the merits of it. You will, of course, pardon this outspoken declaration from me. Now, what is your opinion?"

"Judge," said the senator slowly and with a look of deep concern upon his face, "what you say may be true, but in supporting Mr. Lorimer, I am simply doing my duty as I see it. From boyhood it was my ambition to occupy the position of a United States senator. It is the highest legislative body on earth. I have not only taken my oath as a member of that body but I have also taken a solemn oath as a member of the special committee appointed to investigate the scandalous charges concerning Mr. Lorimer's election. I am sitting there as a juror or a judge. I am sworn to determine the matter on the evidence. Look at it! There isn't enough real evidence to convict a dog. It was mostly given by bar-room criminals and leeches of the under-world. Look at the testimony that has been given by substantial citizens to offset it." Then, rising from his chair, that sturdy senator, Robert J. Gamble, with tears trickling down his manly face, said in a trembling voice but with an approving conscience: "A senator's salary is comparatively small. I haven't saved a dollar out of mine. No senator can save money unless he is dishonest. I have never accepted a dishonest dollar in my life. On the other hand my law business is gone; I know less law than I did twelve years ago when I entered the senate. Under the circumstances I should like very much to remain at least another term in the senate. But, Judge, in determining this Lorimer matter, I am

going to do my sworn duty as I see it, and as God, Himself, gives me light to see it, with absolutely no thought of my own political welfare; and then if I go down to defeat, you'll never hear me whimper."

To whom was the senator speaking? Who was this night messenger that had called at his home? Who was the judge? the jurist? the counsellor? who had come to see him as his benefactor? Ah! read slowly—don't miss a word—while I disclose to you that it was his life-long friend, his former office boy, his campaign adviser in days gone by, the most astute politician South Dakota has ever produced, Judge James D. Elliott, of Sioux Falls.



JUDGE ELLIOTT

But Judge Elliott is no longer in politics. He was not in politics, directly, when he made his night call upon Senator Gamble. He had simply gone there as a former neighbor and friend to get the Senator to change his viewpoint on the Lorimer matter. Nevertheless when he was active in politics, he was never known to err in judgment or in prophecy. He was identified with the old wing of the Republican party until 1906, and until that time they never tasted total defeat. His judgment in politics was infallible. But when the practices of the old organization became intolerable to him, he promptly left them and became one of the leaders in the reform movement. Momentarily a new chapter was written in our political history.

PERSONAL

Born at Mt. Sterling, Illinois, October 7, 1859, of Scotch parentage, he was, nevertheless, while yet a mere babe, taken by his parents to Ringgold county, Iowa, where he spent his early childhood. His father served two enlistments in the Civil War. Although but a mere child at the time, Judge Elliott remembers

seeing his father bid the family farewell, mount his horse and ride away to the service of his country. He also remembers the assassination of Lincoln. After the war, the family removed to Guthrie county, Iowa. Here young Elliott attended a district school and later took up work in an academy. He would have graduated from the latter institution in June, 1872, had not his parents, in April of that year, moved to Clay county, South Dakota.

This brought a new chapter into his life. Here was a boy who had entered school at four years of age and who had practically completed an academic course at thirteen. Once in Dakota, conditions changed. He lingered along at the old home on the Missouri bottom, for several years, getting such help in his studies as he could from intelligent settlers here and there. Finally, when the Vermillion city schools were organized he went there and took a four-year course in two years; that is, he took the two-year high school course which was established and a special two-year course beyond it, in half time. Yet this achievement was not accomplished without one of the most severe struggles in the history of a man. His parents were exceedingly poor. James hadn't a dollar. He slept in the rear of a vacated building, with no fire. Night after night he shivered himself to sleep. For food he hadn't a bite except that sent to him now and then in a rough wooden box by his loyal mother. He piled sticks in the alley, set them on fire, thawed out his food, ate it and underwent hardships that would make even Dr. Cook blush in his quest for the north pole. The second year was easier,—he got janitor work to do to pay for his board.

STUDIED LAW

Upon the completion of his school work at Vermillion, he taught school—one year in Clay county, one in Yankton county, and one term in Nebraska. During this time, he saved his money and invested it in cattle which he turned into his father's herd, and which he hoped to sell later to raise money with which to put himself through the law school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. But the great flood of 1881 swept away his father's property, drowned all their cattle and destroyed everything they had, leaving the family penniless, and young Elliott to lay the foundation for his destiny all over again. Accordingly the next year he entered the law offices of Gamble brothers—John R. and Robert J.—at Yankton and began to read law for himself, while for a livelihood he slept in the office and kept books at night, dividing his surplus earnings with his parents and five sisters. In this connection it

may be well to state that no boy ever had a better opportunity to read law, for, without casting any reflection upon any other man, it is safe to state that John R. Gamble, who at one time was our congressman, was the brainiest and most brilliant attorney that has ever graced either of the Dakotas. It was a rare privilege for a young man of Elliott's temperament to have known him and to have studied under him. So thorough and so broad was his instruction and that of his brother Robert's to their devoted law student that today their young protege occupies the leading bench of the state, with no other legal preparation, save that secured under their tutelage.

AN HONEST ATTORNEY

Young Elliott was admitted to the bar in 1884, and he at once settled at Tyndall, where for twenty-seven years, he was on one side or the other of practically every case that was tried in court, or else associated with the lawyer who did try it. His learning was so broad, his conception of duty so high, that more than a hundred times during his Tyndall practice, aggrieved parties came into his office together, constituted him judge and jury, stated their grievances, took his verdict, abided by it and went home without going into court at all. This confidence arose from his noble manhood, from his exemplary life, and from the fact that he was never known to stoop to low scheming in order to win a case. Forgetful of self, he never urged litigation, but invariably sought to keep his clients out of court.

POLITICS AND IDEALS

In politics he is a complete master of the game. During those long years at Tyndall, he handled the politics of Bon Homme county in a masterly way, yet nobody fought his leadership; in fact they all sought it. He was made chairman of the republican state central committee in 1896. A number of his friends begged him to run for governor or for congress, and on one occasion the leaders of the state legislature urged him to leave Pierre and return to Tyndall, so that they might on the morrow elect him to the United States senate. But James Elliott emphatically refused. Unlike most politicians who always have "an axe to grind," Judge Elliott was in politics only for the good he might do his party and his personal friends. He never sought preferment for himself; rather, he incessantly refused it.

Now, there was a reason for this When young Elliott was reading law in the Gamble brother's offices at Yankton, the only court in those days was the federal court which convened in

Yankton which was the territorial capital. Here the lad saw federal court conducted, and saw the United States district attorney in action. It appealed to him and it gave birth within him to some day become our United States district attorney and later on to sit on the bench as federal judge. With these two ideals before him, he never swerved from his realization of them. The percentage of men who realize their ambitions in life is so small that it perhaps does not exceed one in every ten thousand. Elliott is one of them.

REALIZFD FIRST AMBITION

For the good work which he did in 1896 as chairman of the republican state central committee, in stemming the tide of populism that was sweeping the state, President McKinley, almost immediately after his inauguration in the spring of 1897, appointed Mr. Elliott United States district attorney for South Dakota. His first ambition was realized. This position he held for ten years.

Then he became general attorney for the Milwaukee railroad company in the two Dakotas. Elliott named his own salary; the company accepted it. There was but one stipulation—he refused to do their political work. They exempted him from it. This new legal department out in the west for a great corporation needed organization; Eliott undertook it. So well did he succeed that the company raised his salary several thousand dollars before the end of the first year.

REALIZED SECOND AMBITION

But, what about that second ambition—the federal judgeship? Strangely enough, in the winter of 1910-11, a vacancy was created on the federal bench at Sioux Falls, by reason of Judge Carland's promotion to a position on the new Commerce Court created by special act of Congress. A scramble took place at once among politicians for this federal judgeship. One dignified lawyer looked calmly on and awaited the verdict, while his friends remained busy in his behalf. And in June, 1911, President Taft appointed to the vacancy that poverty-stricken lad from the Missouri bottoms, the early teacher in the Dakotas, the lawyer who had mastered law outside of a law school, the Honorable James D. Elliott—now Judge Elliott, of you please.

At last his cherished ambitions were realized. They had been harbored in his soul for twenty-nine years. Perseverance wins. In order to accept the honor he took a reduction in salary of $5,000 per year. But he could do this. Those early days in

Dakota had taught him the art of saving. At present he owns sixteen farms in Bon Homme county, containing six sets of magnificent buildings. His income is sufficient for life without his judge's salary. If it had not been, he could not have accepted it, for the salary of the position is not commensurate with the financial obligations which it entails.

NO ENTANGLEMENTS

Immediately upon his appointment, Judge Elliott sold off every dollar of his bank stock and as far as possible liberated himself from all corporate influences. He also withdrew from politics and has isolated himself from all entangling matters, so as to make a great judge—one whom the people might love and revere as they did the young Tyndall attorney in days gone by. Thus far he has already adjudged some of the most important cases in the history of the state, yet not a single newspaper or individual has found fault with his verdicts. In the one large case from Pierre which was carried to circuit court of appeals, he was sustained on every point, even though some new law had been written into it.

Said he to a friend not long since: "When I was sworn in as federal judge, I also registered a secret oath with my God that I would never knowingly misjudge or wrongly sentence any man, and that every person, rich or poor, black or white, accused of crime, would have to stand before me and have his guilt or innocence weighed in the same scales of justice, and I shall never break that oath." He never will!

Let us all unite in congratulating him on the achievement of his ambitions, and in hoping that the boys of the rising generation may emulate his noble example!

OUR U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Dame Nature, true to her accustomed instincts for variety in mankind, created Edward E. Wagner, of Mitchell (our present United States district attorney for South Dakota) with a face so narrow that, as the polite westerner would say, "He can kiss a goat between the horns without any inconvenience." Yes; and she went farther; on that lean face she firmly placed a long thin nose as sharp and as pointed as a probe. Exactly so! and nature intended it for that very purpose—to probe into subjects for litigation, the conduct of individuals and legal technicalities. In a case from Pennington county, recently tried in federal court before Judge Elliott, at Deadwood, and which Mr. Wagner as United States district attorney was called upon to prosecute, he had probed into the deal so deeply that he found the core and had rooted out over twenty distinct counts against the accused; and, furthermore, when he went into court, he made every one of them stick. Again, in the famous "white slave" case, tried only a few weeks since in Sioux Falls, he had ferretted out four counts instead of one against the defendant, and he proved every one of them.

Wagner is a mighty likable fellow—one, generous in his nature and willing to accord the right of private judgment to every man. It is a privilege indeed to know him. His present position has not "swelled" him up. In court, he's a vigorous prosecutor; outside, democratic and companionable. Well read in law, keen and aggressive in its appilcation, he makes a public prosecutor for South Dakota whom criminals against the federal law need to dread, and a protector of the people's rights, of whom they may well feel proud.

PARENTAGE

Wagner's father, James H., was a sturdy Civil War veteran. His mother, Louisa E., was a faithful Christian woman. They lived in Linn county, Iowa, near Cedar Rapids. Becoming tired

of renting, and preferring to take chances on being thrown upon their own resources as pioneers, the young people, in the spring of 1870, packed up their scanty belongings, piled them into a wagon that was materially effected with age and heavy usage, covered it over with a piece of patched tentage, hitched on to it the old team of dreamy oxen; the faithful groom took his place on the hard seat-board beside his loyal bride, cracked the whip over the backs of Buck and Brindle, and the Wagners were off on their trying journey across unbroken prairies, through entangling forests, fording unbridged streams, for their future home in Lyon county, Iowa. This county is in the extreme northwestern part of that state. It lies just across the narrow Sioux river, from Lincoln county, South Dakota. Here they homesteaded in June, 1870, built a log house and settled down to work out their destiny.

THE STORKS' ERRAND

Wishing to people the "fabled golden west," and, as a result, to convert its sleeping domian into productive fields, Providence—as has been His custom for all these thousands of years—sent out a trusted Stork one day in 1870, carrying in its talons a huge basket filled with promising October babies:

"Little chest expanding crooners from the sky—
Bright and happy angel-faces
Sent to occupy the places
Of little people, such as Pa and I,"

with instructions to distribute them among the families of northwestern Iowa, wherever they might be needed as

"Little minstrels of the stilly, chilly night,
Making papa promenade the stage in white."

The stork had had a busy day. Nightfall of October 22 was upon it. Only one baby remained in the basket. Where? where? oh! where? shall I leave it?" muttered the tired stork.

Just then it crossed over the line into Lyon county, and sighted in the far distance a dimly-lighted cabin beside of a deep ravine heavily timbered and in which numerous Indians were camping while elk were feeding in the moonlight along the hillsides not far away. Hastening toward it the weary stork flew directly into the open door of the cabin, just as its tired talons gave way, and it dropped the basket and all into the receptive lap of Mrs. Louisa Wagner,—then it disappeared; and thus was born the first white child in Lyon county, Iowa, Edward E. Wagner, the worthy subject of this sketch.

EARLY EXPERIENCES

When Edward was three years of age, the family moved to

another farm near Rock Rapids, Iowa. Here, the lad entered public school, at five years of age, and remained in school until his father's untimely death in 1884. The loss of his father forced the lad to leave school and assist his mother on the farm for the next five years. However, at nineteen, he entered the law office of H. G. McMillan, attorney for Lyon county, and subsequently United States district attorney for northern Iowa, and took up the study of law. For support he harvested and threshed each fall. Finally, on May 11, 1893, at the age of twenty-two, our young stork-gift found himself in chambers before the supreme court of the state of Iowa, where he passed a very creditable examination and was promptly admitted to the bar.

E. E. WAGNER

OFF FOR DAKOTA

In the early part of the succeeding month he approached his mother one morning, with a long face. He said: "Mother, I want to go to some point in central South Dakota to practice law. I haven't a penny to my name. Couldn't you loan me $25? I'm sure I'll make good and can soon pay it back."

"Wouldnt' it be better to stay here among friends and acquaintances, Edward?" calmy argued his thoughtful mother. "They know you and they would no doubt turn you quite a little business."

"I've been watching this thing for several years while I have been reading law with Mr. McMillan, mother," said young Wagner "and I am positively convinced in my own mind that it is better for a young lawyer to seek a strange place. Dakota is a new country, settled by mixed nationalities who have not as yet become accustomed to each other. For several years there will be a lot of litigation. I believe I better go."

"Very well," said his yielding, well-wishing mother; "I

will loan you the money, but you needn't be in a hurry about paying it back."

Stepping into a small bed-room, she took from the bottom of an old dresser drawer a tiny Indian bag made of deer skin and ornamented with beads, loosened the draw-string and picked out of it a small roll of bills; counted out $25, handed it to her ambitious son, and said with tears in her eyes: "Edward you will take with you my benediction, and may God bless you and keep you a man!"

The next day young Wagner landed in Chamberlain, South Dakota. Here he had an interview with the late Judge Morrow, the purpose of which was to form a partnership for the practice of law. These negotiations failed. So, after a few days, the young fellow made his way back to Mitchell where he landed with but $2.65 in his pockets. He at once engaged a room at the old Raymond hotel; sent his linen to a laundress, had it renewed, got a shave and a hair cut, had his suit pressed, returned to the hotel and found himself possessor of but fifty cents. The next morning was Sunday—that sacred day that brings, or at least should bring, to the surface the best there is in every man. Wagner was standing on the porch of the hotel, meditating over an uncertain future. In his clean linen, pressed suit, etc. he looked like a Greek god---one possessed of all the good things that this life affords, in superabundance. (A bold front has brought success to many a man.)

Up stepped a hungry old negro. Taking off his torn hat, and looking Wagner squarely in the eye, the darkey said: "Mistah, I'm awful hungry; couldn't you spare a colo'd gentleman the price of a meal?"

"Sure!" exclaimed the young attorney as he reached into his pocket to divide his last half-dollar with the black man whom his own dead father had served four years in the war of the rebellion to help liberate from his slave master.

"Thank you, Colonel, thank you," said the Ethiopian as he gripped the twenty-five cent piece and hastened away to a nearby cafe.

"I wonder, thought Wagner, "how soon I'll be asking for a similar favor from some other man." (Only twenty-five cents left. It took courage).

But Wagner was not without hope, plus faith (the substance of things hoped for). On the previous morning, Saturday, he had borrowed a state code from old Judge Powers and had practically concluded arrangements to open a one-book law office in the back part of the Judge's real estate rooms, on the following

Monday morning. But, strangely enough, that same evening he had run across Dave Mizener whom he had once before met, and Mizener told him that he had a lot of land contests to be tried; and during the conversation he invited Wagner to try them for him. Before the young fellow scarcely realized it, he was shocked to hear his own voice in court; and his career as an attorney at law had been begun.

He remained with Mizener until the summer of 1894; then he set up in business for himself and practiced law in Mitchell until November, 1899, when he returned to Rock Rapids and became identified with his old friend, McMillan.

In May, 1899, he came to Alexandria, South Dakota, and established himself in the practice of his chosen profession at that place. He remained in Alexandria for eleven years, during which time he worked up such a large practice not only locally but throughout the state, that he was compelled to seek a partner. He finally took in W. E. Van Demark, a graduate from the law school of our state university, and a promising and vigorous young prosecutor who has since risen to distinction as states attorney for Hanson county and who is now retained as one of Mr. Wagner's assistants in his extensive federal court practice.

POLITICAL REWARD

In 1901-2, Mr. Wagner served as states attorney for Hanson county, and in 1905-6 as state senator from the same county. At the state republican convention, in 1906, he was made chairman of the commmittee on resolutions, and as such he gave to the state the pronouncedly progressive platform of that year. His political activity as well as his rare legal ability, soon found reward; and in June, 1907, President Roosevelt appointed him United States district attorney for South Dakota.

PRESIDENT STATE BAR ASSOCIATION

The legal profession made suitable recognition of Mr. Wagner's ability, in 1909, by electing him president of the State Bar association. He had, at the 1909 session, delivered before the convention a masterful address on "The Federal Income Tax." We regret that the salient features of this able speech cannot herein be discussed, but space forbids.

However, at the 1910 session, over which he presided, he delivered another address on "The Legislation of the Session of the Legislature of 1909" which was very able, and which has been preserved to us in its entirety by the courtesy of the bar association. In it he showed that the 1909 session of the legisla-

ture had enacted 301 laws, and he then proceeded to discuss some of the more vital ones. We herein reproduce a few extracts from this speech which are worthy of most thoughtful consideration by every citizen of our state:

"Among the needed changes suggested to my mind by recent judicial decisions is the modification or repeal of Section 486 of the Code of Civil Procedure, which provides that in a civil action or proceeding by or against an executor, administrator, heir, etc., neither party shall be allowed to testify as to any transaction or statement by the testator our intestate, unless called to testify thereto by the opposite party.

* * * * * *

"I believe the experience of most lawyers has proved that injustice rather than justice results from the application of this statute. Its purpose of course, is apparent; death having sealed the lips of one party, this law proposes to close the mouth of the other. In theory it seems all right, but when applied to the actual experiences of mankind in ordinary transactions it is an instrument of oppression and wrong.

* * * * * *

"Although this statute in its original form came down to us from the system of jurisprudence that excluded the defendant in criminal cases, and disqualified the wife to testify in support of her husband's case, and is as much a relic of antiquity as either, the tendency in this state has been to enlarge rather than to restrict its effect. This is evidenced by the act of the legislature of 1901, which extended the rule so as to include the assignor or any person who has ever had any interest in the subject of the action, as well as the testator of intestate.

"To repeal this statute and require corroboration or render admissible statements of the deceased party, as New Mexico and Connecticut have done, would be to proceed in harmony with the enlightened and progressive spirit of the present age.

* * * * * *

"The lawyer is called upon to apply and interpret the laws, and in his hands rests largely their enforcement. In this connection the legal profession is the greatest instrumentality in the march of human progress. It is sometimes said lawyers are dishonest. When taken as a class nothing could be further from the truth. Nearly all the dishonest and reprehensible transactions of all other classes are finally unloaded upon the members of this profession, and the obligation to render faithful service to a client in trouble brings us closely in touch with such tranasctions,

and it is sometimes difficult to escape the shadow. The rule of professional confidence that binds the lawyer to secrecy often closes his lips to self defense."

RETURNS TO MITCHELL

His duties as United States district attorney added to his large private practice, made it necessary for him to seek a more accessible location, and so in January, 1910, he left Alexandria, and went to Mitchell, where, seventeen years before, he had first undertaken the practice of law with but twenty-five cents in his pocket; and formed a new partnership at that place with one of the ablest trial lawyers in the state—Hon. H. C. Preston; bought himself a home and settled down to enjoy life with Mrs. Wagner and their three children—Hazel, Ruth and Robert.

SAVED HIS PARTY

During the 1912 political campaign, when the state republican convention, for some reason, either wise or otherwise, nominated Bull Moose presidential electors and authorized the placing of these electors' names at the head of the regular republican ticket, and thus threatened the life of the republican party in this state, it became evident that something would have to be done to keep the state from going democratic. A conference of state leaders was held; Wagner was called in, and his judgment sought. Almost spontaneously he thought out a scheme of having these electors make a public statement that in case their votes in the electoral college would not elect the Bull Moose candidate they would cast them for the regular republican nominee. Debated! Agreed! Wagner had saved the day, and the republican party reversed an almost hopeless fight and carried the state. His wisdom not only saved the electors, but it strengthened the entire state ticket, by unifying it.

WAGNER IN ACTION

Wagner's greatest asset when he is "in action," during court, is his mental alertness. His concepts are keen as a Damascened blade, and they are formed with a suddenness that is astounding. This element of his nature was splendidly demonstrated during the recent trial at Sioux Falls in the case of "The United States vs. Hortense Rich," for violation of the white slave law. The Rich woman was defended by the resourceful, eloquent Joe Kirby, the most prolific Bible-quoter in the legal profession of this state. Joe was making one of his characteristic arguments to the jury, when rising to an impassioned and ap-

parenlty inspired outburst of soul-stirring eloquence, he pleaded with the jury to do as the Savior did when the unfortunate harlot was heralded before him for judgment, in days of Bible lore, set her free and tell her to "go and sin no more."

Quicker than a flash Wagner's keen intellect grasped the situation, and, in replying to Kirby, he said he wanted her to go free; but the freedom he proposed for her was in the penitentiary where she would be free from the life of shame she had led. It was a startling rejoinder—evidently not anticipated by Kirby, the jury or the court. In fact it was so unique and so touching that we think it best to reproduce his own words herein, as transcribed from the stenographic notes:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The Scene in this courtroom now is one of the saddest I have ever had occasion to witness in a court of justice. It is a picture of the underworld with all the pain that can come to a parent with the downfall of a child found in the midst of a life of shame.

"The story of this case is not the account of an ordinary transaction that has come into court for adjustment. It is not the case of a man who has yielded to a human weakness and taken that which is not his. It is not even to be compared with an act of violence that has taken a human life. It is more than all of that,. It is a picture of the several stages of womanhood despoiled by the lust of man and bereft of all that is sacred in the name of woman. Yonder sits the defendant far advanced toward the other end of her misguided life with all the appearances of a human wreck, caused by the life she has led. Behind her sits another inmate of her place, now well on toward middle life, wrecked by dissipation and soon to drop to the lowest depths to which humanity can descend; while here before us are these girls of nineteen just entering the bloom of womanhood with their marks of beauty still intact and with the blush of youth still fresh upon their cheeks, led to this life of shame and ruin by the woman now on trial.

"In the midst of these surroundings I cannot conceive it to be my duty to speak ill of this accused. The time was when she was pure and when the door of hope was open to her, and it is not for you and me to know by what means she was led into this condition, and as I look upon her now I am reminded of that beautiful incident in the life of the Savior in which He proclaimed the redemption of woman. It is the story of the Pharisees who brought before the Savior the woman they had taken in adultery. They said to him: 'We have taken her in the very act,' and they demanded of him that she be stoned as prescribed by the laws of

Moses. The Savior listened to them in silence and then He said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;' and He stooped down and wrote upon the ground and the Pharisees who heard him, touched by the consciounsness of their own guilt, departed one by one, and the Savior was left alone with the woman, and when He looked up and observed that only the woman remained He said to her: 'Woman, where are those, thine accusers? Hath not man condemned thee?' and she replied, 'No man, Lord,' and He said to her, 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more.' That day he proclaimed the redemption of woman and made it possible for her to rise, no matter how low she may have fallen.

"And so with this woman. There is hope if we remove her from her present surroundings; and in this case you, by your verdict, may afford her that chance. Send her to the federal prison, where she may hear again from the lips of the prison chaplain the story of this beautiful lesson and those lessons taught her at her mother's knee, and she may come back and spend her remaining years working for the uplift of fallen woman instead of going to the wicked city to drag down girls and lead them to the lower world. She may go among them with a message from the gospel of Christ and lead them back to lives of love and chastity. Say to her as her counsel asked you, 'Go and sin no more,' but do not turn her back to the life from which we have taken her. Give her liberty, but let it be a wholesome liberty. First liberate her from the bondage that has enslaved her to this life of shame and give to her a freedom of conscience; impress upon her the wages of sin and let the words of the Savior come as to that other woman of long ago. Bring her back to a better world and send her forth as a messenger to carry this sacred story to the world of vice; a missionary for the redemption of fallen women. Thus may you discharge your solemn duty as jurors and unite the cause of justice with the higher cause of the Great Missionary."

Wagner won the case.

FROM POVERTY TO POWER

He look's like Senator Kittredge looked, but he's another man. Yet, like the Senator, he rose from poverty to power through his own indefatigable energy. "Who is he?" you ask. All right! He's Isaac Lincoln of Aberdeen;—not Abe Lincoln, but, after all, a distant relative of the latter's. Perhaps, regardless of what our good friends the sociologists, say, there may be something in a name.

Twenty-eight years ago, two young men, each as poor as Job's famous turkey, were working by the month, side by side, as farm hands in North Dakota, Through perseverance, frugality, etc., they both rose to prominence and power,—the one, L. E. Camfield, to be the founder and life-long president of Ward Academy; the other, Isaac Lincoln, to be one of the state's wealthiest men.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Honorable Issac Lincoln was born of poor but highly educated parents in Brunwsick, Maine, March 29, 1863. His father, John D. Lincoln, who died in 1877, was a graduate of Bowdoin college and received his medical training in the schools of New York and Philadelphia. His father's father was a graduate of Harvard. His mother was Ellen Fessenden. Her father, Samuel Fessenden, was a graduate of Dartmouth and was one of the ablest lawyers in the state of Maine. His mother's oldest brother, William Pitt Fessenden, was secretary of the treasury under Lincoln and for twenty-four years was senator from the state of Maine. He was also one of the four or five republicans who voted in favor of President Johnson at the conclusion of the impeachment proceedings and thus kept him in the president's chair.

His boyhood days were spent in Brunswick, where his parents made an effort to give the boy a good education in the local school. On the death of his father, in 1877, the family was left

in straightened circumstances. Young Isaac in his home environment was not an ardent student, and so he was sent to Phillips Andover Academy, Massachusetts,—this move being made possible by the fact that a relative was a professor in the institution and took him in. Mr. Lincoln's only brother graduated from Bowdoin college, attended a medical school at Louisville, Kentucky; married, and went to China, as a medical missionary fifteen years ago. He came home on a vacation seven years ago and paid Mr. Lincoln a visit in Abedeen. The brother is now located at Shanghai under the Protestant Episcopal society. His only sister, Mary, now Mrs. Hartley C. Baxter. lives in Brunswick, Maine. This sister's husband is a son of James P. Baxter of Portland, one of the most noted men of Maine.

ISAAC LINCOLN

After two years in Phillips Andover, the lure of the frontier caught the young man and he came first to Indiana with a view of becoming a farmer. The wide, fertile stretches of the plains as compared with the small, stony fields of the east impelled him to leave New England. He was employed on a farm by Robert A. Hamilton who proved to be a veritable inspiration to the young farmer, and many of the ideas learned from this Hoosier have been of inestimable value to Mr. Lincoln in his business career. He taught him lessons of industry and frugality that he has never forgotten. It is a fine tribute paid to that industrious hard-headed farmer that Mr. Lincoln goes down to Greensburg, Indiana, each year to pay him a visit.

Habits of frugality learned in Maine and Indiana caused Mr. Lincoln to carefully save the money he earned, and after a few years he had accumulated enough to buy teams, wagons and a farm, the latter in partnership with Mr. A. F. Price, who was afterwards the first United States marshal for North Dakota. He came to Aberdeen in 1886 as an employee of the Dakota Mort-

gage Loan Company. It was his duty to inspect lands for his employers. He was thus thrown into association with Mr. A. E. Boyd, another employee of the company, who afterwards became associated with him in business.

In a year after reaching South Dakota, he went with the Western Loan and Trust Company, being engaged in practically the same kind of work as with the Dakota Mortgage Loan Company. In 1888 he formed a partnership with Arthur E. Boyd,—Mr. Lincoln's initial capital being his farm, in Sargent county, his cattle, horses and some little cash, the whole aggregating in value about $10,000. He has remained in the loan and land business to date, and continued his association with Mr. Boyd until the untimely death of the latter, August 6, 1912. Mr. Lincoln operated his original farm and added to it until 1900 at which time he had accumulated 3,200 acres. He then sold his entire holdings and bought a fine farm of 1,760 acres on the Elm River, eleven miles northeast of Aberdeen, which he has operated along advanced, scientific and practical lines ever since, and has here made farming pay. He is vice-president of the state board of agriculture and in company with four others is responsible for the phenomenal success of the state fair of 1912 which was attended by fully one hundred thousand visitors.

MONEY MAKES MONEY

As boys, how well we all remember how we used to make snow men by taking a snow ball and rolling it over and over until it had accumulated onto itself enough more of its own substance to make the body or the head of the man. Just so with making money; as soon as you get a little ahead for a start and begin to turn it over and over in business, how rapidly it accumulates—even without "oiling" (John D., please note). Lincoln was wise; he had this thing all figured out. So he and his partner, both of whom had saved a little money, bought a quarter section of land lying snug up against the eastern part of the city of Aberdeen, paying $10,000 for it. They platted forty acres of it into town lots, sold them all for $30,000; paid off the original investment, made $20,000 in profits, and, bless you! they yet have 120 acres of the land left on hand unsold,—perhaps to be platted and sold for town lots when the city of Aberdeen, by reason of her rapid growth, compels the taking over of this entire farm within her corporate limits.

Mr. Lincoln is a director in the Better Farming Association of South Dakota, an organization which is expanding rapidly and doing effective missionary work along advanced agricultural lines.

He is a director of the Dakota Improved Seed Company of Mitchell. Pure seed has been a hobby with him for years, and he has done much to improve the quality of seed in northern South Dakota. This last year he had filled his pure seed granaries with about 8,000 bushels of the very best varieties of macaroni wheat, fife wheat, velvet chaff wheat, winter wheat, Odessa barley, early Lincoln oats, winter rye, and Kursk millet. Some of these varieties were the very finest in the state, were prolific, drought resisting, and altogether suited to this region. On the 26th day of October, the entire supply was destroyed by fire, which is a distinct loss to northern South Dakota, as well as to Mr. Lincoln. From his farm Mr. Lincoln has taken exhibits of fine stock to display at the South Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota and North Dakota state fairs and has won numerous blue ribbons.

LINCOLN, THE BANKER

He has become a banker of unusual prominence and is connected with the following institutions: With the Aberdeen National Bank as vice-president, with the First State Savings Bank of Aberdeen as president, with the First National Bank of Webster as president, and with the Commercial State Bank of Langford, the First State Bank of Pierpont, the Columbia State Bank of Columbia, the Farmer's State Bank of Stratford and the Commercial National Bank of Minneapolis, Minnesota, in each case as a director. The first named of the banks here mentioned is one of the largest and strongest in South Dakota, while the last named has promise of a great future in our neighbor state of Minnesota. Mr. Lincoln has also been a director of the Dakota Central Telephone company for many years.

FATHER OF ABERDEEN NORMAL

Since its very inception, Mr. Lincoln has been greatly interested in the Northern Normal and Industrial School, at Aberdeen. From the time of its organization as an institution of learning in northern South Dakota in 1901, he served the school for seven years as its local secretary. Much of this time he acted without compensation, and the value of his services to the state in this connection cannot be overestimated. As local secretary he supervised the construction of the central building, ladies' hall and the mechanical arts building, now occupying prominent places in the normal group. With the growth of the institution a local secretary was installed at the school three years ago, but Mr. Lincoln's interest has never waned and even now he is regarded as one of the normal's most helpful supporters.

POLITICS

In politics he has been a life-long republican and has represented Brown county one term in the senate.

During one of the political campaigns a few years since, Senator Frye of Maine was campaigning in South Dakota, and it happened that Mr. Lincoln was sent from Aberdeen to Redfield as a member of a Brown county committee delegated to meet the distinguished visitor and escort him to the hub city. On greeting Mr. Lincoln, Senator Frye asked from what part of the country he hailed. On learning that he was from Brunswick, Senator Frye remarked, "I know Dr. John D. Lincoln of Brunswick very well; are you a relative of his?" To this Mr. Lincoln replied, "He is my father."

"I probably know more about you than you do yourself," continued the Senator. "One of your uncles, a Congregational clergyman, married me; another of your uncles was my law partner, and your great-grandfather was chaplain of a regiment in the continental army of which my great-grandfather was colonel. I guess your city could not have found a more appropriate man to meet and welcome me."

HOME LIFE

Mr. Lincoln was happily married in 1906 to Mrs. Margaret McHugh—nee Ringrose—who charmingly presides over his substantial home at 709 South Kline street, in the city of Aberdeen. They are wonderful entertainers, and there is scarcely an acquaintance of theirs in the entire state who has ever been to Aberdeen, that has not enjoyed the democratic hospitality of their home. The Lincoln's are among the most highly respected citizens of their home town, and they constitute a valuable and substantial adjunct to our young commonwealth. To know them is to love them, and to love them is a privilege indeed.

—:FINIS:—